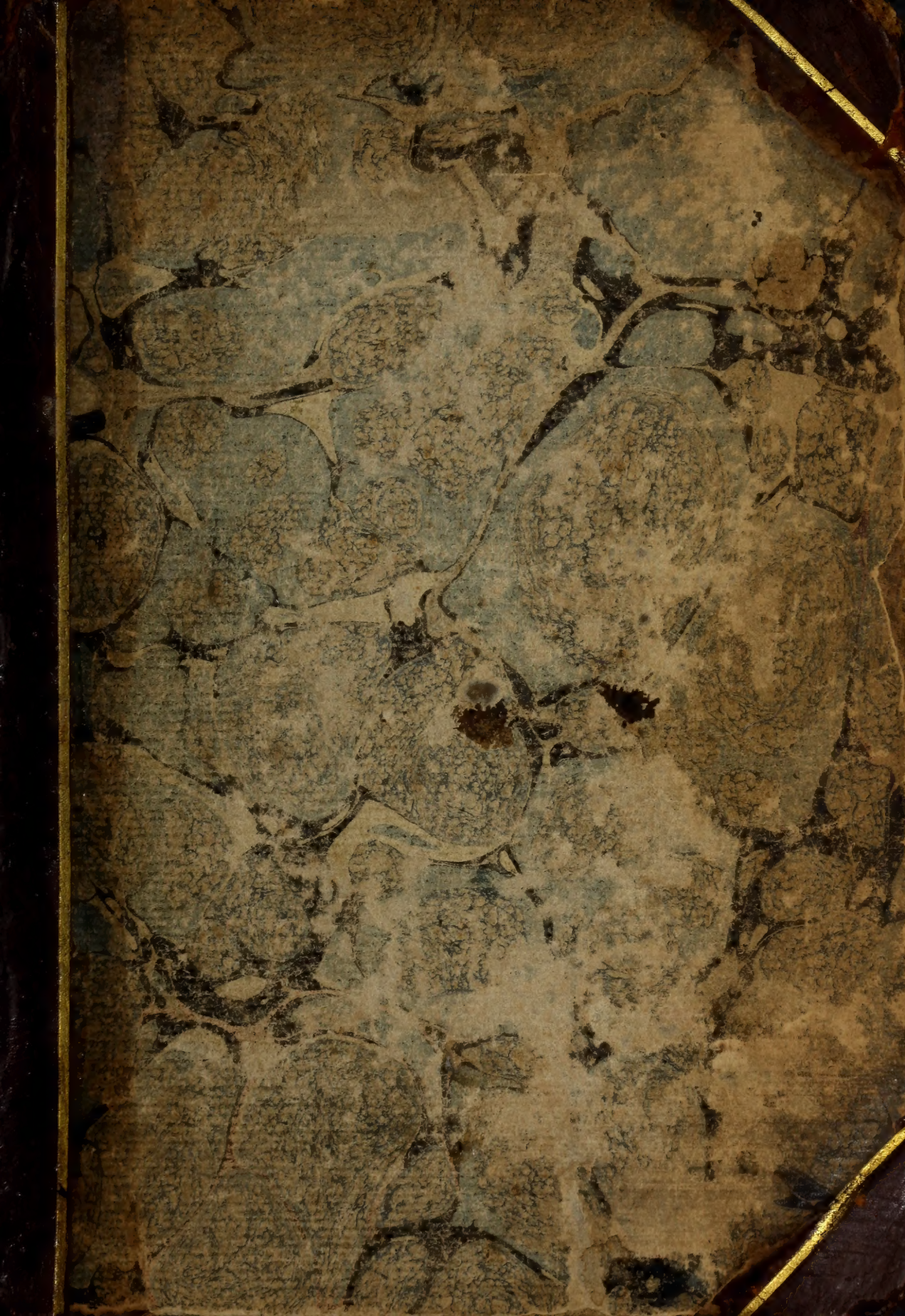

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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H. Arbor. 1773.

SENECA

HIS TENNE TRA-
GEDIES, TRANSLA-
TED INTO
Englyſh.

Mercurij nutrices, horæ.

IMPRINTED
AT LONDON IN
Fleetſtreete neere vnto
Saincte Dunſtans
church by Tho-
mas Marſh.

1581

the dealing, if in payment of a good round gubbe of Gold of full wayght and poyse, one poore peece somewhat clypped and lighter then his fellowes may not be foysted in amõg the rest, and passe in pay for currant coigne. Theirs I know to be deliuered with singuler dexterity: myne, I confesse to be an vnfledge nestling, vnhable to flye: an vnnatural abortion, and an vnperfect Embryon: neyther throughlye laboured at Aristophanes and Cleanthes candle, neither yet exactly waighed in Critolaus his precise ballaũce. Yet this dare I saye, I haue deliuered myne Authors meaning, with as much perspicuity, as so meane a Scholler, out of so meane a stoare, in so smal a time, and vpon so short a warning was well able to performe. And whereas it is by some squeymish Areopagites surmyzed, that the readinge of these Tragedies, being enterlarded with many Phrases and sentẽces, literally tending (at the first sight) sometime to the prayse of Ambition, sometyme to the mayntenaũce of cruelty, now and then to the approbation of incontinencie, and here and there to the ratification of tyranny, can not be digested without great daũger of infection: to omit all other reasons, if it might please thẽ with no forestalled iudgmẽt, to mark and consider the circumstaunces, why, where, & by what maner of persons such sentences are pronoũced, they cãnot in any equity otherwise choose, but find good cause ynough to leade thẽ to a more fauourable and milde resolutiõ. For it may not at any hãd be thought and deemed the direct meaning of SENECA himselfe, whose whole wrytinges (penned with a peereles sublimity and loftinesse of Style, are so farre from countenauncing Vice, that I doubt whether there bee any amonge all the Catalogue of Heathen wryters, that with more gra-

uity of

uity of Philosophicall sentences, more waightynes of sappy words, or greater authority of soūd matter beateth down sinne, looſe lyfe, diſſolute dealinge, and vnbrydled ſenſuality: or that more ſenſibly, pithily, and bytingly layeth downe the guerdon of filthy luſt, cloaked diſſimulation & odious treachery: which is the dryft, wherunto he leueleth the whole yſſue of ech one of his Tragedies. Howſoeuer & whatſoeuer it be, your VVorships curteous acceptaūce shal eaſily counterpoyſe any of our imperfections. Vnto whoſe learned Cenſure, wee humbly ſubmit theſe the exerciſes of our bluſhing Muſes. The Lord God in mercy long preſerue you in health and dignity, with daily encreaſe of many his gracious gyfts, already rychly abounding in you: to the propagation, and aduauncement of his truth (whereof yee are a zealous Profeſſor, to the honoure of her Maieſtye, to whom you are a moſt loyall ſeruitour, and to the generall benefite of your Countrey, whereof you are a rare and moſt worthy Ornament.

From Butley in Cheſſhyre the 24. of Aprill.

1581.

Your Worſhippes moſt humble,

Thomas Newton.

THE NAMES OF
THE TRAGEDIES OF SENECA, AND by whom each of them was translated.

1	*Hercules Furens*,	By Iasper Heywood.
2	*Thyestes*,	
6	*Troas*,	
5	*Oedipus*,	1560. By Alex. Neuile.
4	*Hippolytus*,	By Iohn Studley.
7	*Medea*,	
8	*Agamemnon*,	
10	*Hercules Oetæus*.	
9	*Octauia*,	By T. Nuce.
3	*Thebais*.	By Thomas Newton.

The Argument of this Tragedy.

IVno the Wyfe and ſiſter of Iupiter, hating his baſtard broode, commeth dovvne from heauen, complayning of all his iniuries done to her, deuiſing alſo by vvhat deſpight ſhe may vexe his baſe Sonne Hercules. And hauing by experience proued, no toyles to be to hard for him, findeth the meanes to make his ovvne hand his ovvne vengeance. Hercules therefore returning novv from Hell (from vvhence he vvas enioyned to fet Cerberus) and finding that the Tyrant Lycus had inuaded his coũtrey, deſtroyeth the tyrant. For the vvhich victory as hee ſacrificeth to his Goddeſſe, vvrathfull Iuno ſtrikes him into a ſodayne frenſy: Whereovvith he beinge ſore vexed, thynking to ſlea the Children and Wyfe of Lycus, in ſteede of them, killeth his ovvne Wyfe and Children in his madnes. This done hee ſleapeth. Iuno reſtoreth to him agayne his Wits. He being vvakt, ſeing his Wyfe and Children ſlayne by his ovvne hand, at laſt alſo vvould kill himſelfe.

THE SPEAKERS

Iuno.	Lycus.
Chorus.	Hercules.
Megara.	Theſeus.
Amphitrion.	

THE FIRST ACTE.

Iuno alone.

IYſter of the Thunderer,
(for now that name alone
Remaynes to me) Ioue euermore
as though deuorſt and gone,
And temples of the highest ayre
as wydowe ſhunned haue,
And beaten out of ſkyes aboue
the place to Harlots gaue.
I muſt go dwell beneath on ground, for Whoores do hold the ſky.
From hence the Beare in parte aboue of pey peale full hy,
A haughty ſtarre the greekiſh ſhyps by Seas doth gyde about:
From this way, whence at ſpring time warme the day is loſed out,
Europes bearer through the waues of Tyria ſhynes full bright.
From thence, their ſtormy fearefull flocke to Ships, and ſeas affright,

The wandring daughters here and there of Atlas vpward sway.
With staring bush of hayre from heng Orion Gods doth fray:
And Perseus eke his glitteryng starres of golden glosse hath here.
From hence the twynnes of Tyndars flocke do shine, a signe full clere:
And at whose byrth first stode the grounde that erst went to and fro.
Nor onely Bacchus now himselfe, or Bacchus mother Io,
Haue clymd to Gods: least any parte should from rebuke be free,
The skies the Gnossian strumpets crownes do beare in spight of mee.
But I of old cõtemptes complayne: me, one dire, fierce, and shrewde
Thebana land with wicked broode of Ioues base daughters strewde,
How oft hath it a stepdame made? though vp to heauen should ryse,
The conqueryng drabbe Alcmena now, and hold my place in skyes,
And eke her sonne to promisd starres obtayne the worthy way,
At byrth of whom the staying worlde so long deferd the day,
And Phœbus slow frome morning sea began to glister bright,
Commaunded long in th'Ocean waues to hyde his drowned lyght.
Yet shall my hates not leaue them so, a wrathful kindled rage
His mynd in madnes shall stirre vp, and fyre that may not swage
Shall euermore (all peace layd downe) wage warres eternally.
What warres? what euer hideous thinge the earth his ennemy
Begets, or what soeuer sea or ayre hath brought to syght
Both dredfull, dire, and pestilent, of cruel fiercest might,
T'is tierd and tam'd: he palleth all, and name by ills doth rayse,
And all my wrath he doth intoy, and to his greater prayse
He turnes my hates: whyle tedious toyles to much I him behest,
He proues what father him begot: both thence where light oppressed
Hath sea, and where it showde agayne, where Titan day doth trayne,
And with his brand approaching nere doth dye those Aethiops twaine,
His strengh vntamde is honoured: and God eche where is hee
Now calde in worlde, and now more store of monsters want to mee,
And labour lesse to Hercles is t'scomplish all my will,
Then me to hydde: at ease he doth myne imperies fulfyl.
What cruel hestes of tyrante now so fyerce a yong man may
Preuayle to hurt? for lo he beares for weapons now awaye
What once he feardc, and put to flight: he armed comes at syde
With Lyon fyerce and Hydra both: nor land sufficeth wyde,
But broake he hath the threshold for of that infernall Ioue,
And spoyls with him of conquerd king he drawes to Gods aboue.
But thats but light, broke is the league of spyttes that there do dwell.
I saw my selfe, I saw him lo (the night now gone) of hell

And

And Ditis tambe) throw out abroade before his fathers sight
His brothers spoyles. Why drawes he not oppresst and bound by might
Hymselfe in chaynes that equall thynges to Ioue by lot doth hold?
And beare the rule of captiue hel, and way to Styxe vnfolde?
Vp opened is from lowest ghostes the backward way to skye,
And sacred secrets of dire death in open sight do lye.
But he (the dredful den of spyites brake vp ful fierce and stout
Euen ouer mee doth trymph so, and with proude hand about
The foule blacke dogge by Greatish townes he leades frō hel away.
When seene was vgly Cerberus I saw the fading day,
And fearefull sunne: euen me lykewyse a trembling dread oppresst,
And looking on the fylthy neckes of conquerd monstruous beast,
I feared much myne owne behestes: but light things I complayne,
For heauen I may be frayde, lest he may get the highest rayne,
That lowest wonne, the sceptors from his father wil he take,
Nor hee to starres (as Bacchus dyd) his way wil gently make:
The way with ruine will he seeke, and hee in empty skyes
Wil reygne alone with force displayd hys haughty hart doth tryse,
And he that heauen it selfe by force of his might gotted bee,
It bearyng learnd: quite vnderneth the world his head set hee.
Nor once his shoulders bowde the prayse of such a mighty mas:
And midst of heauen on Hercles necke alone (loe) setled was.
His necke vnwrythe the starres aboue and skyes did only stay:
And me likewyse oppressyng him, to Gods he seekes the way.
Goe ire, goe on, and beate hym downe that great things doth inuent
Match thou with him, and with thy handes now thou thy selfe him rent
Such hates why dost thou meditate? let all wyld beastes now go:
And weary Euristheus now be free from greeuing charges mo.
The Tyrans daryng once of Ioue to breake the impery
Send out: let loose the denne abroade of mount of Sicilye.
The Doricke land that with the turne of grant quakes afrayd,
Let it bryng forth the dredful neckes of monster vnder layd.
Let yet the haughty moone aboue some other beastes beget,
But these he ouercame. Seekes thou a match t'Alcides yet?
Thers none, except hymselfe: let him agaynst himselfe rebell.
Let present be from bottome deepe vprayse of lowest hell
Th'Eumenides, let flaming lockes of theyrs the fires out flinge,
And furious hands bestowe aboute the strookes of vipers sting.
Go now ful prowde, and scale the skyes to seates of gods make waye.
Now must thy battels weges be ful cleere lest shynes the daye.

Despyse mans workes thinkst thou fierce wight ? hell and soules alone
Thou hast escapt ? nay here I wil another hel thee show.
In deepe mist hid I wil call vp from bottome low of hell
Beyond the wayes of gylty ghostes debateful goddesse fell.
Wheras the roaring dreadful den resoundes with cryes about,
From depest bond of Ditis raygne beneath I wil fet out,
What so is left. Let hateful hart now come in anger wood,
And fierce impyety imbrew himselfe with his owne bloud,
And errour ese, and fury arm'd against it selfe to fight.
This meane, this meane, let wrath of myne now vse to shewe my might.
Beginne ye seruantes now of hell: the feruent burning tree
Of Pyne shake vp: and set with snakes her dreadful flocke to see.
Let now Megæra bring to light, and with her mournful hand
For burning rage bring out of hell a huge and direful brand,
Do this, require you vengeance due, and paynes of hel his spoyle,
Strike through his breast, let fyercer flame, within his bosome boyle.
Then which in Aetna fornace bestes, so furiously to see.
That mad of mind and witles may Alcides driuen bee
With fury great through pearced quight, my selfe must first of all
Be mad. Wherfore doth Iuno yet not into raging fall?
Wee, me, ye Furyes, systers three throwne quite out of my wit
Tosse fyrst, if any thing to do, I do endeuour yet
For stepdame meete: let now my hates be turnd another way,
Let him (returnd) his babes behold in safety I you pray.
And strong of hand come home, I haue now found the day at length,
In which may greatly mee auayle the hated Hercles strength.
Both mee and eke hym selfe let him subdue and wish to die
Returnd from hel, yea let it here be my commodity.
That he of Ioue begotten is: here present wil I stand,
And that his shaftes goe streyght from bow, I wil direct his hand,
The mad mans weapons will I guide, euen Hercles fyghting, lo,
At length Ile ayde. This gylt once done then leefull is that so
His father may admit to sale those gylty handes of his

Chorus

Chorus.

THe fading ſtarres now ſhyne but ſeelde in ſighte
In ſtipye ſkye, night ouercome with day
Plucks in her fyres, while ſpronge agayne is light.
The day ſtarre drawes the cleresome beames theire waye.
The ycye ſigne of haughtye poale agayne,
VVith ſeuen ſtarres markt, the Beares of Arcadye,
Do call the light with ouerturned wayne.
VVith marble horſe now drawne, hys waye to hye
Doth Titan toppe of Oetha ouer ſpred
The bushes bright that nowe with berryes bee
Of Thebes ſtrewde, by daye do bluſhe full redde.
And to returne doth Phœbus ſyſter flee:
Now labor harde beginnes, and euerye kynde
Of cares it ſtyrres, the Shepehearde doth vnfolde:
His flockes vnpende, do graſe their foode to fynde,
And nippes the graſſe with hoary froſt full colde.
At will doth play in open medow faire
The Calfe whoſe brow did damme yet neuer teare,
The empty Kyne their vdders doe repayre.
And lyght with courſe vncertayne here and there,
In graſſe full ſoft the wanton kidde hee flynges.
In toppe of boughe doth ſitte with chaunting ſonge,
And to the Sunne newe roſe to ſpreade her wynges,
Beſtirres herſelfe her mourneful neſtes amonge
The Nightingall: and doth with byrdes aboute
Confuſe reſound mith murmure mixed ryfe
To witnes day, his ſayles to wynde ſet out
The ſhypman doth committe in doubt of lyfe.

VVhyle gale of wynde the ſlacke ſayles files full ſtrayte,
He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,
And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,
Or els beholdes and feeles the pray from hye
with paiſed hand.
The trembling fish he feeles with line extent.
This hope to them to whom of hurtles lyfe.
Is quiet reſt, and with his owne content,
And lytle, houſe, ſuch hope in fieldes is ryfe
The troblous hopes with rolling whirlewynd great,
And dredful feares their wayes in cityes keepe.
He proude repayre to prince in regall ſeate,
And hard court gates without the reſt of ſleepe
Eſteemes, and endles happynes to hold
Doth gather goods, for treaſure gaping more,
And is ful pore amid his heaped gold.
The peoples fauour him (aſtonied ſore)
And commons more vnconſtant then the ſea,
VVith blaſt of vayne renoume liftes vp full proude.
He ſelling at the brawling barre his plea,
Full wicked, ſets his yres and ſcoulding loud
And woordes to ſale, a fewe hath knowne of all
The careles reſt, who mindfull how doth flitte
Swift age away, the tyme that neuer ſhall
Returne agayne do holde: while fates permitte,
At quiet liue: the lyfe full quickly glydes
VVith haſtned courſe, and with the winged day
The wheele is turnde of yere that hedlong ſlides,
The ſiſters hard perfourme their taſkes alway,
Nor may agayne vntwiſt the threede once ſponne.
Yet mankind loe vnſure what way to take

To meete the greedy deſtenyes do thronne
And willingly wee ſeke the Stigian lake.
To muck Alcides thou with ſtomacke ſtoute
The ſory ſprites of hell doſt haſte to ſee.
VVith courſe prefixt the fates are brought aboute
To none once warnd to come may reſpite bee
To none to paſſe their once appointed day,
The tombe all people calde by death doth hyde
Let glory him by many landes awaye
Diſplay, and fame throughout all cityes wyde
Full bablingpraiſe, and euen with ſkye to ſtande
Auaunce and ſtarres: let him in chariot bright
Ful haughty goe: let me my natiue land
In ſafe and ſecrete houſe keepe cloſe from ſight.
To reſtful men hoare age by courſe doth fall,
And low in place, yet ſafe and ſure doth lye,
The poore and baſe eſtate of cottage ſmall:
The prowder pompe of minde doth fall from hye.
But ſad here comes with loſed lockes of heare
Loe Megara with litle company,
And ſlowe by age drawes Hercles father neare

THE SECOND ACTE.

Megara.

Guider great of heauen, & of the world O Judge full hie,
Yet now at length apoinct a meane of carefull miserie,
And ende of our calamitie. To mee yet neuer day
Hath careles shin'de: the ende of one affliction past away
Beginning of an other is: an other ennemy
Is forthwith founde, before that hee his joyfull family
Retourne vnto: an other fyght hee taketh by behest:
Nor any respite giuen is to him nor quiet rest:
But whyle that he commaunded is: straight him pursueth shee
The hatefull Iuno. Was yet once from toyle and labour free
His infants age? the monsters (lo) he banquisht hath and slayne,
Before he knew what monsters ment. The shaled serpents twayne
Their double neckes drew on toward him, against the which to ryse,
The infant crept to meete with them, the serpents glittring eyes
Lyke fyre, with quiet careleſſe brest he looking fast vpon,
With countnance cleere, hard wrested knots of them he caught anon:
And strangling then the swelling throates of them with tender hand,
To Hydra prelude made. the beast so swyfte of Mænale land,
That with much Golde bare vp full bright his beautified head,
Is caught in course. of Nemey wood likewise the greatest dread
The Lyon prest with Hercles armes hath roarde with dreadfull crie.
What should I speake of stables dyre, of steedes of Bystonye?
Or King call out himselfe for foode his horses fierce to fill?
And bristled beast in thicke tops woont of Erymanthus hill?
The braie of Mænalye, the woods of Arcady to shake?
And Bull that did no litle dread to hundred peoples make?
Among the flocks of Hesper lande that hence farre distant bee,
The sheepherde of Carteſian coast of triple shape to see
Is slayne, and driuen is the pray from farthest parte of weast,
Citheron quak't when by him past to sea the well knowne beast.
He being bid to make by coastes of sommer sunne his way,
And parched landes which sore with heate doth boyle the middell day,
The mountaynes brake on either side and rampiers all vndoon,
Euen vnto swyft and raging sea hath made a way to roon.

Then en-

Then entring in of plenteous wood, the pleasant gardeins gay,
The waking dragons golden spoyles with him he brought away.
The Lerna monsters numerous till what neede to tell haue I?
Hath he not him with fyre at length subdewde, and taught to dye?
And which were woont with wings abrode to hyde the day from sight,
Euen from the cloudes he fought & draue the Stimphale birdes to flight.
Not him subdewde who euer lyes in bed vnmarcht at night
The wyddowe queene of them that tooke to Thermodont their flight.
Nor handes that well durst enterprise his noble trauayles all
The filthy labour made to shyrike of foule Augias hall.
What bayle all these? he wants the world which oft defended he.
And th'earth well knowes the worker of his quietnes to be
Away from earthe: the prosperous gilt that beareth heppy sway,
Is vertue calde, and now the good to wicked doe obay.
The right doth stand in might of armes, feare treadeth downe the lawe.
Before my face with cruell hand, euen presently I sawe
Reuengers of theyr fathers reygne, the sonnes with swoorde downe cast,
And of the noble Cadmus eke himselfe the offspring last
Then slayne: I sawe his regall crowne at once from him away
With head bereft. Who Thebes alas enough bewayle nowe may?
The fertile land of Gods, what lorde now quakes it for to knowe?
Out of the fieldes of which somtime, and fruictfull bosome lowe,
The youth vpsprong with swoorde in hand prepard to battell stoode:
And walls of which Amphion one of mighty Ioue his broode,
Hath built with sounding melody in drawing to the stones:
To towne of whom the parent chiefe of Gods not onely ones
Heauen being left hath come. this land that Gods aboue alway
Receiu'de, and which hath made them Gods, and (leefull beete to say)
Perhaps shall make, with lothsome yoake of bondage is prest downe.
O Cadmus stocke, and citezens of olde Amphions towne,
Whereto are yee nowe fall'ne? dread yee a cowardly exull thus,
His coastes to dwell in, lacking, and to ours iniurious?
Who through the worlde pursues the gilts and wrong by sea and land,
And cruell sceptors broken hath with iust and ryghtfull hand,
Nowe absent serues, and what he eal'de in other doth sustayne:
And now doth bannysht Lycus holde of Hercles Thebes the rayne.
Yet shall he not: he shall come home, and him with vengeaunce quight,
And sodaine rise to starres: he will soone finde the way to light,
Or make it ells. returne thou safe, repayre to thine in haste:
And conquerour to conquer'de house yet come agayne at laste.

Ryse vp

Ryse vp my spouse, and darknes deepe repell'de of helly shade
Breake vp with hand, if no way may for thee kept backe bee made,
And passage be shut vp, returne with world vprent by might.
And what soeuer li'the possest byneath in darkest night,
Send out with thee, as when the tops of haughty hylles vndoon
A headlong passage making through for hasty floude to roon
Thou somtime floodst, whã with great might of thyne a sunder broake
The Tempre woods wyde open lay: and beaten with thy stroake
The mount, now here, now there fell downe: and rampier rente of slay,
The raging brooke of Thessaly did roon a newe found way.
Thy parentes so, thy sonnes, thy land repayring home to see,
Breake out, and lowest bonde of things out bringing thence with thee,
And what soeuer greedy age in all these long yeares race
Hath hid, shew forth, & ghosts that haue forgot theyr former case,
And people vp before thee driue that fearefull are of light.
Unworthy spoyles for thee they are, if thou but bring to sight
What bidden is. great thinges, but farre to much I speake for mee,
Unwotting of myne owne estate. when shall I hap to see,
The day when thee, and thy right hand, I may embrace agayne,
And lowe returnes, nor yet of me once myndefull, may complayne?
To thee for this O guide of Gods, vntamed Bulls shall bring
Their hundred necks: to thee O Queene of fruits on earth that spring
I'le geue thee secret sacrifice: to thee with much fayth loe
Long fyre-brands at Eleusis towne full silent wyll I throw.
Then to my brethren shall I thinke to bee restoarde agayne
Theyr soules, and eke himselfe aliue and guiding of his rayne
My father for to flourysshe yet, if any greater might
Doe keepe thee shet, we followe thee: with thy returne to sight
Defend vs all, or els to hell drawe downe vs all to thee.
Thou shalt vs drawe, no God shall rayse vs vp that broken bee.

AM-

AMPHITRYON,

MEGARA.

O faythfull fellowe of our bloud, with chaste true faythfulnes
The Bridebed keeping, and the sonne of haughty Hercules,
Conceiue in mynde some better thinges, and take good heart to thee:
He will come home, as after all his labours woonteth hee,
Of more renowne. ME. What wretches doe most chiefly wishe of all,
They soone beleue. AM. May what they feare to much lest it may fall,
They thinke it neuer may bee shoonde, nor rid by remedy.
ME. Beleefe is ready still to dreade the woorser mysery.
Deepe drown'de, & whellm'de, & farthermore with all ỹ world full lowt
Oppressed downe, what way hath he to light agayne to goe?
AM. What way I pray you had he then whē through the burning coste,
And tumbling after maner of the troubled Sea by toste
He went by sands: and freate that twyse with ebbe away doth slip,
And twyse vpflowe: and when alone with his forsaken ship,
Fast caught he stucke in shallowe foordes of shelfye Syrtes sande,
And (nowe his ship on grounde) did passe through seas a foote to lande?
ME. Iniurious fortune bertue most of men most stout and strong
Doth seldome spare: no man alyue himselfe in safety long
To perills great and daungers may so often times out cast,
Whom chaunce doth often ouerslip, the same it findes at last.
But cruell Ioe, and greeuous threats euen bearing in his face,
And such as he of stomacke is, doth come euen such of pace,
Proude Lycus who the sceptors shakes in hande of other king,
The plentuous places of the towne of Thebes gouerning,
And euery thinge about the whych with fertile soyle doth goe
Sloape Phocis, and what euer doth Ismenus ouerfloe,
What euer thing Cithæron seeth with haughty top and hye,
And slender Isthmos Ile, the which betweene two seas doth lye.

Lycus,

Lycus. Megara.
Amphitrion.

NOt I of natiue countrey bowres possesse the auncient right
Unworthy heir, nor yet to me are noble men of might
The grandfathers, nor stocke renownd with titles hie of name,
But noble vertue: who so boastes of kinred whence he came,
Of others vertue makes his vaunt, but got with fearful hand
My sceptors are obtaynd: in sword doth all my safety stand.
What thee thou wotst agaynst the will of cytesyns to get,
The bright drawne sword must it defend: in forrayne countrey set
No stable kingdome is. But one my pompe and princely might
May ratify once toynd to me with regall torche ful bright,
And chambers Megara: of stocke of such nobility
Let upstart state of myne take shape. I do not thinke that shee
Refuse it will, or in the bed with mee despyse to lye.
But if with proude unbridled myndе shee stubburn do denye,
Then quite I purpose to destroy the house of Hercules
The hate of men will then my pryde, and peoples speach oppres.
Thicke knacke of kingdeme is to beare thy subiectes hates eche one.
Lets prove her then, chaunce geuen hath to bs a place alone.
For shee her head in fold of vaple ful sad and wofully
Enwrapt the Gods that are her guides for succour standes fast by,
And at the syde of her doth leane Alcides father trewe.
Meg. What thing doth this destroyer of our stocke agayne anew
Prepare? what prouoth he? Ly. O Queene that name renowmed hye
And tytle takste of regall stocke ful gentle and easily
A litle whyle receiue and heare my wordes with patient eare,
If alwayes men eternal hates should one to th'other beare,
And rage be gone out of the hart should neuer fall away,
But th'happy still should armour holde, th'unhappy still obay,
Then shall the battayles nothing leaue: with wide fields then the lande
Shall lie untild, with vnder layd to housen fiery brand
Then ashes deepe shal euer whelme the buried people all.
Expedient is to conquerour to wish that peace befall:
To conquerd nedefull partner of the kingdome come to me:
Let's toyne our myndes, take here this pledge of fayth and truth to thee.

My right hand touch. Why whichtest thou with cruell face and moode?
Meg. Should I abyde, that I the hand sprinkt with my fathers bloud,
Should touch, and double death imbrewd of both my brethren? nay
First shall sunne ryse extinguish quite, and West shal bring the day:
First faythful peace betweene the snowes and fiers there shalbe tryde,
And Scilla shall t'Ausonius first toyne his Sicilian syde:
And first, the fleeting flood that with swift turnes of course doth flowe
Euripus with Euboik wawe shall stand ful still and slow.
My father, th'empire, brotherne, house, thou hast me cleare bereft,
My countrey too: what may be more? one thing to me is left,
Then brother, father, kingdome, house, that dearer is to mee
The hate of thee, the which to me with people for to be
In commune woe I am: how great is myne alonly part?
Rule on ful proude, beare up ful hye thy spirites and haughty hart:
Yet God the proude behynd theyr backes doth follow them to wreake.
I know the Thebane kingdomes: what should I the mothers speake,
Both suffring, and aduentring giltes? what double mischiefe done?
And mixed name of spouse at once, of father and of sonne?
What brethern as double tentes? or what as many roages also?
The mother proude of Tantals brood congeald in mourning loe,
And stony stone yet flowes with teares in Phrygian Sipylye.
Himselfe likewyse erected by his scaled heade awrye.
Euen Cadmus measuring throughout th'Illyrian landes in flight,
Behynd him left of body drawne long slymy markes in sight.
All these examples wayte for thee: rule thou as likes thy will,
Whyle thee our kingdomes wonted fates do call and oft hap yll.
Ly. Goe to, these fierce and furious wordes thou woman mad refraine,
And imperyes of princes learne of Hercles to sustayne.
Though I the scepters gotten by the force of war do beare,
In conquering hand & all do rule without the law his feare.
Which armes subdue, a few wordes yet to thee now speake I shall
For this my cause thy father did in bloudy battel fall:
Thy brethren fell, the weapons kepe no measurable stay.
For neither easily tempred be, nor yet repressed may
The drawne swordes eye, the battels doth the bloud delite out shedde.
But he yet for his kingdome fought, wee altogether led
With wicked lust: yet th'end of war is now complayned, loe,
And not the cause, but now let all remembraunce therof goe:
When conquerour hath weapons left, the conquerds part should be
To leaue his hates. Not I that thou with lowly bended knee

Wee rayging worshyp should'st, require: euen this doth mee delight,
That thou thy mysteries do'st beare with mynde so stout vpright.
Thou for a king a spouse art meete, let's ioyne our beds anone.
ME. A trembling colde doth run throughout my bloudles limbs each one.
What hainous thinge comes to myne eares? I fear'de not thin at all,
When (all peace broake) the noyse of warre did by the city wall
Resounde about, I bare all that vnfearefully to see,
I feare the wedding chambers: nowe I captiue seeme to mee.
Let heauy charnes my body greeue, and ebe with hunger long
Let lingring death be slowly brought, yet shall no force full strong
My truthe subdue: for euen thine owne Alcides will I dye.
LY. Doth then thy husband droun'de in hell geue thee this stomack hie?
ME. The hells alowe he toucht, that he the height againe might get.
LY. The heauy paise oppresseth him of all the earth full great.
ME. Hee with no burdein shall be prest, that heauen it selfe sustayn'de.
LY. Thou shalt be forst. ME. He wots not how to die, that is cõstrain'd.
LY. Speake, what may rather I prepare then wedding newe for thee
More royall gyft? ME. Thine owne death els, or els the death of mee.
LY. Thou shalt mad woman die. ME. I shall then to my husbande go.
LY. More then my Sceptors is to thee a seruaunt loued so?
ME. How many hath this seruant slayne of kings with handy stroake?
LY. Why doth he yet a king then serue, and still sustayne his yoake?
ME. Take once away the hard behests, what's vertue then at last?
LY. Do'st thou it vertue counte, to bee to beasts, and monsters cast?
ME. T'is vertues part, to tame the things, that all men quake to know.
LY. Him great things braggig, darknes deepe of tartare prest ful low.
ME. There neuer may from ground to stars an easy passage be.
LY. Of whom begot, the houlsen then of Gods through peareth he?
AM. O wretched wife of Hercles great, thy words a whyle now spare.
My parte it is, the father of Alcides to declare,
And his true stocke. yet after all of man so stoute as this
So famous deedes, and after all appeas'de with hand of his
What euer Titan ryseth vp, doth see, or els at fall,
And after all these monsters tam'de, and Phlegrey sprinkled all
With wicked bloud, and after Gods defended all on hye,
Is not his father yet well knowne? or Ioue doe we beelye?
Beleeue it yet by Iunoes hate. LY. Why do'st thou sclaunder Ioue?
No mortall kinred euer may be mixt with heauen aboue.
AM. To many of the Gods in skyes is this a common trade.
LY. But were they euer seruauntes yet, before they Gods were made?

AM. Of

AM. Of Delos Ile the sheepherde loe the flocks of Pherey fed.
LY. But through all coasts he wandred not abroade as banished.
AM. Whō straying mother first brought forth in wādring land to light.
LY. Yet Phœbus did no monsters feare, or beasts of cruell might.
AM. First Dragon with his bloud embrew'd the shafts of Phœbus lo.
Howe greeuous ills euen yet full yong he bare, doe you not knoe?
From mothers wombe ỹ babe out throwen with lightning flame frō hir,
Euen next his lightning Father stoode forthwith aboue in skye.
What? he him selfe that guides the starres, & shakes the clouds at will,
Did not that Infant lurke in Den of hollowe caued hill?
The byrthes so great full troublous pryce to haue loe alwayes ought:
And euer to be borne a God, with coste full great is bought.
LY. Whom thou a miser see'st, thou mai'st know him a man to bee.
AM. A miser him deny yee may, whom stout of heart yee see.
LY. Call we him stout, from shoulders hye of whom the Lyon throwne
A gift for mayden made, and eke his Club from hand fell downe,
And paynted side with purple weede did shyne that he did weare?
Or may we him call stout of heart, whose staring lockes of heare
With ointmēt flowde? who hands renownde & knowne by prayses hye
To sound vnmeete for any man of timber did applye,
With barbarous mytar cloasing in his forhead rounde about?
AM. The tender Bacchus did not blushe abroade to haue layde out
His braided heares, nor yet with hand full soft the Thyrsus light
For to haue shooke, what time that he with pace vnstout in sight
His long train'de barbarous garment drew with golde full fayre to see.
Still vertue after many wrakes is woont releast to bee.
LY. Of this the house of Euritus destroyde doth witnesse beare,
And virgins flockes that brutishly by him oppressed weare.
No Iuno did commaunde him this, nor none Eurystheus loe.
But these in deede his owne workes are. AM. Yet all yee doe not knoe.
His worke it is, with weapons of his owne hand vanquished
Both Eryx, and to Eryx torn'de Antæus Lybian ded:
And aulters which with slaughter of the straungers flowing fast,
Busyris well deserued bloud likewise haue drunke at last.
His deede it is, that he that met the wounde, and sworde is slayne
Constrain'de to suffre death before those other Geryons twayne.
Nor one all onely Geryon doth with one hand conquer'de lye.
Thou shalt among these be which yet with none adulterye
Haue wedlocke hurt. LY. What is to Ioue, to king is leefull thyng:
To Ioue thou gau'st a wyfe, thou shalt nowe geue one to a kyng.

And euen

And euen of thee shee shall it learne to bee a thing not newe,
Her husband euen approuing it the better man t'ensewe.
But if shee stubberne to be matcht with me deny it still,
Then euen by force a noble childe of her beget I will.
Meg. O Creons ghosts and all yee Gods of th'house of Labdacus,
And wedding torches blasing bright, of wicked Oedipus,
To this my wedding geue yee nowe our wonted destenyes.
Now, now yee bloudy daughters all of Ægyptus king likewyse,
Wee here whose hands defyled are with so much bloud out spilt:
One daughter lacks of Danaus, I wyll fyll vp the pit.
Ly. Because that stubburnely thou do'st refuse my wedding so,
And fear'st a king, thou shalt know what the Scepters now may do.
Embrace thyne aulters, yet no God shall euer take away
Thee from my hands: no not although with world vpturned, may
Alcides victor yet agayne to Gods aboue returne.
The woods on heapes together cast, let all their temples burne
Euen throwne vpon theyr heads: his wyfe, and all his flocke at laste
With vnderlayed fyre, let one wood pyle consume and waste.
AM. This only bowne I father of Alcides aske of thee,
Which well may me beseeme to craue, that I first slayne may bee.
LY. Who all appoynets with present death to haue their punishment,
He tyrant wots not how to be: more sundry greeues inuent.
Restrayne the wretched man from death, commaunde that th'happy dye.
I, while with beames prepar'de to burne the pyle encreaseth hye,
Will him with vowing sacrifyce that rules the seas entreate.
AM. Oh chiefest powre of Gods, and oh of heauenly things so great
The guyde, and parent eke, with whose throwne thunderbolts do shake
All things humane throughout the world of king so cruell slake
The wicked hande: but why do I to Gods in vayne thus cry?
Where euer thou be, heare me soone, why start so sodaynely
The temples thus with mouing shake? Why roareth out the ground?
The noyse of Hell from bottome deepe byneathe hath made a sound:
Wee herde are, loe it is the sound of Hercules his pace.

Chorus

Chorus.

O Fortune hating men of ſtouteſt breſt,
How ill rewards doſt thou to good deuyde?
Euryſtheus raynes at home in eaſy reſt,
Alcmenaes ſonne in euery battayle tryde,
To Monſters turnes hys hande that Skyes dyd ſtay:
And cruell Neckes cuts of, of hydous Snake,
And Apples brynges from Syſters mokt away,
When once to ſleepe hys watchefull Eyes beetake,
Dyd Dragon ſet ryche fruicte to ouerſee,
Hee paſt the Scythian bowres that ſtraye abroade,
And thoſe that in their countreys ſtraungers bee
And hardned top of froſen freate hee troade,
And ſylent Sea with bankes full dumme about.
The Waters hard want there their floudes to ſloe.
And where before the Shyps full Sayles ſpred out
Is worne a pathe for Sarmates wylde to goe.
The Sea doth ſtande to mooue in courſe agayne,
Nowe apt to beare the Ship, nowe horſemen bolde
The Queene that there doth ouer Wydowes rayne,
That gyrds her Wombe wyth gyrth of glittring gold,
Her noble ſpoyle from body drawne hath ſhee
And ſhyelde, and bandes of breaſt as whyte as ſnowe,
Acknowledging the Conquerour with Knee.
Wyth what hope drawne to headlong Hell alowe,
So bolde to paſſe the vnreturned wayes
Saw'ſte thon Proſerpines rayne of Sicylye?
Wyth Southern wynde, or Weſtern there no ſeas
Aryſe wyth waue and ſwellinge Surges hye.
Not there of Tyndars ſtocke the double broode
Two ſtarres the fearefull Shyps doe ayde and guide.
Wyth gulph full blacke doth ſtande the ſlouthfull floode
And when pale death with greedy teeth ſo wyde.

Vnnumbred Nations hath ſent downe to ſprightes
Wyth one Boateman all ouer feryed bee.
God grauut thou maiſt of Hell ſubdue the rightes
And vnreuoked webs of Syſters three.
There kyng of many people raygneth hee,
Who when thou did'ſt wyth Neſtors Pylos fight,
Peſtiferous handes appli'de to matche with thee
And weapon bare with triple mace of might:
And prickt with litle wounde he fled away,
And lorde of death hymſelfe did feare to dye.
Breake Fate by force: and let the ſight of day
To ſorry ſprightes of Hell apparant lye
And porche vnpaſt ſhew way to Gods aboue,
The cruell lordes of ſprightes wyth pleaſaunt ſong
And humble bowne full well could Orpheus moue,
Whyle he Eurydicen them craues among.
The Arte that drew Woods, Byrds, and ſtones at will:
Which made delay to Floudes of flitting flight
At ſound whereof the ſauage Beaſtes ſtoode ſtill
With tunes vnwont doth Ghoſts of hell delight
And clearer doth reſounde in darker place:
And weepe wyth teares did Gods of cruell breſt:
And they which faultes with to ſeuere a face
Doe ſeeke, and former gylt of Ghoſts out wreſt:
The Thracian Daughters wayls Eurydicen.
For her the Iudges weeping ſit alſo.
Wee conquer'de are, chyefe kyng of death ſayd then
To Gods (but vnder this condition) goe,
Behynde thy huſbandes backe keepe thou thy way,
Looke thou not backe thy Wyfe before to ſee,
Than thee to ſight of Gods hath brought the day
And gate of Spartane Tænare preſent bee.
Loue hates delay, nor coulde abyde ſo long.
His gyft, hee loſt, while hee deſires the ſyght.
The place that coulde be thus ſubdew'de with ſong
That place may ſoone bee ouercome by myght.

THE THYRDE ACTE.

Hercules.

Comfortable gyde of light, and honour of the skye, (hye
That cõpelling both Hemysphères with flaming chariot
Thy radiãt head to ioyful lãds about ỹ world dost bring,
Thou Phœbus pardon geue to me, if any vnlawful thing
Thyne eyes haue seene: (cõmaũded) I haue here to light
The secretes of the worlde: and thou of heauen o guider great, (out set
And parent eke, in flashe out throwne of lightning hide thy syght.
And thou that gouernest the seas with seconde sceptors myght,
To bottome synke of deepest waues: who so from hye doth see,
And dreading yet with countnaunce newe the earth deuil'de to bee,
Let him from hence turne backe his sight, and face to heauen vpholde,
These monstrous sights to shun: lit twayn this mischiefe great behold,
Hee who it brought, and shee that bad. for paynefull toyles to mee,
And labours long, not all the earth thought wide inough may bee
For Iunoes hate: things vncome to all men I did see.
Vnknowne to sonne, and spaces wyde that darke and shadefull bee
Which woorser poale geues dyer loue to raygne and rule therein.
And yet if thyrde place pleased more for mee to enter in,
I there coulde raygne. the Chaos of eternall nyght of hell,
And woorse then night, the dolefull Gods I haue that there doe dwell,
And Fates subdu'de, the death contemn'de I am return'de to light.
What yet remaynes? I sawe and show'de the syrghts of hell to sight:
Appoynct, if ought be more, do'ste thou my hands so long permit,
Iuno to ceasse? what thing byd'st thou to be subdued yet?
But why doe cruell souldiars holde the holy temples wyde?
And dread of armour sacred porche beset on euery syde?

Amphitryon, Hercules, *Theseus*.

DOo eyther els my great desyres delude and mocke myne eyes?
Or hath the tamer of the world and Greekes renowme likewyse,
Forsooke the silent howse, besette with cloude full sadde to see?
Is this my sonne? my members loe for ioy amased bee.
Oh sonne, the sure and sauegard late of Thebes in misery,
See I thy body true indeede? or els deceiu'de am I
Mocke with thy spyte? art thou ꝑsame? these brawnes of armes I know
And shoulders, and thy noble handes from body hie that grow.
Her. Whens (father) happes this vglines, and why in mourning clad
Is thus my wyfe? how happes it that with filth so foule bestad
My children are? what misery doth thus my house oppresse?
Am. Thy father in law is slayne: the kingdome Licus doth possesse.
Thy sonnes, thy parent and thy wyfe to death pursueth hee.
Her. Vngrateful land, doth no man come that will an ayder bee
Of Hercles house? and this beholde so great and haynous wronge
Hath th'ayded world? but why were I the day in playnt so longe?
Let thenmy dye and this renoume let strength obtayne in haste,
And of Alcides enmies all let Lycus be the laste.
I driuen am to goe to shedde the bloud of enmye out.
Watch Theseu that no sodayne strength beset vs here aboute:
My warres require, embracing yet deferre O father deare,
And wyfe deferre them: Lycus shall to hell this message beare
That I am now returnd. The, Shake of O Queene out of thyne eyes
This weping face, and thou synce that thy sonne is safe likewyse
Thy dropping teares refrayne: yf yet I Hercles euer knew
Then Lycus shall for Creon paye the paynes to him ful due.
E'tis lyght, he shal, he doth and that's to light he hath it done.
Am. Now God that can them bring to passe, spede wel our wishes soone,
And come to helpe our weary woes. O noble harted mate
Of my stout sonne, of his renowne declare vs all the rate:
How long away doth leade to place where sory spyrites doth dwell,
And how the hard and heauy bondes the dog hath borne of hell.
The. The deedes thou dost constrayne to tell, that euen to mynde secure
Are dredful yet and horrible, scant yet the truth is sure

De

Of vitall ayre, sore blunted is the sharpnesse of my sight,
And dulled eyes do scant sustayne to see th'vnwonted light.
AM. Yet Theseus throughly ouercome what euer feare remaynes
In bosome deepe, nor do thou not of best fruict of thy paynes
Beguilde thy selfe. What thing hath once to suffre beene a care,
To haue remembred it is sweete. those dredfull haps declare.
TH. All ryght of worlde, and thee lykewyse I prayc ỹ bearst the rayne
In kingdome wyde, and thee, for whom all round about in vayne
Thy mother throughout Ætna sought, that secret things alowe
And hid in ground, it freely may bee lawfull for to showe.
The Spartane land a noble toppe of hyll aduaunceth hye,
Where Tænarus with woods full thick the Sea doth ouerly.
The house of hatefull Ditis here his mouth doth open set,
And rocke of hyll aboue doth gape, and with a denne full gret
A huge and gaping cleft of ground with Jawes full wyde doth lye,
And way full broade to people all doth spred to passe thereby.
Not straight with darkenes doth begin the way that blindes the sight.
A litle lingring brightnes loe behinde of late left light,
And doubtfull glittring yet of sonne afflicted falles alowe,
And mocks the sight: such light is wont vndoubtedly to showe
The dawne of day, or twylight els at edge of euening tyde.
From hence to hollowe places boyde are loaste the spaces wyde,
To which needes perysshe must all kinde of men that once are throwne.
Nor it a labour is to goe, the way it selfe leades downe.
As oft the ships agaynst theyr willes doth tosse the swelling surge,
So downward doth that headlong way, and greedy Chaos urge:
And backe agayne to drawe thy pace thee neuer doe permit
The spirits who what they catch hold fast. alowe within doth flit
In chanell wyde with silent foorde the quiet lake of lethe,
And cares doth rid: and that there may to scape agayne from death
No meane be made, with many turnes and windings euery way
Foldes in his floude. in such sorte as with waue vnsure doth play
Mæander wandring vp and downe, and yeldes himselfe vnto,
And doubtfull stands, if he toward banke, or backe to spring may goe.
The foule and filthy poole to see of slowe Cocytus lyes.
On th'one the Gryppe, on th'other side the mournefull Howlet cries,
And sad lucke of th'unhappy Strix likewise resoundeth there.
Full vgilly in shady bowes blacke Locks of lothsome heare,
Where Taxus tree doth ouer leane, which holdeth slouthfull sleepe,
And hunger sad with famisht Jawe that lyes his place to keepe,

And shame to late doth hide his face that knowes what crimes it hath,
Both feare, and quaking, funerall, and fretting raging wrath,
And mourning dyre doth follow on, and trembling pale disease,
And boystrous battayles set with swoorde: and hid beyond all thease
Doth slouthfull age his lingring pace helpe forth with staffe in hand.
AM. Of corne and wyne in hell alowe is any fertile land?
TH. No toyfull Meades do there bring forth with face so greene & fayre,
Nor yet with gentill Zephyrus wagges ripened corne in th'ayre.
Nor any tree hath there such bowes as doe bring apples out.
The barrayne compasse of deepe foyle full filthy ires about,
And withred with eternall drought the lothsome land doth waste
And bond full sad of thinges, and of the worlde the places laste:
The ayre vnmoued stands, and night sits there full darke to see
In slouthfull world, all thinges by dread full horrible there bee.
And euen farre worse then death it selfe, is place where death doth bide.
AM. What? he that doth those places darke with regall scepter guide,
In what seate set, doth he dispose and rule those peoples light?
TH. A place there is in turne obscure of Tartarus from light,
Which mist full thick with fearefull shade doth holde and ouergoe.
From hence a double parted streame from one wellspring doth floe:
The tone, much like a standing poole (by this the gods doe sweare)
The which the sacred Stygian lake with silent floude doth beare:
The t'other fierce with tumult great is drawen his course to goe,
And Acheron with raging floud the stones dyues to and froe
Vnsayable. with double foorde is rounde about beset
Against it Ditis pallace dyre, and mansion house full gret
In shadefull woode is couered: from wide den here the posts
And thresholds of the tyrant heng, this is the walke of ghosts:
This of his kingdome is the gate: a stride about it goes,
Where sitting with a countnaunce proude abroade he doth dispose
Newe soules. a cruell maiesty is in the God to knowe:
A frowning forehead, which yet of his brethren beares the showe,
And so great locke: there is in him of Ioue the very face,
But when he lightens: and great part of cruell kingdomes place,
Is he himselfe the lorde thereof: the sight of whom doth feare,
What euer thing is fear'de. AM. Is fame in this poynct true, & there
Such rygours are, and guilty Ghosts of men that there remayne
Forgetfull of theyr former faulte, but there deserued payne?
Who is the rector there of right, and iudge of equity?
TH. Not onely one extorter out of faultes in seate set hye

The iudge

The iudgements late to trembling soules doth there by lot awarde:
In one appoincted iudgement place is Gnossian Minos harde,
And in an other Radamanthe: this crime doth Aeac heare.
What eche man once hath done, he feeles: and guilt to th'author theare
Returnes, and th'hurtfull with their owne example punisht bee.
The bloudy cruell captaynes I in prison shet did see,
And backe of tyrant impotent euen with his peoples hande
All torne and cut. what man of might with fauour leades his lande,
And of his owne syde loode reserues his hurtlesse handes to good,
And gently doth his empyre guide without the thyrst of blood,
And spares his soule, he hauing long led forth the lingring dayes
Of happy age, at length to heauen doth eyther finde the wayes,
Or ioyfull happe places ells of fayre Elysius woode.
Thou then that here must be a iudge abstayne from man his bloode,
Who so thou be that raygnest kyng: our gyltes are there acquit
In greater wyse. AM. Doth any place prescript of lymite shit
The guilty Ghosts, and as the same reportes, doth cruell payne
The wicked men make tome that in eternall bondes remayne?
TH. Ixion roll'de on whyrling wheele is tost and turned hye:
Upon the necke of Sisyphus the mighty stone doth lye.
Impd the lake with thyrsty Iawes olde Tantalus therein
Pursues the waues, the water streame doth wet and washe his chin,
And when to him nowe ofte deceyu'de it doth yet promise make,
Straight flits the floud: the fruicte at mouth his kampne doth forsake.
Eternall foode to fleeing foule doth Tytius hart geue still:
And Danaus daughters doe in vayne theyr water vessells fill.
The wicked Cadmus daughters all goe raging euery way:
And there doth greedy rauening byrde the Phyney tables fray.
AM. Nowe of my sonne declare to me the noble worthy syght.
Byings he his willing vncles gyft, or Plutoes sporles to syght?
TH. A dyre and dredfull stone there is the slouthfull foordes fast bye,
Where sluggish freat with waue acton'd full dull and slowe doth lye:
This lake a dredfull fellow keepes both of attire and syght,
And quaking Ghosts doth ouer beare an aged vgly wyght:
His Bearde vnkempt, his bosome foule deformi'de in filthy wyse
A knot byndes in, full lothesome stand in head his hollowe eyes:
He Feary man doth steare about his Boate with his long Oze.
He dryuing nowe his lightned Ship of burden towarde the Shoze,
Repayres to waues: and then his way Alcides doth requyre,
The flocke of Ghosts all geuing place: alowde cryes Charon dyre,

What way attemptest thou so bolde? thy hastening pace here stay:
But Nathales Alcmenaes sonne abyding no delay,
Euen with his owne poale bet he bothe full tame the shipmen make,
And clymes the ship: the barke that coulde full many peoples take,
Did yelde to one: he sat, the boate moze heauy like to breake
Whith shyuering ioyntes on eyther syde the lethey floud doth leake.
Then tremble all the monsters huge, the Centaures fierce of myght,
And Lapithes, kindled with much wyne to warres and bloudy fight.
The lowest Chaoelles seeking out of Stygian poole a downe,
His Lerney labour soze affright his fertile heads doth dzowne.
Of greedy Ditis after this doth then the house appere.
The fierce and cruell Stygian dogge doth fray the spirites there,
The which with great and roaring sounde his heads vpshaking thzee,
The kingdome keepes his vgly head with filth full foule to see
The serpentes like: his hayres be fowle with vipers set among,
And at his crooked wrested tayle doth hysse a Dzagon longe:
Lyke vze to cheze. when him he wyst his pace that way to take,
His baisie hayres he lifteth vp with fierce vp bended snake:
And sounde sent out he soone perceyues in his applyed eare,
Who euen the spirits is wont to sent. as soone as floode moze neare
The sonne of Ione, the doubtfull dogge strait couched downe in denne,
And eche of them did feare. beholde with dolefull barking then
The places dumme he makes a dzed, the thzeatning serpent stout
Through all the fieldes about doth hysse: the bawling noyse sent out
Of dzedfull voyce from triple mouth, euen spirits that happy bee
Doth make afrayde. from left side then strayte way vndoeth hee
The cruell Jawes, and Lyons head once slayne in Cleon fielde
Against him sets, and couer doth himselfe with mighty shielde.
And bearing in his conquering hande a sturdy club of Oke,
Nowe here, now there he rolleth him about with often stroke:
His stripes he doubles: he subdew'de his thzeates assweged all,
And all his heads the weary dogge at once full lowe let fall,
And quite out of the denn he fled. full greatly feared (set
In regall thzone) both king and queene, and bad him to bee set.
And me likewyse they gaue for gyft to Hercles craning me.
The monsters heauy neckes with hand then stroaking downe all thzee,
In lynked chayne he byndeth fast forgetting then his strength
The dogge the watchefull keeper of the kingdome darke at length
Layth downe his eares full soze affray'de: and suffring to be led,
And eke acknowledging his lozde, following with lowly hed.

With tayle

With tayle that snakes theron doth beare he both his sides doth smight.
But after that to Tænare mouth we came, and clearenes bright
Had strooke his eyes of light vnknowne, good stomacke yet agayne
He takes although once ouercome, and now the happy chayne
He raging shakes: he had almost his leader pluckt from place,
And headlong backward drawne to hell, and moued from his pace.
And euen to my handes Hercles then his eyes did backward cast,
Wee both with double toyled strength the dogge out drawne at last
For anger woode, and battells yet attempting all in vayne,
Brought vp to world. as soone as he the cleere ayre sawe agayne,
And spaces pure of bryght fayre poale had once behelde with eye,
The nyght arose: his sight to ground he turned by and by,
Cast downe his eyes, and hatefull day forthwith he put to flight,
And backward turnd away his looke, and streight with all his might
To th'earthe he falles: and vnderneath the shade of Hercles then
He hyd his head. therewith there came a great resorte of men
With clamour glad, that did the bay about theyr foreheads bryng:
And of the noble Hercules deserued prayses sing.

Chorus.

EVrystheus borne with swiftned birth in hast,
Did bid to bottome of the Worlde to go:
This onely lackt of labours all at last,
To spoyle the Kyng of thyrde estate also.
The dongeons darke to enter ventred hee,
Where as the way to sprits farre of doth bring
Full sadde, and woode so blacke and fear'de to bee:
But full with flocke full great him following.
As great a preasse as flocke in cyties streetes,
To see the Playes of Theatre newe wrought:
As great as at Eléus thundrer meetes,
When Scmmer fift the sacred game hath brought:
As great as when comes houre of longer night,
And willing quiet sleepes to bee extent,
Holdes equall Libra Phœbus Chariots light,
A sorte the secrete Ceres doe frequent,

And from

And from theyr howſen left doe haſt to comme,
The Atticke prieſtes the nyghte to celebrate:
Such heape is chaſte beneath by fieldes ſo dumme.
With age full ſlowe ſome taking forth their gate
Full ſad, and filde with life ſo long now led:
Some yet doe runne the race of better yeares,
The virgins yet vnioynde to Spowſes bed,
And yonglings eke on whom grow yet no heares
And Infant lately taught his mothers name.
To theſe alone, (that they the leſſe might feare)
Is graunted night to eaſe with foreborne flame.
The reſt full ſad by darke doe wander theare:
As is our mynde, when once away is fled
The lyght, when eche man ſorry feeles to bee
Deepe ouerwhelmde with all the earth his hed.
Thick Chaos ſtandes, and darkneſſe fowle to ſee,
And colour ill of night, and ſlouthfull ſtate
Of ſilent World, and diuers Cloudes about,
Let hoary age vs thyther bring full late.
No man comes late to that, whence neuer out,
When once hee is come, turne agayne he may.
To haſt the hard and heauy Fate what vayles?
This wandring heape in wyde landes farre away,
Shall goe to Ghoſts: and all ſhall geue their ſayles
To ſlowe Cocytus, all is to thee enclinde,
Both what the fall, and riſe of ſonne doth ſee:
Spare vs that comme, to thee wee death are ſignde:
Though thou be ſlow, our ſelues yet haſte doe wee.
Fyrſt houre, that gaue the lyfe, it loaſt agayne.

To

TO *Thebes* is come the ioyfull day,
Your Aulters touch yee humbylly,
The fat fayre Sacrifices slay.
Maydes myrte with men in cumpany
Let them in solempne Flockes goe royle:
And nowe wyth yoake layde downe let cease
The Tillers of the fertile Soyle.
Wade is wyth hande of *Hercles* peace
Betweene the morne and *Hespers* Glade,
And where Sonne holding myddle seate,
Doth make the Bodyes caste no Shade.
What euer grounde is ouerweate
Wyth compasse longe of Seas abought,
Alcydes laboure taemde full well.
Yee ouer Foordes of *Tartare* brought
Returnde appeased beeinge Hell.
There is remayning nowe no feare,
Nought lyes beyonde the Hell to see.
O Priest thy staring Lockes of heare
Wrappe in wyth loued Poplar tree.

THE

THE FOVRTHE ACTE.

Hercules, Theseus, Amphitryon, Megara.

WIth my reuēging right hād slayne now Lycus loe the groūd
With groueling face hath smit: thē who soeuer fellow foūd
Of Tyraunt was, partaker of his paynes did also lye.
Nowe to my father sacrifice and Gods victor will I,
And aulters that deserue it, with slayne offrings reuerence.
Thee, thee O mate of all my toyles I pray and my defence
O warrefull Pallas, in whose left hand thy cleare shielde Ægis shakes
Fierce threats, w̄ head that eche thing stone that lookes vpon it makes.
Let tamer of Lycurgus nowe, and of red Sea be hegre,
That poynct of speare with Iuye greene in hand doth couer'de beare:
And two Gods powre, both Phœbus, and his Syster to I pray
The sister meeter for her shaftes, but hee on th'harpe to play:
And what soeuer brother ells of myne doth dwell in sky,
Not of my stepdame brother, bring yee hyther by and by
Your plentuous flocks, what euer haue all th'Indians fruicts brought
And what sweete odours th'Arabickes doe get in trees about,
To th'aulters bring: let vapour fat and fume smoke vp full hye,
Let rounde about the Poplar tree my hayres now beautifye
Let th'olliue bowe thee hyde with braunche accustom'de in our lande
Theseu: for foorthwith reuerence the thunder, shall my hande,
TH. O Gods the builders of the towne and which of Dragon fell,
The wilde woods dens, and noble waues likewise of Dirces well,
And Tyrian house enhabite eke of straunger wandring king.
HE. Cast into fyres ỹ frankencense. AM. Sonne fyrst thy hands flowing
With bloudy slaughter, and the death of enmy purify.
HE. Would God the bloud of hatefull head euen vnto Gods on hye
I might out shed, for ieroun loe more acceptable none
Wyght th'aulters slayne: nor sacrifice more ample any one
Nor yet more plentyfull may bee to Ioue aboue downe cast,
Then king vntust. AM. Desyre that now thy father ende at last
Thy labours all: let quietnes at length yet grieuen bee,
And rest to weary folke. HE. I will thee prayers make, for mee

And Ioue

And loue ful meete in this due place let stand the haughty skye,
And land, and ayre, and let the starres dyrue forth eternally
Their course vnstayde: let restful peace kepe nations quietly,
Let labour of the hurtles land all vyon now occupye,
And swordes lye hyd: let tempest none ful vyolent and dyre
Disturbe the sea: let from the skyes no flash of lightning fyre
Fall downe whyle loue ful angry is: nor yet with winter snowe
Encreased flood the ground vpturnde, and field quyte ouerthrowe,
Let poysons cease: and from hensforth let vp from ground aryse
No greeuous hearbe with hurtful sappe: nor fierce and fell lyke wyse
Let tyrantes raygne but if to fight some other mischiefe bringe
The ground yet shall, let it make hast: and any monstruous thinge
If it prepare let it be myne, but what meanes this? myd day
The darkenes haue incloas'd aboute lo Phœbus goeth his way
With face obscure without a clowde who dyrues the day to flight,
And turnes to east? from whence doth now his dusky hed the night
Vnknowne bring forth? whence fil the poale so many rownde about
Of daytyme starres? lo here behold my laboure first ful stout
Not in the lowest parte of heauen the Lyon styneth bryght,
And feruently doth rage with yre, and byttes prepares to fyght.
Euen now loe he some star wil rake, with mouth full wyde to see
He threatning standes, and fires out blowes and mane vp ruffleth he
Shaking with necke the harueft sad of shape, what euer thinge,
And what soeuer winter colde in frosen tyme doth bring,
He with one rage wil ouerpasse, of spring tyme bull he will
Both seeke and breake the neckes at once. Am, what is this sodayne yll?
Thy cruel count'naunce whether sonne dost thou cast here and there?
And seest with troubled daseld syght false shape of heauen appere
Her. The land is tam'de the swelling seas their surges did asswage,
The kingdomes lowe of hell lyke wyse haue felt and knowne my rage,
Yet heauen is free, a labour meete for Hercules to proue.
To spaces high I wil be borne of haughty skies aboue
Let th'ayre be skaeld, my father doth me promise starres t'obtayne.
What if he it denyde? all th'earth can Hercles not contayne,
And geeues at length to gods, me calles of one accorde beholde
The whole assembly of the gods, and doth their gates vnfolde,
Whyle one forbyddes, receyu'st thou mee, and openest thou the skye,
Or els the gate of stubburne heauen draw after me do I?
Do I yet doubt? I euen the bondes from Saturne wyll vndoe,
And euen agaynst the kingdome prowde of wicked father loe

My graundsyre loose. let Titans now prepare agayne their fight
With me their captaine raging stones with woods I will down smight
And hye hilles tops with Centaures full in right hande will I take.
With double mountayne now I will a stayre to Gods vp make.
Let Chyron vnder Ossa see his Pelion mountayne gret:
Olympus vp to heauen aboue in thyrd degree then set
Shall come it selfe, or ells be cast. AM. Put farre away from thee
The thoughts that ought not to be spoake: of myndе vnsounde to see,
But yet full great, the furious rage asswage and lay away.
HE. What meaneth this? the Grauntes doe pestiferous armes assay,
And Tityus from the sprights is fled, and bearing torne to see
And empty bosome, loe howe neere to heauen it selfe stoode hee?
Cytheron falles, the mountayne hie Pallene shakes for feare,
And torne are Tempe. he the tops of Pindus caught hath here,
And Oethen he, some dredfull thing threatning doth rage about
Erynnis bringing flames: with stripes she soundes nowe shaken out,
And burned brandes in funeralles, loe yet more neare and neare
Throwes in my face: fearce Tisyphone with head and vgly heare
With serpentes set, nowe after dogge set out with Hercles hand,
That empty gate shee hath shut vp, with bolte of fyry brande.
But loe the flocke of enmious king doth hidden yet remayne,
The wicked Lycus seede: but to your hatefull father playne
Euen now this right hande shall you sende let nowe his arrowes light
My bowe out shoote: it seemes the shaftes to goe with such a slight
Of Hercles. AM. Whether doth the rage and fury blinde yet goe?
His mighty Bowe he drewe with hornes together driuen loe,
And quiuer loaste: great noyese makes with violence sent out
The shaft, and quight the weapon slewe his middle necke throughout,
The wound yet left. HE. His other broode I ouerthrow will quight,
And corners all. What stay I yet? to me a greater fyght
Remaynes then all Pyrenes loe, that rockye stones should all
Of Cyclops being ouerturn'de with hande of myne, downe fall.
Let shake both here, and there the house, with all stayes ouerthrowne,
Let breake the poasts: and quight let shrinke the shaken piller downe:
Let all the Pallace fall at once. I here yet hidden see
The sonne of wycked father. AM. Loe his flattring hendes to thee
Applying to thy knees dooth craue his lyfe with pitcous mone.
O wicked gylt, full sad, and ehe abhorde to looke vpone,
His humble right hand caught he hath, and raging rounde about
Him rolled twyse, or thryse hath cast. his head reloundeth out,

The sprinks

The sprinkled houses with the brayne of him throwne out are wet.
But thee poore wretch her little sonne in bosome hyding yet
Loe Megara, like one in rage doth from the corners flee.
HE. Though runagate in bosome of the thunder hid thou bee,
This right hand shall from euery where thee seeke, and bring to sight.
AM. Wher goest thou wretch? what lurking dens, seekst thou to take, or
No place of sauegarde is if once bee Hercles ilyde with yre: (slight?
But doe thou rather him embrace, and with thy meeke desyre
Allay t'assuage him. ME. Husband spare vs I beseech thee nowe,
And knowe thy Megara, this sonne thy countenaunce doth showe,
And bodyes pytche: behould'st thou howe his hands vp lyfteth hee?
HE. I holde my stepdame: followe on due penaunce paye to mee,
And bounden loue from fylthy bonde deliuer free away:
But I before the mother will this little monster slay. (sheade?
ME. Thou mad man whither goest thou? wylt thou thine owne bloude
AM. Th'infant with fathers fyry face astonnied all for dread,
Died euen before the wounde: his feare hath tooke away his lyfe.
And now likewise his heauy club is shaken towarde his wyfe:
He broaken hath the bones, her head from blocklyke body gone
Is quight, nor any where it stayes. dar'st thou this looke vpone
To long lyu'de age? if mourning doe the greeue, thou hast then loe
The death prepared. Doe thou thy breast vppon his weapons throe,
Or ells this club with slaughter slayn'de of monsters slayne that bee,
Nowe hyther turne. thy parent false, vnfit for name of thee
Ryd hence away, least he should be to thy renowne a let.
TH. Which way the father toward thy death dost thou thy selfe cast yet?
Or whyther goest thou mad man? flee and lye thou closely hid,
And yet from handes of Hercules this onely myschiefe rid.
HE. T'is well, the house of shameful king is now quight ouerthrowne.
To thee O spouse of greatest loue I haue loe beaten downe
This offred flocke: I gladly haue fulfill'de my wyshes all
Full meete for thee, and Argos now geue other offrings shall.
AM. Thou hast not sonne yet all perform'de, fill vp the sacrifise.
Loe th'offring doth at th'aultars stande, it wayres thy hand likewyse
With necke full prone: I geue my selfe, I roon, I follow loe.
Wee sacrifice. what meaneth this? his eyes rolle to and froe,
And heauines doth dull his sight. see I of Hercules
The trembling handes? downe falles his face to sleepe and quietnes,
And weary necke with bowed head full fast doth downeward shrynke,
With bended knee: nowe all at once he downe to ground doth sinke,

As in

As in the woods wyde Asshe cut downe, or Bulwarke for to make
A Hauen in Seas. Liu'ste thou? or els to death doth thee betake
The selfe same rage, that hath sent all thy family to death?
It is but sleepe, for to and fro doth goe and come his breath.
Let tyme bee had of quietnesse, that thus by sleepe and rest
Great force of his disease subdew'de, may ease his greeued brest.
Remoue his weapons seruants, least he mad get them agayne.

Chorus.

LEt th'ayre complayne, and eke the parent great
Of haughty Sky, and fertile land throughout,
And wandring waue of euer mouing freat.
And thou before them all, which lands about
And trayn of Sea thy beames abroade dost throe
With glittring face, and mak'st the night to flee,
O feruent Titan: bothe thy settinges loe
And rysing, hath Alcides seene wyth thee:
And knowne lykewise hee hath thy howsen twayne.
From so great ills release yee nowe hys brest,
O Gods release: to better turne agayne
His ryghter mynde, and thou O tamer best
O sleepe of toyles, the quietnesse of mynde,
Of all the lyfe of man the better parte,
O of thy mother Astrey wynged kynde,
Of hard and pyning death that brother arte,
With truth mingling the false, of after state
The sure, but eke the worste foreteller yet:
O Father of all thynges, of Lyfe the gate,
Of lyght the rest, of nyght and fellowe fyt,
That com'st to Kyng, and seruaunt equally,
And gently cherysshest who weary bee,
All mankynde loe that dreadfull is to dye,
Thou doost constrayne long death to learne by thee.
Keepe him fast bounde wyth heauy sleepe oppreste,
Let slomber deepe his Limmes vntamed bynde,

Nor soo.

Nor soner leaue his vnright raginge breaste,
Then former mynd his course agayne may synd,
Loe layd on ground with full fierce hart yet still
His cruel sleepes he turnes: and not yet is
The plague subdude of so great raging yll
And on great club the weary head of his
He wont to laye, doth seeke the staffe to synde
VVith empty handes his armes out casting yet
VVith mouing vayne: nor yet all rage of minde
He hath layd downe, but as with Sowthwind greate
The waue once vext yet after kepeth still
His raging long, and though the wind now bee
Asswaged swelles, shake of theis madde and yll
Tossinges of mynde, returne let piety,
And vertue to the man, els let be so.
His mynde with mouing mad tosse euery waye:
Let errour blynd, where it begun hath, go,
For naught els now but only madnes maye
Thee gyltles make: in next estate it standes
To hurtles handes thy mischiefe not to know.
Now stroken let with Hercules his handes
Thy bosome sounde: thyne armes the worlde allow
VVere wonte to beare, let greuous strypes now smyte
VVith conquering hande, and lowde complayning cryes,
Let th'ayre now heare, let of darke pole and nighte
The Queene them hear, and who ful fyercely lyes
That beares his neckes in mighty chaynes fast bounde,
Low lurking Cerberus in deepest caue.
Let Chaos all with clamour sad resound,
And of broad sea wide open wafting waue.
And th'ayre that felt thy weapons beter yet,
but felt them though.
The breastes with so great yls as these beset,
VVith litle stroake they mnst not beaten bee.
Let kingdomes three sound with one playnt and crye,

And thou neckes honour and defence to see,
His arrowe strong longe hanged vp on hye,
And quiuers light the cruell stripes now smyte
On his fierce backe his shouldars strong and stout
Let oken club now strike, and poast of might
VVith knots ful hard his brestee load all aboute.
Let euen his weapons so great woes complayne
Not you pore babes mates of your fathers praise,
VVith cruell wound reuenging kinges agayne:
Not you your limis in Argos barriars playes,
Are taught to turne with weapons strong to smite
And strong of hand yet euen now daring loe
The weapons of the Scithian quiuer light
VVith stedy hand to paise set out from bow.
And stags to perce that saue them selues by flight
And backes not yet ful maend of cruel beast.
To Stigian hauens goe ye of shade and night
Goe hurtles soules, whom mischiefe hath oppresst
Euen in fyrst porch of lyfe but lately had,
And fathers fury goe vnhappy kind
O litle children, by the way ful sad
Of iourney knowen.
Goe see the angry kynges.

THE FIFTHE ACTE.

Hercules, Amphitryon, Theseus.

What place is this? what region? or of the world what coste?
Where am I? vnder ryse of sunne, or bondels bitermoste
Of th'rcy beare or els doth here of sea of Hesperye
The fardest ground appoynt a bond for th'ocean sea to lye?
What ayre draw we? to weary wight what ground is vnderset?
Of truth we are returnd from hell whence in my house downe bet
See I these bloudy bodyes? hath not yet my mynd of cast
Th'infernall shapes? but after yet returnd from hel at last
Yet wander doth that helly heape before myne eys to see?
I am asham'de to graunt, I quake, I know not what to me,
I cannot tell what greeuous yll my mynde before doth know.
Where is my parent? where is shee with goodly childzens show
My noble harty stomackt spouse why doth my left syde lacke
The lyons spoyle? which way is gone the couer of my backe?
And selfe same bedde sul soft for slepe of Hercules also?
Where are my shaftes? where is my bow? then from my liuing who
Could plucke away? who taken hath the spoyles so great as these
And who was he that feared not euen sleepe of Hercules?
To see my conquerour me lykes, yt lykes me hym to know
Ryse victor by, what new sonne hath my father gotten now
Heauen beynge left? at byrth of whom myght euer slayd bee
A longer night then, was in myne? what mischiefe do I see?
My childzen loe do lye on ground with bloudy slaughter slayne:
My wyfe is kild: what Lycus doth the kingdome yet obtayne?
Who durst so haynous giltes as these at Thebes take in hand
When Hercles is returnd? who so Ismenus waters land,
Who so Acteons fieldes or who with double seas beset:
The shaken Pelops kingdomes dost of Dardan dwell on yet
Helpe me: of cruel slaughter show who may the author bee.
Let rage my eye and all: my foe he is who so to me
Shewes not my foe dost thou yet hyde Alcides victor lye?
Come forth, euen whether thou reuenge the cruel charyots hye
Of bloudy Thracian king or if thou Gerions cattell quight

Or lordes of Lybia, no delay there is with thee to fight.
Beholde I naked stande, although euen with my weapons loe
Thou me vnarmed sette vppon. Wherfore fleeth Theseus foe,
And eke my father from my sight? theyr faces why hyde they?
Deferre your weepings, and who did my wife and children slay
Thus all at once, me tell. Wherfore O father dost thou whusht?
But tell thou Theseu, but Theseu with thy accustom'd truste.
Ech of them sylent hydes away their bashefull countenances,
And pitifully they shed their teares in so great ills as these,
Of what ought wee asham'de to be? doth ruler yet of might
Of Argos towne, or hateful band of soldiars apt to fight
Of Lycus dying, bs oppresse with such calamity?
By prayse of all my noble actes I do despise of thee
O father, and of thy great name approu'de to me alway
The prosperous powre declare to mee, who did my houshold slay?
Whose pray lay I? A. Let thus thyne ylles in sylens ouerpas.
He. That I should vnreuenged bee? Am, Reuenge oft hurtful was.
He Did euer man so greeuous ylls without reuenge sustayne?
A Whos'euer greater feare. H. Then these O father yet agayne
May any greater thing, or els more greuous feared bee?
Am. How great apart is it thou wotst of thy calamity?
Her. Take mercy father, lo I lift to thee my humble hands.
What meaneth this? my hand fleeth backe, some priuy gylt their standes
Whence comes this blood? or what doth mean flowing w̄ death of child
The shaft imbrewd with slaughter once of Lerney monster wilde?
I see my weapons now, the hand I seeke no more to witte.
Whose hand could bend this bow but myne? or what right arme but it,
Could string the bow that vnto mee euen scantly doth obay?
To you I turne: O father deare, is this my gylt I pray?
They held their peace: it is myne own. Am. Thy greuous woe is ther;
The cryme thy stepdames: this mischaunce no fait of thyne hath here.
Her. From euery part now father throw in wrath thy thunders mighte,
And of thy sonne forgetful now with cruel hand requighte
At least thy nephewes, let the world that beares the starrs sounde out.
And let both th'one and th'other poale, flyng downe thy flames aboute:
And let the bankes of Caspyan sea my bounden body teare,
And gredy foules. Wherfore do of Prometheus lacke heare
The rockes? with huge and haughty top let now prepared be,
Both feeding beastes and foules, the syde of Caucas turne to see,
And bare of woods, the ple that bryngs of Scithe that therby standes

Simple

Simplegas soynes, both here and there let it my bounden handes
Stretch out abroade: and when with course return'de accustomd fy
They shall together dyue, and shall the rockes tosse vp to skye
With bankes together beyng thrust, and eke the middle seay,
Let me betweene the mountaynes lye vnquiet restlesse stay
But building vp with wood throwne on a heaped pile on hie
My body thus with wicked bloud besprinct, why burne not I?
So, so yt must be done: to hell I Hercles will resoyre.
Am. Not yet his hart astonied lackes his ragyng tumult sore,
But wrath hath turnd: and which of rage is property and yre
Against himselfe he rageth now Her. The furies places dire
And dungeon depe of spirites in hell and place of tormentry
To gylty ghostes and banishment yf any yet do lye
Beyond Erebus, yet vnknowen to Cerberus and mee,
There hyde me ground to farthest bond of Tartarus to see.
To tary there I le goe. O brest of myne to fierce and stoute:
Who you my children thus dispersd through all my house about,
May worthely enough bewayle? in all my evils yet
This countnaunce hard can neuer weepe, a sword now hether set:
My shaftes reach hether, hyther reach my mighty club also:
To thee my weapons breake I will, to thee my sonne a two
I le knappe my bowes, and eke my clubbe, this blocke of heauy wayght
Shal to thy spirites be burned soe: this selfe same quiuer fraught
With Lerney shaftes to funerall of thyne shall likewyse goe.
Let all my weapons penance pay and you vnhappy to
Euen with my weapons burne I wil, O stepdames handes of myne.
Th. Who euer yet to ignorannce hath geuen name of crymes?
Her. Ful oftentymes did errour greate the place of gylt obtayne.
Th. T'is needs to be a Hercles now, this heape of ill sustayne.
Her. Not so, hath shame yet geuen place with fury drowned quight:
But peoples all I rather should dryue from my wicked sight.
My weapons, weapons Theseus, I quickly craue to mee
Withdraw to be restoard againe: if found my mynd now bee,
Restore to me my weapons: if yet last my rage of mynd,
Then father flee: for I the waye to death my selfe shall fynde.
Am. By sacred holy kynredes rightes, by force and duty all
Of both my names, if eyther me thy bringer vp thou call,
Or parentels, and (which of good men reuerenced are)
By these hore hayres, I the beseech my desert age yet spare,
And weery yeares of house saine downe the one alonly stay,

One onely light to mee, with yls afflicted euery way
Reserue thy selfe: yet neuer hath there happ'ned once of thee
Fruite of thy toyles: still eyther I the doubtful sea to see
Or monsters feard: who euer yet hath beue a cruell king
In all the world to ghostes allow, and aulters both hurtinge,
Of me is feard: the father of thee absent still to haue
The fruite, the touching, and the sight of thee at length I craue.
He. Wherfore I longer should sustayn my life yet in this light,
And linger here no cause there is, all good lost haue I quighte,
My mynd, my weapons, my renoume, my wife, my sonnes, my handes,
And fury to no man may heale and lose from gelty bandes
My mynd defyld: needes must with death be heald so haynous yll.
Th. Wilt thou thy father slay? He. Least I shoulde do it die I will.
Th. Before thy fathers face? He. I taught him mischief for to see.
Th. Thy deedes marking rather that should of al remembred bee,
Of this one only cryme I do a pardon of thee craue.
Her. Shall he geue pardon to himselfe, that to none els it gaue?
I beeing bidden prayse deseru'd, this deede mine owne doth proue.
Helpe father now, if eyther els thy piety thee moue,
Or els my beauy fate, or els the honour and renowne.
Of stained strength, my weapons bringe, let fortune be throwen downe.
with my right hand. Th. The prayers which thy father makes to thee
Are stronge enough, but yet likewyse with weeping loe of me
Be moued yet aryse thou vp, and with thy wonted myght
Subdue thyne yls: now such a mynde vnmeete to beare vpright
No euill hap, receyue againe. loe now with manhode gret
Thou must preuayle. euen Hercules forbyd with yre to fret.
HE. Aigue, I hurt: but if I dye I take the gylt also.
I hast to ridde the world of cryme euen now before me lo
A wicked monster cruel, and vntamed fierce and stout
Doth wander: now with thy ryght hand beginne to goe aboute
A greate affayre, yea more then all thy twyse sixe labours long.
Yet stayst thou wretch, that late agaynst the chyldren wast so stronge,
And fearful mother now except reskoard my weapons bee,
Of Thracian Pindus eyther I wil teare downe euery tree,
And Bacchus holly woods and tops of mount Cytheron hye
Burne with my selfe, and al at once with all their housen I
And with the Lordes therof the roofes with goddes of Thebes all
The Thebane temples euen vppon my body will let fall:
And wyl be hyd in towne vpturnd: if to my shoulders might

The walles themselues all cast theron shall fall a burden light,
And couerd with seuen gates I shall not be enough oppress,
Then all the weyght wheron the worlde in middle part doth rest,
And partes the Goddes vppon my head Ile turne and ouerthrow
My weapons geue. Am. This word is meete for Hercles father lo
With this same arrow slaine beholde thy sonne is tombled downe,
This weapõs cruell Iuno lo from handes of thyne hath throwne,
This same will I now vse, loe see how leaps with feare affright
My wretched herte, and how it doth my careful body smight.
The shaft is set therto thou shalt a mischiefe lo do now
Both willing it and wotting: tel, what thing commaundest thou?
I nothing craue my doloure lee in safety standeth now,
To kepe my sonne alyue to mee that onely do canst thou
O Theseu, yet I haue not feapte great'st feare that happen can
Thou canst mee not a wiser make, thou mayst a happy man
So order euery thyng thou dost, as all thy cause in hand,
And feme thou mayst wel know in straight and doubtful case to stande
Thou liu'st, or dyest: this slender soule that light is hence to flee,
Wered with age, and no lesse bet with greuous ils to see,
In mouth I holde so slowly to a father with such shape
Doth any man geue lyfe? I will no longer bid delay,
The deadly sword throughout my breast to strike I will applye,
Here, here the gylt of Hercules euen sound of mynd shall lye.
Her. Forbeare O father now forbeare, withdraw thy hand againe,
My manhood yeld thy fathers will, and impery sustaine.
To Hercles labours now like wyse, let this one labour goe,
Let me yet liue, lift vp from ground th'afflicted limbs with woe
O Theseu of my parentes for from Godly touch doth flee
My wicked hand. Am. I gladly do this hand embrace to mee.
By this I beyng slayed will goe, this meuing to my breast
Ile slake my woes. Her. what place shall I seeke rennegate for rest?
Where shall I hyde my selfe? or in what land my selfe engraue?
What Tanais, or what Nilus els, or with his Persyan waue
What Tygris violent of streame, or what fierce Rhenus flood,
Or Tagus troublesome that flowes with Ibers treasures good
May my tyght hand now wash from gylt? although Maeotis cold
The woues of all the Northen sea on me shed out now wolde,
And al the water therof shoulde now pas by my two handes,
Yet wil the mischiefe deepe remayne, alas into what landes
Wilt thou O wicked man resort to East or westerne coste?

Eche where wel knowen, all place I haue of banishment quight lo'te
From me the worlde doth flee a back, the starres that sydelyng rone
Do backwarde driue their turned course, euen Cerberus the sone
With better counte'naunce did behold O faythfull friend I saye,
O Theseu seeke some lurking place, farre hence out of the way
O thou awarder of mens gyltes what euer Iudge thou bee
That hurtful men dost loue, repay a worthy thanke to me:
And me deserues. I thee beseech, to ghostes of hell againe
Send me that once escaped them: subiect to thy raine
Restore me yet to those thy bandes, that place shal me wel hyde:
And yet euen that place knowes me wel The Oar land for thee doth bide
There Mars his hande acquite againe and made from slaughter free
Restoard to armoure, loe that land (Alcides) calles for thee,
Which wontes to quite the gods, and proue them Innocent to be.

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST
Tragedye of *Seneca*, called *Hercules furens*, *translated into Englisheby* Iasper Heywood *studentein* Oxenforde.

The

THE SECOND TRAGEDIE OF SENECA ENTITVled Thyestes, faythfully Englished by Jasper Heywood Felow of Alsolne Colledge in Oxenforde.

The Argument of this Tragedie.

MEGÆRA ONE OF THE *Hellish furies raising vp Tantalus frō Hell, incited him to set mortall hatred betwene his two nephewes Thiestes, & Atreus being brothers, and raining as Kinges ouer Mycenæ by enterchangeable turnes, that is to witte Thiestes to raine the one yere, and Atreus the other. Now Atreus enraged with furie against his brother partly for defiling and deflouring his wife Ærope by pollicie, and partly for taking from him a Ram with a golden fleese, practised with his seruāt how to be reuēged of his brother. This Atreus therfore dissēblīg a reconciliation & inuiting Thyestes to Mycenæ secretly & vnknowē to him, set before hī at a banquet the flesh of his own childrē to eate. Afterward Atreus hauīg also geuē to his said brother ỹ bloud of his childrē in a goblet to drinke, did lastly cōmāūd the heads also to be brought in, at the doleful sight wherof Thiestes greatly lamētīg knowīg ỹ he had eatē his owne childrē, was wonderfully anguished. But Atreus for that he had thus reuenged himselfe, toke therin great pleasure and delectation.*

THIESTES OF SENECA.

THE FIRST ACTE.

The names of the Speakers.

Tantalus. Megæra. Atreus. Seruant,
Thiestes. Philistenes. Messenger, Chorus.

Tantalus Megæra.

WHAT furye fell enforceth mee
to flie, th'unhappy seat,
That gape and gaspe with greedye sawe,
the fleeyng food to eate
What GOD to Tantalus the bowres
wher breathing bodyes dwel
Doth shew agayne? is ought found worse, then burning thyrst of hel
In lakes alow? or yet worse plague then hunger is there one,
In payne that euer gapes for foode? shal Sisyphus his stone,
That slipper restles, rollyng payse vppon my backe be borne.
Or shall my lymmes with swifter swinge of whirling whele be torne?
Or shal my paynes be Tytius panges th'encreasyng liuer still,
Whose growing guttes the gnawing gripes and spithy foules do spil?
That syl by nyght repayres the panch that was deuourd by day,
And wondrous wombe vnwasted lieth a new prepared pray
What ill am I appoynted for? O cruell iudge of spirites,
Who so thou be that tormentes new among the sowles deliytes
Stil to dispose, ad what thou canst to all my deadly woe,
That keeper euen of dungeon darke would fore abhorre to knowe.
Or hel it selfe it quake to se: for dread wherof likewyse
I tremble wold, that plague seke out: lo now there doth aryse
My broode that shal in mischiefe farre the grandsyres gilt out gee,
And gyltles make: that first shall dare vnuentred ilis to do.
What euer place remayneth yet of all this wicked land,
I will fill vp: and neuer once while Pelops house doth stand
Shall Minos idle be. Meg. Go forth thou detestable spirite,
And vexe the Goddes of wicked house with rage of furyes might.
Let them contend with all offence, by turnes and one by one
Let swordes be drawne: and meane of ire procure there may be none,
Nor shame: let fury blynd enflame theyr myndes and wrathful will,
Let yet the parentes rage endure and longer lasting yll

Through

Through children's children spreade: nor yet let any leysure be
The former fawte to hate, but still more mischiefe newe to see,
Nor one in one: but ere the gylt with vengeance be acquit,
Encrease the crymes from brethren proud let rule of kingdom flye
To runnagates: and swarming state of all bustable thinges,
Let it by doubtfull dome be tosse, betwene thuncertaine kings.
Let mighty fall to misery, and myser clime to might,
Let chaunce turne them per vpsidowne both geue and take the right.
The banyshed for gylt, whan god restore theyr country shall
Let them to mischiefe fall a fresh as hatefull then to all,
As to themselues: let Jre thinke nought vnlawfull to be doon,
Let brother dread the brothers wrath, and father feare the soon,
And eke the soon his parents power: let babes be murdered all,
But worse begot: her spouse betrapt in treasons traigne to fall,
Let hatefull wyfe awayte, and let them beare through seas their warre,
Let bloodshed lye the lands about and euery field a farre:
And ouer conquering captaynes greate, of countreys far to see,
Let lust tryumphe: in wicked house let whoredome counted be
The light'st offence: let truste that in the breasts of brethren bredes,
And truth be gone: let not from sight of your so heynous deedes
The heauens be hyd, about the poale when shyne the starres on hye,
And flames with wounted beames of light doe decke the paynted skye.
Let darkest night bee made, and let the day the heauens forsake.
Disturbe the goddes of wicked house, hate, slaughter, murder make.
Fyll vp the house of Tantalus with mischieues and debates,
Adorned bi the pillers hygh with bay, and let the gates
Be garnysht greene: and worthy there for thy returne to sight,
Be kyndled fyre: let mischyefe done in Thracia once, theyr lyght
More manyfolde, wherefore doth yet the vncles hand delaye?
Doth yet Thyestes not bewayle his childrens fatall day?
Shall he not finde them where with heat of fyres that vnder glowe
The cawderne boyles? their limmes eche one a peeces let them go
Disperse: let fathers fires, with blood of chyldren fyled bee:
Let deyntes such be drest: it is no mischiefe newe to thee,
To banquet so: behold this day we haue to thee releast,
And hunger starued wombe of thyne we send to such a feast.
With fowlest foode thy famyne fyll, let blood in wyne be drowned,
And dronke in sight of thee: for now such dishes haue I found,
As thou wouldst shonne, stay whither dost thou headlong way now take
Tan. To pooles and floods of hell agayne and fyll declining lake,

And

And flight of tree ful fraught with fruite that from the lippes doth flee,
To dungeon darke of hateful hell let leeful be for me
To goe: or if to light be thought the paynes that there I heue,
Remoue me from thoſe lakes agayne: in midſt of woꝛſer waue
Of Phlegethon, to ſtand in ſeas of fyꝛe beſet to bee.
Who ſo beneath thy poynted paynes by deſtenyes decree
Doſt ſtil endure who ſoo thou bee that vnderlieſt alow
The hollow denne, oꝛ ruyne who that feares and ouerthꝛow
Of fallyng hyl, oꝛ cruel cryes that ſound in caues of hell
Of greedy rearyng Lyons thꝛoats oꝛ flocke of furyes fell
Who quakes to know oꝛ who the bꝛandes of fyꝛe in dyꝛeſt payne
Halfe burnt thꝛowes of harbe to the boyce of Tantalus: agayne
That haſtes to hel, and whom the truth hath taught beleeue wel mee
Loue wel your paynes, they are but ſmall when ſhall my hap ſo bee
To flee the light? Meg. Diſturbe thou fyꝛſt thys houſe with dire diſcoꝛd
Debates and battels bꝛing with thee, and of th'vnhappy ſwoꝛde
Ill loue to kinges: the cruel bꝛeſt ſtrike thꝛough and hateful hart,
With tumult mad. Tan. To ſuffer paynes it ſeemeth wel my part,
Not woes to woꝛke: I am ſent foꝛth lyke vapoure dyꝛe to lyſe,
That bꝛeakes the ground oꝛ poyſon like the plague in wondꝛouſe wyſe
That ſlaughter makes, ſhall I to ſuch deteſted crymes, applye
My nephewes harties? o parentes great of Gods aboue the ſkie
And myne (though ſham'de I be to graunt) although with greater pain
My tounge be vꝛgt, yet this to ſpeake I may no whit refrayne
Noꝛ hold my peace: I warne you this leaſt facred hand with bloud
Of ſlaughter dyꝛe, oꝛ franſie fell of frantike fury wood
The aulters ſtayne, I wil reſiſt: And garde ſuch gylt away:
With ſtrypes why doſt thou me affryght? why thꝛeatſt thou me to frayꝛe
Thoſe crallyng ſnakes? oꝛ famine fyꝛt in empty wombe, wheꝛfoꝛe
Doſt thou reuyue? now fries within with thyꝛſt enkindled ſoꝛe
My harte: and in the bowels burnt the boyling flames do glow.
Meg. I follow thee: thꝛough all this houſe now rage and fury thꝛowe
Let them be dꝛiuen ſo, and ſo let eyther thirſt to ſee
Each others blood ful well hath felt the cumming in of thee
This houſe, and all with wicked touch of the begune to quake,
Enough it is, repayꝛe agayne to dens and loathſome lake,
Of floud well knowen, the ſadder ſoyle with heauy fote of thyne
Agreeued is, freſt thou from ſpꝛinges how waters do declyne
And inward ſinke? oꝛ how the bankes lye voyde by dꝛaughty heate?
And hoatter blaſt of fyery wynde the fewer cloudes doth beate?

The treese be spoyld, and naked stand to sight in withred woddes,
The barayne bowes whose fruites are fled: the land betwene the floods
With surge of seas on eyther syde that wonted to resound,
And nearer foordes to seperat sometyme with lesser ground,
Now broader spred, it heareth how aloofe the waters ryse.
Now Lerna turnes against the streame Phoronides likewyse
His poares be stopt, with custom'd course Alphéus dryues not still,
His hollie waues, the trembling tops of high Cithæron hill,
They stand not sure: from height adowne they shake their seluer snowe,
And noble fieldes of Argos feare, theyr former drought to know.
Yea Tytan doubtes himselfe to rolle the worlde his wonted way,
And dryue by force to former course the backward drawing daye.

Chorus.

THis Argos towne if any God be founde,
And Pisey boures that famous yet remayn,
Or kingdomes els to loue of Corinthes ground,
The double hauens, or sundred seas in twayne
If any loue of Taygetus his snowes,
(By VVinter which when they on hils be cast;
By Boreas blastes that from Sarmatia blowes,
VVith yerely breath the sommer meltes as fast)
VVhere clere Alphéus runnes with floude so cold,
By playes wel knowen that there Olimpiks hight;
Let pleasaunt powre of his from hense withholde
Such turnes of stryfe that here they may not light:
Nor nephew worse then grandsier spring from vs,
Or direr deedes delyght the yonger age.
Let wicked stocke of thirsty Tantalus
At length leaue of, and wery be of rage.
Enoughe is done, and naught preuaild the iust,
Or wrong: betrayed is Mirtilus and drownde,
That did betray his dame, and with like trust
Borne as he bare, himselfe hath made renound

VVith

VVith chaunged name the ſea: and better knowne
To mariners therof no fable is.
On wicked ſword the litle infant throwne
As ran the chide to take his fathers kiſſe.
Vnrype for thaulters offring fell downe deade:
And with thy hand (O Tantalus) was rent,
VVith ſuch a meate for Gods thy boordes to ſpread.
Eternall famine for ſuch foode is ſent,
And thyrſt more for thoſe daynty meats vnmilde,
Might meeter payne appoynted euer bee
VVith empty throate ſtandes Tantalus begylde,
Aboue thy wicked head their leanes to thee,
Then Iuneys fowles in flight a ſwifter pray.
VVith burned bowes declynd on euery ſyde,
And of his fruites all bent to beare the ſway,
The tree deludes the gapes of hunger wyde
Though hee full greedy feede theron would fayne.
So oft deceyu'de neglectes to touch them yet:
He turnes his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,
And famine fixt in cloſed gummes doth ſhet.
But then each braunch his plenteous ritches all,
Lets lower downe, and apples from an hie
VVith lither leaues they flatter like to fall
And famine ſtyrre: in vayne that bids to tryе
His handes: which when he hath rought forth anone
To be beguyld, in higher ayre againe
The harueſt hanges and fickle fruite is gone,
Then thirſt him greeues no leſſe then hungers payne:
Wherwith when kindled is his boyling bloud
Lyke fyre, the wretch the waues to him doth call,
That meete his mouth: which ſtraight the fleeyng floud
VVithdrawes, and from the dryed foorde doth fall:
And him forſakes that followes them. He drinkes
The duſt ſo deepe of gulfe that from him ſhrinkes.

THE SECONDE ACTE.

Atreus. Seruaunt

Dastard, cowrde, O wretche, and (whych
the greatest yet of all
To Tyrannes checke I compte that maye
in waighty thinges befall)
O vnreuenged: after guyltes
so great and brothers guyle,
And trewth trode downe dost thou prouoke
with vayne complaynts the whyle
Thy wrath: already now to rage all Argos towne throughout
In armoure ought of thyne, and all the double seas about
Thy fleete to ryde: now all the fieldes with feruent flames of thyne,
And townes to flash it wel beseemde: and euery where to shyne,
The bright drawne swoord: all vnder foote of horse let euery syde
Of Argos lande resound: and let the woundes not serue to hyde
Our foes, nor yet in haughty top of hilles and mountaynes hye,
The builded towers. The people all let them to battel crye
And clere forsake Mycenas towne who so his hateful head
Hides and defendes, with slaughter dire let bloud of him be shed.
This princely Pelops palace proude, and bowres of high renowne,
On mee so on my brother to let them be beaten downe,
Go to, do that which neuer shall no after age allow,
Nor none it whight: some mischefe greate ther must be ventred now,
Both fierce and bloudy: such as woulde my brother rather long
To haue bene his. Thou neuer dost enough reuenge the wronge,
Except thou passe. And feercer fact what may be done so dyre,
That his exceedes? doth euer he lay downe his hateful yre?
Doth euer he the modest meane in tyme of wealth regard
Or quiet in aduersity? I know his nature harde
Untractable, that broke may be, but neuer will it bend.
For which ere he prepare himselfe, or force to fight entend,
Set fyrst on him, least while I rest he should on me arryse.
He wil destroy or be destroyd in midst the mischiefe lyes,

Prepard

Prepard to him that takes it firſt, Ser. Doth feme of people naught
Auerſe thee feare? Atre. The greateſt good of kingdom may be thought
That ſtill the people are conſtrayned their princes deedes as well
To prayſe, as them to ſuffer all. Ser. Whom feare doth ſo compell
To prayſe, the ſame his foes to bee, doth feare enforce againe:
But who indeede the glory ſeekes of fauour trew t'obtayne
He rather would with hates of each be prayſd, then tounges of all
Atre. The trewer prayſe ful oft hath hapt to meaner men to fall:
The falſe but vnto mighty man what ſtill they let them will.
Ser. Let firſt the king will honeſt thinges and none the ſame dare ſtill.
Atre. Where leeful are to him that rules but honeſt thinges alone,
There raynes the king by others leaue. Ser. And wher ſ ſhame is none,
Nor care of right, fayth, piety, nor holines none ſtayeth,
That kingdome ſwarues. Atre. Such holines, ſuch piety and fayth,
Are priuate goods: let kinges runne one in that that likes their will.
Ser. The brothers hurt a miſchiefe count though he be nere ſo ill.
Atre. It is but right to do to him, that wrong to brother were.
What heynous hurt hath his offence let paſſe to proue? or where
Refrayned the gylt, my ſpouſe he ſtale away for lechery,
And raygne by ſtelth: the auncient note and ſygne of impery,
By frawde he got: my houſe by fraud to bere he neuer ceaſt:
In Pelops houſe there foſtred is a noble worthy beaſt
The cloſe kept Ramme: the goodly gyrde of rych and fayreſt flockes.
By whom throughout on euery ſyde depend adowne the lockes
Of glittering gold, with fleece of which the new kinges wonted were
Of Tantals flocke their ſceptorz gylt, and mace of might to beare.
Of this the owner rayneth he, with him of houſe ſo great
The fortune fleeth, this ſacred Ramme alooke in ſafety ſhet
In ſecret mead is wont to graſe, which ſtone on euery ſyde
With rocky wall incloſeth rounde the fatall beaſt to hyde.
This beaſt (aduentryng miſchiefe greate) adorning yet for pray
My ſpouſed mate, the traytour falſe hath hence conuayde away
From hence the wrongs of mutuall hate, and miſchiefe all vpſprong:
In exile wandred he throughout my kingdomes all along:
No part of myne remayneth ſafe to mee, from traynes of hys.
My feere deflourde, and loyalty of empyre broken is:
My houſe all bent, my bloud in doubt, and naught that truſt is in,
But brother foe What ſtayſt thou yet? at length to now beginne.
Take hart of Tantalus to thee, to Pelops caſt thyne eye:
To ſuch examples well beſeemes, I ſhould my hand applye.

Tell

Tell thou which way were best to bring that cruell head to death.
Ser. Through perst w̄ sword let him be slayne & yelde his hatefull breath.
Atre. Thou speak'st of th'end: but I him would oppres w̄ greter payne.
Let tyrants vexe with torment more: should euer in my rayne
Be gentle death? Ser. Doth piety in thee preuayle no whit?
Atre. Depart thou hence all piety, if in this house as yet
Thou euer wert: and now let all the flocke of furies dyre,
And full of strife Erinnis come, and double brands of fyre
Megæra shaking: for not yet enough with fury great
And rage doth burne my boyling brest: it ought to bee repleate, (vilde
With monster more. Ser. What mischiefe new do'st thou in rage pro-
Atre. Not such a one as may the meane of woonted griefe abide.
No guilt will I forbeare, nor none may be enough despight. (light
Ser. What sword? Atr. To litle that. Ser. what fire? Atr. And y̆ is yet to
Ser. What weapon then shall sorrow such finde fit to worke thy will?
Atr. Thyestes selfe. Ser. Then eye it selfe yet that's a greater ill.
Atr. I graunt: a tombling tumult quakes, within my bosomes loe,
And rounde it rolles: I moued am and wote not whereunto.
But drawen I am: from bottome deepe the rozyng foyle doth cry
The day so fayre with thunder sounded, and house as all from hy
Were rent, from roofe, and rafters crakes: and lares turnde abought
Haue wryde theyr sight: so bee'te, so bee'te, let mischiefe such be sought,
As yee O Gods would feare. Ser. What thing seek'st thou to bring to
I note what greater thing my mynde, and more then woont it was (pas
Atre. Aboue the reache that men are woont to worke, begins to swell:
And gapith with slouthfull hands. What thinge it is I cannot tell:
But great it is. Bee'te so, my mynde now in this feate proceede,
For Atreus and Thyestes bothe, it were a worthy deede.
Let eche of vs the crime commit. The Thyestan house did see
Such wicked tables once: I graunt the mischiefe great to bee,
But done ere this: some greater guilt and mischiefe more, let vs
Fynde out. The stomacke of thy sonne O father thou enspyre,
And syster eke, like is the cause: assist me with your powre,
And dyrue my hand: let greedy parents all his babes deuowre,
And glad to rent his children bee: and on their lyms to feede.
Enough, and well it is deuis'de: this pleaseth me in deede.
In meane time where is he? so long and innocent wherefore
Doth Atreus walke? before myne eyes already more and more
The shade of such a slaughter walkes: the went of children cast,
In fathers Jawes. But why my mynde, yet dreadst thou so at last,

And faint'ſt before thou enterpriſe? it muſt bee done, let bee,
That which in all this miſchiefe is the greateſt guilt to ſee,
Let him commit. Ser. but what diſceit may wee for him prepare,
Whereby betrapt he may be drawne, to fall into the ſnare?
He wotes full well we are his foes. Atre. He could not taken bee,
Except himſelfe woulde take: but now my kingdomes hopeth hee.
For hope of this he woulde not feare to meete the mighty Ioue,
Though him he threatned to deſtroy, with lightning from aboue.
For hope of this to paſſe the threats of waues he will not fayle,
Nor dread no whit by doubtfull ſhelues, of Lybike ſeas to ſayle,
For hope of this (which thing he doth the worſt of all beleeue,)
He will his brother ſee. Ser. Who ſhall of peace the promiſe geeue?
Whom will he truſt? Atre. His euill hope will ſoone beleue it well.
Yet to my ſonnes the charge which they ſhall to theyr vncle tell,
We will commit: that whom he would from exile come agayne,
And myſteries for kingdome chaunge, and ouer Argos raygne
A king of halfe: and though to hard of heart our prayers all
Him ſelfe deſpiſe, his children yet nought wotting what may fall,
With trauels tir'de, and apte to be entyſ'de from miſery,
Requeſts will moue: on th'one ſide his deſyre of Imperie,
On th'other ſyde his pouerty, and labour hard to ſee,
Will him ſubdue and make to yeelde, although full ſtoute he bee.
Ser. His trauayles now the time hath made to ſeeme to him but ſmall.
Atr. Not ſo: for day by day the griefe of ill encreaſeth all.
T'is light to ſuffer miſeries, but heauy them t'endure.
Ser. Yet other meſſengers to ſend, in ſuch affayres procure,
Atr. The yonger ſorte the wyſe precepts do eaſely harken to.
Ser. What thing againſt their vncle now, you them enſtrucht to do,
Perhaps with you to worke the like, they will not be a dread.
Such miſchiefe wrought hath oft return'de vpon the workers head.
Atre. Though neuer man to thē the wayes of guile & guilt haue taught,
Yet kingdome will. Fear'ſt thou they ſhould be made by coũſel naught?
They are ſo borne. That whith thou cal'ſte a cruell enterpryſe,
And dyrely deemeſt doone to be, and wickedly likewiſe,
Perhaps is wrought againſt me there. Ser. And ſhall your ſons of this
Diſceipt beware that worke you will? no ſecretnes there is
In theyr ſo greene and tender yeares: they will your traynes diſcloſe,
Atre. A pryuy counſell cloaſe to keepe, is learnde with many woes.
Ser. And will yee them, by whom yee woulde he ſhould beguiled bee,
Them ſelues beguil'de? Atr. May let thē both from fault & blame be free.

For what

For what shall neede in mischiefes such as I to worke entende,
To mingle them? let all my hate by mee alone take ende.
Thou leau'st thy purpose till my mynde: if thou thine owne forbeare,
Thou spareſt him. Wherefore of this let Agamemnon heare
Be mynister: and Clieni eke of myne for such a deede,
Let Menelâus present bee: truth of th'uncertayne seede,
By such a practise may be tri'de: if it refuse they shall,
Nor of debate will bearers be, if they him buckle call,
He is their father: let them goe. But much the fearefull face
Bewrayes it selfe: euen him that faynes the secret wayghty case,
Doth oft betray: let them therefore not know, how great a guyle
They goe about. And thou these things in secret keepe the whyle.
Ser. I needs not warned bee, for these within my bosome deepe,
Both fayth, and feare, but chiefely fayth, doth shet and closely kepe.

Chorus.

THe noble house at length of high renowne,
The famous stocke of auncient Inachus,
Apeasd & layd the threats of brethrē down
But nowe what fury styrs & driues you thus
Eche one to thyrst the others bloud agayne,
Or get by guylt the golden Mace in hande?
Yee litle wote that so desyre to raygne,
In what estate or place doth kyngdome stande.
Not ritches makes a kyng or high renowne,
Not garnisht weede with purple Tyrian die,
Not lofty lookes, or head encloasde with crowne,
Not glyttring beames with golde and turrets hie.

A Kyng he is that feare hath layde aſide,
And all affects that in the breaſt are bred:
VVhom impotent ambition doth not guide,
Nor fickle fauour hath of people led.
Nor all that weſt in mettalls mynes hath founde,
Or chanell cleere of golden Tagus ſhowes,
Nor all the grayne that threſshed is on grounde,
That with the heate of libyk harueſt glowes.
Nor whom the flaßhe of lightning flame ſhall beate,
Nor eaſtern wynde that ſmightes vpon the ſeas,
Nor ſwelling ſurge with rage of vvynde repleate,
Or greedy Gulphe of Adria diſpleaſe.
VVhom not the pricke of Souldiers ſharpeſt ſpeare,
Or poyncted pyke in hand hath made to rue,
Nor whom the glympſe of ſwoorde myght cauſe to feare,
Or bright drawen blade of glyttring ſteele ſubdue.
VVho in the ſeate of ſafty ſets his feete,
Beholdes all haps how vnder him they lye,
And gladly runnes his fat all day to meete,
Nor ought complaynes or grudgeth for to dye.
Though preſent vvere the Prynces euerychone,
The ſcattered Dakes to chaſe that vvonted bee,
That shyning ſeas beſet with precious ſtone,
And red ſea coaſtes doe holde, lyke bloud to ſee:
Or they vvhich els the Caſpian mountaynes hye,
From Sarmats ſtrong with all theyr power vvithholde:
Or hee that on the floude of Danubye,
In froſt a foote to trauayle dare bee bolde:
Or Seres in vvhat euer place they lye,
Renownde with fleece that there of ſylke doth ſpring,

They neuer might the truth hereof denye,
It is the mynde that onely makes a king.
There is no neede of sturdie steedes in warre,
No neede with armes or arrowes ells to fight,
That Parthus woonts with bowe to fling from farre,
VVhyle from the fielde hee falsely fayneth flight.
Nor yet to siege no neede it is to bringe
Great Guns in Carts to ouerthrowe the wall,
That from farre of theyr battring Pellets flyng.
A kyng hee is that feareth nought at all.
Eche man him selfe this kyngdome geeues at hand.
Let who so lyst with mighty mace to raygne,
In tyckle toppe of court delight to stand
Let mee the sweete and quiet rest obtayne.
So set in place obscure and lowe degree,
Of pleasaunt rest I shall the sweetnesse knoe.
My lyfe vnknowne to them that noble bee,
Shall in the steppe of secret sylence goe.
Thus when my dayes at length are ouer past,
And tyme without all troublous tumult spent,
An aged man I shall depart at last,
In meane estate, to dye full well content.
But greeuous is to him the death, that when
So farre abroade the bruite of him is blowne,
That knowne hee is to much to other men:
Departeth yet vnto him selfe vnknowne.

THE

THE THYRDE ACTE.

Thyeſtes, Phyliſthenes

MY countrey bowres ſo long wiſht for, and Argos rytches all,
Chiefe good that vnto banyſht men, and Kyngers may befall,
The touch of ſoyle where born I was: e gods of natiue lād,
(If gods they be,) e ſacred towres I ſee of Cycolps hād:
That repreſent then all mans woorke, a greater mateſty.
Renowned ſtables to my youth, where noble ſometime I
Haue not ſo ſeelde as once, the palme in fathers chariot woon.
All Argos now to meete with me, and people faſt will roon:
But Atreus to. yet rather leade in woods agayne thy flight.
And bushes thicke, and hid among the bruyſhe beaſtes from ſight,
Lyke lyke to theyrs: where ſplendent pomps of court e princely pryde,
May not with flattring fulgent face, allure thine eyes aſide.
With whom the kingdome: geuen is, behold, and well regarde,
Beſet but late with ſuch miſhaps, as all men counte full harde,
I ſtoute and ioyfull was: but now agayne thus into feare
I am returne. my mynde miſdoubtes, and backeward ſeekes to beare
Wy body hence: and forthe I draw my pace agaynſt my will.
Phy. With doubtfull ſtep (what meaneth this?) my father ſtādeth ſtill,
And turnes his face and holdes him ſelfe, in doubt what thing to do.
Thy. What thing (my minde) conſidereſt thou? or els ſo long whereto
Do'ſt thou ſo eaſie counſayle wreſt? wilt thou to thinges vnſure
Thy brother and the kingdome truſt? feareſt thou thoſe ills t'endure
Now ouercome, and mielder made? and trauayls do'ſt thou flee
That well were plaſte? it thee auayls, a myſer now to bee.
Turne hence thy pace while leefull is, and keepe thee from his hande.
Phy. What cauſe thee driues (O father decre) thus frō thy native lande,
Now ſeene to ſhrynk? what makes thee thus frō things ſo good at laſt
Withdraw thy ſelfe? thy brother comes whoſe ires be ouerpaſt,
And halfe the kyngdome geues, and of the houſe Diſacerate,
Repayres the partes: and thee reſtores agayne to former ſtate.
Thy. The cauſe of feare that I know not, thou do'ſt require to heare?
I ſee nothing that makes mee dread, and yet I greatly feare.

I would

I would goe on, but yet my limmes with weary legges doe slacke:
And other way then I would passe, I am withholden backe.
So oft the ship that driuen is with wynde and ebe with Oze,
The swelling surge resisting both beates backe vpon the shoze.
Phy. Yet ouercome what euer staues, and thus doth let your mynde,
And see what are at your returne, prepar'de for you to finde.
You may O father raygne. Thy. I may but then when die I mought.
P. Chiefe thing is powze. T. nought woith at al, if thou despze it nought.
P. You shall it to your children leaue. T. the kingdome takes not twayne.
Phy. Who may be happy, rather would he myser yet remayne?
Thy. Beleue me well, with titles false the great thinges vs delight:
And heauy haps in vayne are feard. while high I stoode in sight,
I neuer stinted then to quake, and selfe same swozde to feare,
That hanged by myne owne side was. Oh how great good it were,
With none to striue, but careles foode to eate and rest to knowe?
The greater gyltes they enter not in corage set alowe:
And safer foode is fed vpon, at narrowe boozde alway,
While drunke in golde the poyson is by proofe well taught I say,
That euill haps before the good to loue it likes my will.
Of haughty house that standes aloft in tickle top of hill,
And swayes aside, the city lowe neede neuer be affright:
Noz in the top of roofe aboue, there shynes no Iuery bright,
Noz watchman none defendes my sleepes by night, oz gardes my rest:
With fleete I fishe not, noz the fees I haue not backwarde prest,
Noz turn'de to flight with builded wall: noz wicked belly I
With taxes of the people fed: noz parcell none doth lie,
Of ground of myne beyonde the Getes: and Parthians farre about:
Noz woizshiped with frankinsence I am, noz (loue shet out)
My Aulters decked are: noz none in top of house doth stande
In garden treese, noz kindled yet with helpe of eche mans hande,
The bathes doe smoake: noz yet are dayes in slouthfull slumbers led,
Noz nighres past foith in watche and wyne, without the rest of bed.
Wee nothing feare, the house is safe without the hidden knyfe,
And poore estate the sweetenes feeles, of rest and quiet lyfe.
Greate kindome is to be content, without the same to lyue.
Phy. Yet should it not refused be, if God the kingdome giue.
Thy. Not yet refusd it ought to be. Phy. your brother bydes you raygne.
Thy. Bids he? the more is to be feard: there lurketh there some traygne.
Phy. From whence it fell, yet piety is woont to turne at length:
And loue vnsayne, repayres agayne his erst omitted strength.

Thy. Doth Atreus then his brother loue? eche Vrſa fyrſt on hye,
The Seas ſhall waſhe, and ſwelling ſurge of Seas of Sicylye
Shall reſt and all aſſwaged be: and corne to ryppenes growe
In bottome of Ionian ſeas, and darkeſt night ſhall ſhowe
And ſpreade the light about the ſoyle: the waters with the fyre,
The lyke with death, the wynde with ſeas, ſhall friendſhip firſt requyre,
And be at league. Phy. of what deceipte are you ſo dreadfull here?
Thy. Of euerychone: what ende at length might I prouide of feare?
In all he can he hateth me. Phy. to you what hurt can he?
Thy. As for my ſelfe I nothing dread you litle Babes make mee
Afrayde of him. Phy. dread, yee to be begutlde when caught yee are:
To late it is to ſhoon the trayne in middle of the ſnare.
But goe we on, this (father) is to you my laſt requeſt.
Thy. I follow you. I leade you not. Phy. God turne it to the beſt
That well deuiſed is for good: paſſe fayth with cherefull pace.

THE

THE SECOND SCENE.

Atreus, Thyestes.

Entrapt in trayne the beast is caught
and in the snare doth fall:
Both him, and eke of hated stocke
with him the offspring all,
About the fathers syde I see:
and nowe in safety stands
And surest ground my wrathfull hate:
nowe comes into my hands
At length Thyestes: yea hee comes
and all at once to mee.
I scant refrayne my selfe, and scant may anger bridled bee.
So when the Bloudhound seekes the beast, by step and quick of sent
Drawes in the leame, and pace by pace to wynde the wayes hee went,
With nose to soyle doth hunt, while he the Boare aloofe hath founde
Farre of by sent, he yet refraynes and wanders through the grounde
With silent mouth: but when at hand he once perceiues the pray,
With all the strength he hath he striues, with voyce and calls away
His lingring maister, and from him by force out breaketh hee.
When Ire doth hope the present bloud, it may not hidden bee.
Yet let it hidden be. beholde with vgly hayre to sight,
How vykesomely deformde with filthe his fowlest face is dight,
How lothsome lyes his Bearde vnkempt: but let vs friendship fayne.
To see my brother me delights: geue now to me agayne
Embracing long desyred for: what euer stryfe there was
Before this time betweene vs twayne, forget and let it pas:
Fro this day forth let brothers loue, let bloud, and lawe of kinde
Regarded be, let all debate be slakte in eythers myndе.
Thy. I coulde excuse my selfe, except thou wert as now thou art.
But (Atreus) now I graunt, the faulte was myne in euery part:
And I offended haue in all, my cause the worse to bee,
Your this dayes kindnes makes: in deede a guilty wight is hee,

That would

That would so good a brother hurt as you, in any whit.
But now with teares I must entreate, and first I me submit.
These handes that at thy feete doe lye, doe thee beseeche and praye,
That yre and hate be layde aside, and from thy bosome may
Be scraped out: and cleere forgot. for pledges take thou these
O brother deere, these guiltles babes. Atr. thy hands yet from my kneese
Remoue, and rather me to take in armes, vpon me fall
And yee O aydes of elders age, yee little infants all.
Wee clyp and coll about the necke: this fowle attyre forsake,
And spare myne eyes that pity it, and fresher vesture take
Lyke myne to see. and you with ioy, the halfe of emperie
Deere brother take: the greater prayse shall come to mee thereby,
Our fathers seate to yelde to you, and brother to relieue.
To haue a kingdome is but chaunce, but vertue it to geeue.
Thy. I iust reward for such deserts, the Gods (O brother deare)
Repay to thee: but on my head a regall crowne to weare,
My lothsome lyfe denyes: and farre doth from the scepter flee
My hand vnhappy: in the myds let leefull be for mee
Of men to lurke. Atre. this kingdome can with twayne full well agree.
Thy. What euer is (O brother) yours, I count it myne to bee.
Atr. Who would dame fortunes gifts refuse, if shee him royse to raigne?
Thy. The gyfts of hir eche man it wotes, how soone they passe againe.
Atr. Yee me depryue of glory great, except yee th'empyre take.
Thy. You haue your prayse in offring it, and I it to forsake.
And full perswaded to refuse the kingdome, am I still.
Atre. Except your part yee will susteine myne owne forsake I will.
Thy. I take it then. and beare I will the name thereof alone:
The ryghts and armes, as well as myne they shall be yours eche one.
Atre. The regall crowne as you beseemes vpon your head then take:
And I th'appoynted sacrifice for Gods, will now goe make.

Chorus.

Chorus.

WOulde any man it weene? that cruell wight
Atreus, of mynde so impotent to see
VVas soone astonied with his brothers sight.
No greater force then pietye may bee:
VVhere kynred is not, lasteth euery threat,
VVhom true loue holdes, it holdes eternally.
The vvrath but late vvith causes kyndled great
All fauour brake, and did to battayle cry,
VVhan horsemen did resouude one euery syde,
The swoordes eche vvhere, then glystred more & more:
VVhich raging Mars vvith often stroke did guide
The fresher bloud to shed yet thyrsting sore.
But loue the sworde agaynst theyr vvills doth swage,
And them to peace perswads vvith hand in hand.
So soeyne rest, amid so great a rage
VVhat God hath made? throughout Mycenas land
The harnesse clynkt, but late of cruill strife:
And for their babes did fearefull mother quake,
Her armed spouse to leese much feard the vvyfe,
VVhen sworde vvas made the scabberde to forsake,
That now by rest vvith rust vvas ouergrowne.
Some to repayre the vvalles that did decay,
And some to strength the towres halfe ouerthrowne,
And some the gates vvith gyns of Yrne to stay
Full busie vvere, and dredfull vvatch by nyght
From turret high did ouerlooke the towne.

VVoorse

VVorse is then warre it selfe the feare of fight.
(Nowe are the threats of cruell sworde layde downe,
And nowe the rumour whists of battayles sowne,
The noyse of crooked trumpet silent lyes,
And quiet peace returnes to ioyfull towne.
So when the waues of swelling surge aryse,
VVhyle Corus wynde the Brutian seas doth smight,
And Scylla soundes from hollowe Caues within,
And Shipmen are with wasting waues affright,
Charybdis casts that erst it had drunke in:
And Cyclpos fierce his father yet doth dred,
In AEtna banke that feruent is with heates,
Least quenched be with waues that ouershed
The fire that from eternall Fornace beates:
And poore Laertes thinkes his kyngdomes all
May drowned be, and Ithaca doth quake:
If once the force of wyndes begin to fall,
The sea lyth downe more mylde then standing lake.
The deepe, where Ships so vvydefull dredfull vvere
To passe, vvith sayles on eyther syde out spred
Now fallne adowne, the lesser Boate doth beare:
And leysure is to vewe the fyshes ded
Euen there, vvhere late vvith tempest bet vpon
The shaken Cyclades vvere vvith Seas agast.
No state endures: the payne and pleasure, one
To other yeldes, and ioyes be sooneste past.
One howre sets vp the thinges that lowest bee.
Hee that the crownes to prynces doth deuyde,
VVhom people please with bending of the knee.
And at whose becke theyr battayles lay aside

The Meades, and Indians eke to Phebus nye,
And Dakes that Parthyans doe with horſemen threat,
Him ſelfe yet holdes his Sceptors doubtfully,
And men of might he feares and chaunces great
(That eche eſtate may turne) and doubtfull howre.
O yee, vvhom lorde of lande and vvaters wyde,
Of Lyfe and death grauntes here to haue the powre,
Lay yee your proude and lofty lookes aſide:
VVhat your inferiour feares of you amis.
That your ſuperiour threats to you agayne.
To greater kyng, eche kyng a ſubiect is.
VVhom dawne of day hath ſeene in pryde to raygne,
Hym ouerthrowne hath ſeene the euening late.
Let none reioyce to much that good hath got,
Let none diſpayre of beſt in vvorſt eſtate.
For Clotho myngles all, and ſuffreth not
Fortune to ſtande: but Fates about doth driue.
Such friendship finde wyth Gods yet no man myght,
That he the morowe might be ſure to lyue.
The God our things all toſt and turned quight
Rolles with a whyrle wynde.

The

Thyestes

THE FOVRTHE ACTE.

Messenger. Chorus.

WHat whirlwynde may me headlong dryue
and vp in ayre mee sling,
And wrap in darkest cloude, whereby
it might so heynous thing,
Take from myne eyes? O wicked house
that euen of Pelops ought.
And Tantalus abhorred bee.
Ch. what new thing hast thou brought?
Me. What lande is this? Ipthe Sparta here
and Argos, that hath bred
So wicked brethern? and the ground of Corinth lying spred
Betweene the seas? or Ister else where woont to take their flight,
Are people wide? or that which woonts with snowe to shyne so bright
Hircana lande? or els doe here the wandring Scythians dwell?
Ch. What monstrous mischiefe is this place then guilty of? that tell,
And this declare to vs at large what euer be the ill.
Me. If once my mynde may stay it selfe, and quaking limmes I will.
But yet of such a cruell deede before myne eyes the feare
And Image walkes: yee reging stormes now far from hence me beare
And to that place me driue, to which now driuen is the day
Thus drawen from hence. Ch. Our myndes yee holde yet still in doubt:
Tell what it is yee so abhorre. The author thereof showe. (full stay.
I aske not who, but which of them that quickly let vs know.
Me. In Pelops Turret high, a part there is of Pallace wyde
That towarde the south erected leanes, of which the vtter syde
With equall top to mountayne standes, and on the City lies,
And people proude against their prynce if once the traytors rise
Hath vnderneath his battring Stroke: there shynes the place in sight
Where woont the people to frequent, whose golden beames so bright
The noble spotted pillers gray, of marble doe suppoze,
Within this place well knowen to men, where they so oft resoze,

To mas

To many other roomes about the noble court doth goe.
The priuie Palace vnderlieth in secret place aloe,
With ditch ful deepe that doth enclose the wood of priuitee,
And hidden parts of kyngdome olde: where neuer grew no tree
That chereful bowes is woont to beare, with knife or lopped be,
But Tare, and Cypresse, and with tree of Holme ful blacke to see
Doth becke and bende the wood so darke: aloft aboue all theese
The higher oke doth ouer looke, surmounting all the treese.
From hens with lucke the raigne to take, accustom'd are the kyngs,
From hens in daunger aid to aske, and doome in doubtfull things.
To this affixed are the gifts, the sounding Trumpets bright,
The Chariots broke, and spoples of sea that now Mirtôon hight,
There hang the wheeles once won by crafte of falser axel tree,
And euery other conquests note, here leefull is to see
The Phrygian tyre of Pelops head: the spoyle of enmies heere,
And of Barbarian triumphe like, the paynted gorgeous geere.
A lothsome spring stands vnder shade, and slouthfull course doth take,
With water blacke: euen such as is: of yrkesome Stygian lake
The vgly waue whereby art wont, to sweare the gods on hye.
Here all the night the grisly ghosts and gods of death to crie
The fame reportes: with clinking chaynes resoũs the wood ech where
The spyghts cry out: and euery thinge that dredfull is to heare,
May there bee seene: of vgly shapes from olde Sepulchres sent
A fearefull flocke doth wander there, and in that place frequent
Worse things then euer yet were knowne: ye all the wood full ofte
With flame is woont to flash, and all the higher trees aloft
Without a fyre do burne: and ofte the wood beside all this
With triple barkyng roares at once: ful oft the palace is
Affright with shapes, nor lighte of day may on the terrour quell.
Eternall night doth hold the place, and darknes there of hell
In mid day raignes: from hens to them that pray, out of the ground
The certayne answers geuen are, what tyme with dredful sound
From secret place the fates be tolde, and dungeon roares within
While of the God breaks out the voyce: whereto when entred in
Fierce Atreus was, that did with him his brothers children traple,
Debt are the aulters: wh- (alas) may it enough bewaple?
Behynde the infants backs anone he knyt theyr noble hands,
And eke theyr heauy heads about he bound with purple bands:
There wanted there no Frankensence, nor yet the holy wine,
Nor knyfe to cut the sacrifice, besprinkt with leuens fine,

Kepte

Kept is in all the order due, leaſt ſuch a miſchiefe gret
Should not be ordred well Ch. who doth his hand on ſword then ſet?
Me. He to him ſelfe the prieſt, and he himſelfe the deadly verſe
With prayer dyre from feruent mouth doth ſyng and oft reherſe.
And he at th'aulters ſtands himſelfe, he them aſſygn'de to dye
Doth handle, and in order ſet, and to the knyfe applye,
He lights the fyres, no rights were left of ſacrifice vndone.
The woode then quakt, and all at once from trembling grounde anone
The Palace beckt, in doubt which way the payſe thereof woulde fall,
And ſhaking as in waues it ſtoode: from th'ayre and therewithall
A blaſing ſtarre that fouleſt traine drew after him doth goe:
The wynes that in the fyres were caſt, with chaunged licour floe,
And turne to bloud: and twyſe or thryſe th'attyre fell from his hed,
The Iuerye bright in Temples ſeem'de to weepe and teares to ſhed.
The ſights amaz'de all other men, but ſtedfaſt yet alway
Of mynde, vnmoued Atreus ſtands, and euen the Gods doth fray
That threaten him and all delay forſaken by and by
To th'aulters turnes, and therewithwall a ſyde he lookes awry.
As hungry Tygre wonts that doth in gaugey woods remayne
With doubtfull pace to range a roame betweene the bullocks twayne,
Of eyther pray full couetous and yet vncertayne where
She fyrſt may byte, and roaring throate now turnes the tone to teare
And then to th'other ſtrayght returnes, and doubtfull famyne holdes:
So Atreus dyre, betwene the babes doth ſtand and them beholdes
On whom he poyncts to take his fyre: firſt ſlaughter where to make,
Hee doubts: or whom he ſhoulde agayne for ſecond offring take,
Yet ſkills it nought, but yet he doubtes and ſuch a cruelty
It him delights to order well. Ch. Whom take he fyrſt to dy?
Me. Firſt place, leaſt in him thinke yee might no piete to remayne
To graundſier dedicated is, fyrſt Tantalus is layne.
Ch. With what a minde a coun'naũce, could ỹ boy his death ſuſtayne?
Me. All careles of him ſelfe he ſtoode, nor once he would in vayne
His prayers leeſe. But Atreus fierce the ſword in him at laſt
In deepe and deadly wound doth hide to hilts, and gripping faſt
His throate in hãd, he thruſt him through. The ſword thẽ drawne away
When long the body had vphelde it ſelfe in doubtfull ſtay,
Which way to fall, at length vpon the buckle downe it falles.
And then to th'aulters cruelly Philiſthenes he trailes,
And on his brother throwes: and ſtraight his necke of cutteth hee.
The Carcaſe headlong falles to grond: a pitious thing to ſee,

The mourning head with murmure yet vncertayne doth complayne.
Chor. What after double death doth he and slaughter then of twayne?
Spares he the Child? or gilt on gilt agayne yet heapeth he?
Mess. As long mayndLyon feerce amid the wood of Armenie,
The droue pursues and conquest makes of slaughter many one,
Though now defyled be his tawes with bloud and hunger gone
Yet slaketh not his yreful rage with bloud of Bulles so great,
But slouthful now with weary tooth the leaner Calues doth threat:
None other wyse doth Atreus rage, and swelles with anger strayned,
And holding now the sword in hand, with double slaughter stayned,
Regarding not where fell his rage, with cursed hand vnmild
He strake it through his body quite, at bosome of the Child
The blade goeth in, and at the backe agayne out went the same,
He falles and quenching with his bloud the aulters sacred flame,
Of eyther wound at lenght he dieth. Chor. O heynous hateful act.
Mess. Abhorre ye this? ye heare not yet the end of all the fact,
There followes more. Cho. A fiercer thing, or worse then this to see
Could Nature beare? Me. why thinke ye this of gilt the end to be?
It is but part. Cho. what could he more? to cruel beastes he cast
Perhappes their bodyes to be torne, and kept from eyes at last.
Me. Would God he had: that neuer tombe the dead might ouer hyde,
Nor flames dissolue, though them for food to foules in pastures wyde
He had out throwen, or them for pray to cruell beastes would flinge.
That which the worst was wont to be, were here a wished thing,
That them their father saw vntombd: but oh more cursed crime
Incredible, the which denye will men of after tyme:
From bosomes yet aliue out drawne the trembling bowels shake,
The veynes yet breath, the feareful hart doth yet both pant and quake
But he the stringes doth turne in hand, and destenies beholde,
And of the guttes the sygnes each one doth bewe not fully cold.
When him the sacrifyce had pleasd, his diligence he putteth
To dresse his brothers banquet now: and streight a sonder cutteth
The bodyes into quarters all, and by the stoompes anone
The shoulders wyde, and brawnes of armes he strikes of euerychone.
He lapes abroad their naked lims, and cuts away the bones:
The onely heads he kepes and handes to him committed once.
Some of the guttes are broacht, and in the fyres that burne full hoe
They drop, the boyling licour some doth tumble to and froe
In mooring cawderne: from the flesh that ouerstandes aloft
The fyre doth flye, and shatter out and into chimney ofte

Vp heapt agayne, and there conſtrayned by force to tary yet
Vnwilling burnes: the liuer makes great noyſe vpon the ſpit,
Nor eaſely wot I, if the fleſh, or flames they be that cry.
But crye they do: the fyre like pitch it fumeth by an by:
Nor yet the ſmoke it ſelfe ſo ſad, like filthy miſte in ſight
Aſcendeth vp as wont it is, nor takes his way vpright,
But euen the Gods and houſe it doth with fylthy fume defile.
O patient Phœbus though from hence thou backeward flee the whyle,
And in the midſt of heauen aboue doſt drowne the broken day,
Thou fleeſt to late: the father eats his children, well away,
And limmes to which he once gaue life, with curſed iaw doth teare.
He chynes with ointment ſhed ful ſweete all round about his heare,
Replete with wyne: and oftentymes ſo curſed kynd of food
His mouth hath held, that would not downe, but yet this one thing good
In all thy yls (Thyeſtes) is that them thou doſt not knoe,
And yet ſhal that not long endure, though Titan backward goe
And chariots turne againſt himſelfe, to meete the wayes he went,
And heauy night ſo heynous deede to kepe from light be ſent,
And out of tyme from Eaſt aryſe, ſo foule a fact to hyde,
Yet ſhall the whole at length be ſeene: thy ylles ſhall all be ſpide.

Chorus

Chorus.

WHich way O Prince of landes and Gods on hie,
At whose vprise eftsones of shadowd night
All beawty fleeth, which way turnst thou awrye?
And drawest the day in midst of heauen to flight?
Why dost thou (Phœbus) hide from vs thy sight?
Not yet the watch that later howre bringes in,
Doth Vesper warne the Starres to kindle light.
Not yet doth turne of Hespers whele begin
To loase thy chare his well deserued way.
The trumpet third not yet hath blowen his blast
Whyle toward the night beginnes to yeld the day:
Great wonder hath of sodayne suppers hast
The Plowman yet whose Oxen are vntierd.
From woonted course of Heauen what drawes thee back?
What causes haue from certayne race conspierd
To turne thy horse? do yet from dongeon black
Of hollow hell, the conquerd Gyantes proue
A fresh assaut? doth Tityus yet assay
VVith trenched hart, and wounded wombe to moue
The former yres? or from the hil away
Hath now Typhœus wound his syde by might?
Is vp to heauen the way erected hie
Of phlegrey foes by mountaynes set vpright?
And now doth Ossa Pelion ouerlye?
The wonted turnes are gone of day and night,
The ryse of Sunne, nor fall shal be no more,
Aurora dewith mother of the light
That wontes to send the horses out before,
Doth wonder much agayne returne to see,
Her dawning light: she wots not how to ease

The weary wheeles, nor manes that ſmoaking be
Of horſe with ſweate to bathe amid the ſeas.
Himſelfe vnwonted there to lodge likewiſe,
Doth ſetting ſonne agayne the morning ſee,
And now commaundes the darkenes vp to ryſe,
Before the night to come prepared bee.
About the Poale yet glowth no fyre in ſight:
Nor light of Moone the ſhades doth comfort yet,
What ſo it be, God graunt it be the night.
Our hartes do quake with feare oppreſſed gret,
And dreadfull are leaſt heauen and earth and all
With fatall ruine ſhaken ſhall decay:
And leaſt on Gods agayne, and men ſhall fall
Disfigurde Chaos: and the land away
The Seas, and Fyres, and of the glorious Skiſe
The wandring lampes, leaſt nature yet ſhal hide.
Now ſhall no more with blaſe of his vpriſe,
The Lord of ſtarres that leades the world ſo wyde,
Of Sommer both and Winter geue the markes.
Nor yet the Moone with Phœbus flames that burnes,
Shall take from vs by night the dreadful carkes,
With ſwifter courſe or paſſe her brothers turnes,
While compaſſe leſſe ſhe fets in croked race:
The Gods on heaps ſhal out of order fall,
And each with other mingled be in place.
The wryed vvay of holy planets all,
With path a ſlope that doth deuide the Zones.
That beares the ſygnes, and yeares in courſe doth brynge,
Shall ſee the ſtarres with him fall downe at ones.
And he that firſt not yet vvith gentle ſpring,
The temperate Gale doth geue to ſayles, the Ramme
Shall headlong fall a dovvne to Seas agayne,
Through vvhich he once vvith fearefull Hellen ſvvam.
Next him the Bull that doth vvith horne ſuſtayne

The ſyſters ſeuen with him ſhall ouerturne
The twins and armes of croked Cancer all,
The Lyon hoat that wontes the ſoyle to burne
Of Hercules agayne from heauen ſhall fall.
To landes once left the Virgin ſhall be throwne,
And leueld payſe of balance ſway alow,
And draw with them the ſtinging Scorpion downe.
So likewyſe he that holdes in Theſſale bowe
His ſwift wel fethred arrowes Chiron old,
Shal breake the ſame and eke ſhal leſe his ſhotte
And Capricorne that bringes the winter cold
Shall ouerturne and breake the water pot
VVho ſo thou be: and downe with thee to grounde,
The laſt of all the ſygnes ſhal Piſces fall
And monſters eke in ſeas yet neuer dreunde,
The water gulph ſhal ouerwhelme them all.
And he which doth betwene each vrſa glyde,
Lyke croked flood the ſlipper ſerpent twynde:
And leſſer Beare by greater Dragons ſyde,
Full cold with froſt congealed hard by kinde,
And carter dull that ſlowly guides his waine
Vnſtable ſhall Boötes fall from hye.
VVeare thoughgt meete of all men whom agayn
Should hugy heape of Chaos ouerly.
And world oppreſſe with ouerturned maſſe
The lateſt age now falleth vs vppon.
VVith euil hap we are begot alas
If wretches we haue loſt the ſight of ſonne,
Or him by fraught enforced haue to flye
Let our complayntes yet goe and feare be paſt:
He greedy is of life, that wil not die:
VVhen all the world ſhall end with him at laſt.

THE FIFTE ACTE.

Atreus alone.

NOwe equall with the Starres I goe,
beyond each other wight,
With haughty heade the heauens aboue,
and higheſt Poale I ſmite.
The kingdome nowe, and ſeate I holde,
where once my father rayn'd:
I nowe lette goe the gods: for all
my will I haue obtayn'd
Enoughe and well, ye euen enough for me I am acquit
But why enough? I will proceede and fyl the father yet
With bloud of his leaſt aay ſhame ſhould me reſtrayne at all,
The day is gone, go to therfore whyle thee the heauen doth call
Would God I could againſt their wils yet hold the Goddes that flee
And of reuenging diſh conſtrayne them witneſſes to bee:
But yet (which wel enough is wrought) let it the father ſee.
In ſpighte of al the drowned day I will remoue from thee
The darkneſſe all, in ſhade wherof ſo lurke thy miſeryes.
And gueſt at ſuch a banquet now to long he careles lyes,
With mery face: now eate and drunke enough he hath at laſt
T'is beſt him ſelfe ſhould know his ylls ye ſeruauntes, all in haſt
Vndoe the temple doores: and let the houſe bee open all:
Fayne would I ſee, when loke vppon his childrens heads he ſhal
What countenauuce he then would make, or in what wordes breake out
Would firſt his griefe, or how would quake his body round about
With ſprighte amaſed ſore: of all my worke the fruite were this
I would him not a miſer ſee, but while ſo made he is,
Behold the temple opened now doth ſhyne with many a light:
In glitteryng gold and purple ſeate he ſtres hymſelfe vpright,
And ſtaying vp his heauy head with wyne vppon his hand,
He belcheth out, now chiefe of goddes in higheſt place I ſtand,
And king of kinges: I haue my will, and more then I could thinke.
He filled is, he now the wyne in ſiluer balle doth drinke
And ſpare it not: there yet remaynes a worſer draught for thee

That

That sprong out of the bodyes late of sacrifyces three,
Which wine shall hyde let there with all the bodyes be taken vp.
The father (mingled with the wyne) his children bloud shall sup.
That would haue drunke of myne. Behold he now beginnes to gnaw
His bodye, and synges, nor yet for ioy his mynde he may refrayne,

THE SECONDE SCEANE

Thiestes alone

O Beaten bosomes dulde so longe with woe,
Laie downe your cares, at length your greues rele.
Let sorowe passe, and all your dread let goe,
And fellowe eke of fearefull banishment,
Sad pouertye and ill in misery
The shame of cares, more whense thy fall thou haste,
Then whether skylles great hap to him, from hye
That falles, it is in sturty to be plast
Beneath, and great it is to him agayne
That prest with storme, of euyll is feeles the smart,
Of kyngedome leste the payses to sustaine
VVith necke vnbowde: nor yet detect of heart
Nor ouercome, his heauy haps alwayes
To beare vpright but now of carefull carkes
Shake of the showres, and of thy wretched daye.
Away with all the myserable markes.
To ioyfull state returne thy chearefull face.
Put fro thy mynde the olde Thyestes hence,
It is the woont of wight in wofull case,
In state of ioy to haue no confidence.
Though better haps to them returned be,
That afflicted yet to ioy it yrketh sore.
VVhy calst thou me backe, and hyndrest me
This happy day to celebrate: wherefore

Bidſt thou me (ſorrow) wepe without a cauſe?
VVho doth me let with flowers ſo freſh and gay,
To decke my hayres? it lets and me withdrawes.
Downe from my head the roſes fall away:
My moyſted haire with oyntment ouer all,
VVith ſodayne maſe ſtandes vp in wondrous wyſe,
From face that would not weepe the ſtreames do fall.
And howling cryes amid my wordes aryſe.
My ſorrowe yet thaccuſtomd teares doth loue
And wretches ſtil delyght to weepe and crye.
Vnpleaſant playntes it pleaſeth them to moue:
And floriſht fayre it likes with Tyrian die
Their robes to rent, to waile it likes them ſtill.
For ſorrow ſendes (in ſigne that woes draw nie)
The mind that wots before of after yll.
The ſturdy ſtormes the ſhipmen ouer lye,
VVhen voyd of wynd thaſſwaged ſeas do reſt.
VVhat tumult yet or countenaunce to ſee
Makſte thou mad man? at length a truſtful breaſt
To brother gene, what euer now it be,
Cauſeles, or els to late thou art a dred.
I wretch would not ſo feare, but yet me drawes
A trembling terrour: downe myne eyes do ſhed
Their ſodayne teares and yet I know no cauſe.
Is it a greefe, or feare? or els hath teares
A great ioy it ſelfe,

THE THIRDE SCEANE.

Atreus. Thyestes.

LEtte vs this daye with one consente
(O brother celebrate)
This daye my sceptors may confyrme,
and stablish my estate,
And faythfull bonde of peace and loue
betwene vs ratifye.
Thy. Enough with meate and eke with wyne,
now satisfyed am I.
But yet of all my ioyes it were a great encrease to mee,
If now about my syde I might my litle children see.
Atr. Beleeue that here euen in thyne armes thy children present be.
For here they are, and shalbe here, no part of them fro thee
Shal be withholde: their loued lookes now geue to thee I wil,
And with the heape of all his babes, the father fully fyll.
Thou shalt be glutted feare thou not: they with my boyes as yet
The ioyful sacrifyces make at boorde where children sit.
They shalbe cald, the frendly cup now take of curtesy
With wyne vpfylde. Thy. of brothers feast I take ful willingly
The fynal gyft, shed some to gods of this our fathers lande,
Then let the rest be dronke, what's this? in no wyse wil my hand
Obeye: the payse increaseth soze, and downe myne arme doth sway.
And from my lippes the wasting wyne it selfe doth flye away,
And in deceiued mouth, about my iawes it rũneth rounde.
The table to, it selfe doth shake and leape from trembling ground.
Scant burnes the fyre: the ayre it selfe with heauy chere to sighs
Forsooke of sonne amased is betweene the day and night.
What meaneth this? yet moze and moze of backward beaten saye
The compas falles, and thicker myst the world doth ouerlye
Then blackest darkenes, and the night in night it selfe doth hyde.
All starres be fled, what so it bee my brother God prouyde
And soones to spare: the Gods so graunt that all this tempest fall
On this lyle head: but now restoze to me my children all,
Atr. I wil, and neuer day agayne shal them from thee withdraw,
Thy. What tumult tumbleth so my guttes, and doth my bowels gnawe

What

What quakes within? with heauy payse I feele my selfe oppress,
And with an other voyce then myne bewayles my doleful brest:
Come nere my sonnes, for you now doth thunhappy father call:
Come nere, for you once seene, this griefe would soone asswage & fall
Whence murmure they? Atr. w̄ fathers armes embrace them quickly now
For here they are loe come to thee: dost thou thy children know?
Th. I know my brother: such a gylt yet canst thou suffer well
O earth to beare? no? yet from hence to Stygian lake of hell
Dost thou both drowne thy selfe and vs? no? yet with broaken ground
Dost thou these kingdomes and their king with Chaos rude confounde?
No? yet vprenting from the sople the bowres of wicked land.
Dost thou Micenas ouerturne with Tantalus to stand,
And aunciters of ours, if there in hel be any one,
Now ought we both: now from the frames on eyther syde anone
Of ground, all here and there rent vp out of thy bosome depe:
Thy dens and dungeons set abrode, and vs enclosed keepe,
In bottome low of Acheront aboue our heds aloft
Let wander all the gylty ghostes, with burning frete ful oft
Let fyry Phlegethon that driues his sands both to and fro
To our confusion ouerroon and violently flow.
O slothful sople vnshaken payse vnmoued yet art thou?
The Gods are fled: Atr. but take to thee with you thy children now,
And rather them embrace: at length thy children all of thee
So long wisht for (for no delay there standeth now in mee)
Enioy and kisse embracing armes deuyde thou vnto thee.
Thy. Is this thy league? may this thy loue and fayth of brother bee?
And doost thou so repose thy hate? the father doth not craue
His sonnes alyue (which might haue bene without thy gylt) to haue
And eke without thy hate, but this doth brother brother pray:
That them he may entoombe restore, whom fre thou shalt straight waye,
Be burnt: the father naught requires of thee that haue bereft all,
Vnt soone forgoe Atr. what euer part yet of thy children all
Remaynes, here shalt thou haue: and what remayneth not thou hast.
Thy. Lye they in fieldes, a food out flong for fleeyng fowles to waste?
Or are they kept a pray, for wyld and brutish beastes to eate?
Atr. Thou hast deuourd thy sonnes and fyld thy selfe with wicked meat.
Thy. Oh this is it that them the Gods and day from hence did dryue
Turn'd back to east, alas I wretch what wayllinges may I geue?
Or what complaynte? what woeful woordes may be enough for mee?
Their heads cut of, and handes of yone, I from their bodyes see,

And

And wrenched feete from broken thighes I here behold agayn
Tys this that greedy father could not suffer to sustayne.
In belly roll my bowels round, and cloased cryme so great
Without a passage strynes within and seekes away to get.
Thy sword (O brother) lend to me much of my bloud alas
It hath: let vs therwith make way for all my sonnes to passe.
Is yet the sword from me withheld? thy selfe thy bosoms teare,
And let thy brestes resound with stroakes: yet wretch thy hand forbeare
And spare the deade: who euer saw such mischiefe put in proofe?
What rude Heniochus that dwels by ragged coast aloofe,
Of Caucasus vnapt for men? for feare to Athens, who
Procustes wyld? the father I oppresse my children do
And am oppresst, is any meane of gylt or mischiefe yet?
Atr. I meane in mischiefe ought to be when gylt thou dost commit,
Not when thou guyltst: for yet euen this to litle seemes to me.
The blood yet warme euen from the wound I should in sight of thee
Euen in thy iawes haue shed, that thou the bloud of them mightst drinke
That lyued yet: but whyle to much to hast my hate I thinke
My wrath begupled is my selfe with sword the wounded them gaue
I strake them downe, the sacred fyres with slaughter bowde I haue
Wel pleasd, the carcase cutting then, and liueles lymmes on grounde.
I haue in litle parcels chopt, and some of them I drounde
In boyling cauderns, some to fyres that burnte ful slow I put,
And made to droppe: their synewes all, and limmes a two I cut
Eneu yet alyue and on the spitte, that thrust was through the same
I harde the liuer waple and crye, and with my hand the flame:
I oft kept in: but euery whit the father might of this
Haue better done, but now my wrath to lightly ended is.
He rent his sonnes with wicked gumme, himselfe yet wotting naught,
Nor they therof Th. O ye encloas'd with bending bankes abought
All seas me heare, and to this gylt ye Gods now harken well
What euer place ye fled are to here all ye spyrites of hel,
And here ye landes, and night so darke that them dost ouerly
With clowde so blacke to my complaynes do, thou thy selfe apply.
To thee now left I am, thou dost alone me miser see,
And thou art left without thy starres: I wil not make for me
Petitions yet, nor ought for me require may ought yet bee
That me should bayle? for you shal all my wishes now foresee.
Thou guyder great of fyres aboue, o prince of highest might,
Of heauenly place now all with cloudes ful horrible to sight,

Enwrappe

Enwrap the worlde, and let the wyndes on euery syde breake out
And send the dredfull thunderclap through al the world about
Not with what hand thou gyltles houle and vndeserued wall
With lesser bolt are wonte to beate, but with the which did fall
The three vnheaped mountaynes once and which to hyghin height
Stoode equall vp, the gyantes huge: throuw out such weapons streight,
And flyng thy fires: and therwithall reuenge the drowned day.
Let flee thy flames, the light thus lost and hid from heauen away,
With flashes fyll: the cause (lest long thou shouldst doubte whom to hit)
Of eche of vs to vtt: if not at least let myne be it.
Myne strike with tryple edged toole thy brande of flaminge fyre
Beate through this breast: if father I my children do desyre
To lay in tombe or corpses cast to fyre as doth behoue,
I must be burnt if nothing now the gods to wrath may moue,
Nor powre from skies with thunderbolt none strikes the wicked men
Let yet eternall night remayne, and hyde with darkne̅s then
The world about: I, Titan naught complayne as now it standes,
If still thou hyde thee thus away. Atre. now prayse I well my handes,
Now got I haue the palme. I had bene ouercome of thee,
Except thou sorrow'dst so but now euen children borne to mee.
I compt and now of bridebed chast the fayth I do repayre,
Thy. In what offended haue my sons: Atr. In that, that thyne they were
Thy. Suffst thou the sonnes for fathers foode? Atr. I do s (which is best)
The certayne sonnes. Thy. The gods that gyde all infantes I protest.
Atr. What wedlock gods? Th. who would the gilt w̄ gylt so quite again?
Atr. I know thy greefe prieuented now with wrong thou dost complayne:
Nor this thee pykes, that fed thou art with food of cursed kind,
But that thou hadst not it prepard for so it was thy mynd,
Such meates as these to set before thy brother wotting naught,
And by the mothers helpe to haue, likewyse my children caught:
And them with such like to slay: this one thing letted thee,
Thou thought'st them thine. Thy. the gods shall al of this reuengers be
And vnto them for vengeance due my bowes thee render shall
Atr. But next to be I thee the whyle, geeue to thy children all.

THE

THE FOVRTH SCENE,
Added to the Tragedy by the Tranſlatour.

Thyeſtes alone.

Kyng of Dytis dungeon darke,
and grylly Ghoſts of hell,
That in the deepe and dredfull Denne,
of blackeſt Tartare dwell.
Where leane and pale Diſeaſes lye
where feare and famyne are,
Where diſcord ſtands with bleeding browes,
where euery kynde of care,
Where furies fight in beds of ſteele, and heares of crauling ſnakes,
Where Gorgon grimme, where Harpyes are, & lothſome Lymbo lakes,
Where moſt prodigious vgly thinges, the hollowe hell doth hyde,
If yet a monſter more myſhapt then all that there doe byde,
That makes his broode his curſed foode, yee all abhorre to ſee,
Nor yet the deepe Auerne it ſelfe, may byde to couer mee,
Nor grilly gates of Putoes place, yet dare them ſelues to ſpred,
Nor gaping grounde to ſwallowe him, whom Gods and day haue fled:
Yet breake yee out from curſed ſeates, and heere remayne with mee,
Yee needs not now to be affrayde, the Ayre and Heauen to ſee.
Nor triple headed Cerberus, thou needſt not bee affrighte,
The day vnknowne to thee to ſee or els the lothſome lyghte.
They both be fled: and now doth dwell none other count'naunce heere,
Then doth beneath the fowleſt face, of hatefull hell appeere.
Come ſee a meeteſt match for thee, a more then monſtrous wombe,
That is of his vnhappy broode, become a curſed tombe.
Flocke heere yee fowleſt fiendes of hell, and thou O graundſyre greate,
Come ſee the glutted guts of myne, with ſuch a kinde of meate,
As thou didſt once for Gods prepare. Let torments all of hel
Now fall vppon this hatefull head, that hath deſerude them well.
Yee all be plagued wrongfully, your guiltes be ſmall, in ſight
Of myne, and meete it were your pange on me alone ſhould light.
Now thou O graundſier guiltleſſe arte, and meeter were for mee,
With fleeing ſloud to be beguilde, and fruite of fickle tree.

Thou

Thou slewst thy sonne, but I my sonnes, alas, haue made my meate.
I coulde thy sampne better beare, my paũch is now repleate
With foode: and with my children three, my belly is extent.
O filthy fowles and gnawyng gripes, that Tytius bosome rent
Beholde a fitter pray for you, to fill your selues vppone
Then are the growing guts of him: foure wombes enwrapt in one.
This paũche at once shall fill you all: if yet abhorre the foode,
Nor may your selues abide to bathe, in such a cursed bloode:
Yet lend to me your clinching clawes, your pray a while forbeare,
And with your tallons suffer mee, this monstrous masse to teare.
Or whirling wheeles, with swinge of which Ixion still is roide,
Your lookes vpon this glutted gorge, would catche a surer holde.
Thou filthy flood of Lymbo lake, and Stygian poole so dyre,
From choaked chanell belche abrode, Thou fearefull freate of fyre,
Spue out thy flames O Phlegethon: and ouerflo the grounde.
With vomit of thy fyry streame, let me and earth be drownde,
Breake vp thou sorle from bottome deepe, and geue thou roome to hell,
That night, where dare, ỳ ghosts, where Gods were woõt to raigne, may
Why gapst thou not? Why do you not O gates of hell vnfolde? (dwel.
Why do yee thus thinfernall fiendes, so long from hence withholde?
Are you likewyse affrayde to see, and knowe so wretched wight,
From whom the Gods haue wryde theyr lookes, & turnid are to flight?
O hatefull head, whom heauen and hell, haue shoonde and left alone,
The Sunne, the starres, the light, the day, the Gods, the ghosts be gone.
Yet turne agayne yee Furyes a while, ere quight yee goe fro mee,
Take vengeance fyrst on him, whose faulte enforceth you to flee.
If needes yee must your flight prepare, and may no longer bide,
But rolle yee must with you forthwỳ, the Gods, and Sunne a syde,
Yet slowly flee: that I at length, may you yet ouertake,
While wandring wayes I after you, and speedy iorney make.
By seas, by lands, by woods, by rocks, in darke I wander shall:
And on your wrath, for right rewarde to due desarts, will call.
Yee scape not fro me, so yee Gods, still after you I goe,
And vengeaunce aske on wicked wight, your thunder bolte to throe.

FINIS.

THE THYRD TRAGEDY OF L. ANNAEVS Seneca: entituled Thebais, translated out of Latin into Englishe, by

Thomas Newton.

1581.

The Argument.

LAIVS King of Thebes, hadde by his Wyfe and Queene IOCASTA, a Sonne named OEDIPVS: Who being yet in his Mothers Wombe, APOLLO his Oracle pronounced, that by the handes of that childe, King LAIVS the father ſhould bee murthered. The feare whereof cauſed the King to commaũd him to be put to death. The Kinges heardman, who had the charge to ſee this done, on thone ſide mooued with compaſſion ouer a tender weakeling: and on the other ſide, afraid to incurre the King his maiſters diſpleaſure, contented himſelfe onely to boare two hoales through the Infants two feete, and with certayne plyable Twigges beinge thruſt through the ſame, hong him vp on a tree by the Heeles: ſuppoſing that heereby hee ſhould cõmit a leſſe crime in ſuffring the childe to periſhe by famine, then in playing the Butcher himſefe. It fortuned, that one PHORBAS heardman to POLYBIVS King of Corynth, paſſing by that way & hearing a yong Childe crye, went and cut him downe, and caryinge him to Corynth, it ſo fell out that at length hee was giuen for a preſent or

sent or gyft to MEROPE, Wyfe to the said King POLYBVS. This OEDIPVS afterward going to Thebes, in a certayne sedicious hurly burly in the countrey there, vnawares and vnwitting slewe King LAIVS his Father. About which tyme the City of Thebes, and Countrey there about was meruelously infested with a monster called Sphinx: who propounding a certaine Riddle, or obscure question to such as passed that vvay, and deuouringe as many, as coulde not assoyle the same. To him that coulde assoile it: and so rid the Countrey from that so vgly and daũgerous a monster, the mariage of Queene IOCASTA, and the kingdome of Thebes was promysed as a recompence: OEDIPVS after many others, taking the matter in hand, assoyled the Ryddle, & slew the mõster. Whereupõ marying the Queene, not knowing her to bee his owne Mother, had by her foure Chyldren: ETHEOCLES, POLYNICES, ANTIGONE, & ISMENE. In the end, hauing knowledg, how first hee had kylled his Father, and then incestuously maryed his Mother, hee forsooke his kingdome being continually infested wyth the plague, & (as one ashamed to loke any man in the face) pulled out his own Eyes, and hid himselfe in corners and solitary places. His Sonnes ETHEOCLES & POLYNICES agreed to raigne enterchaungeably, that is to wit, ETHEOCLES, one yeare, and POLYNICES the other. ETHEOCLES hauing raigned his yeare, refused according to the articles of agrement, to resigne the Crowne to his brother for the next yeare. Whereupõ they fel to mortal warres, and in the end meaning by combat to ende the matter, they mutually slew one the other. *And note that this Tragedy, was left by the Authour vnperfect, because it neyther hath in it, Chorus, ne yet the fifth Acte.*

The names of the speakers.

OEdipus. *Antigone.*
Nuntius. *Iocasta.*

The first

THE FIRTE ACTE.

OEdipus. Antigone.

Eare Daughter, vnto Father blynde
a Staffe of steady stay,
To weary Syze, a comfozt greate,
and Guide in all his way:
And whom to haue begotten, I
may glad and ioyfull bee:
Yet leaue me now, thy hapleſſe Syze,
thus plungde in miſery.
Why ſeekſt thou meanes, ſtill to direct
my ſtalking ſteppes aright?
Let mee I pzay thee headlong ſlyde
in bzeaknecke tumbling plight.
I betttr ſhall and ſooner fynde a way my ſelfe alone
To rid mee out of all the thzall wherein I now am thzowne.
Whereby both heauen ſhall eaſed bee, and earth ſhall want the ſight
Of mee vile wzetch, whom, guilt hath made a moſt abhozred wight.
Alas, what litle trifling tricke hath hitherto bene wzought
By theſe my hands? what feate of wozth oz maiſtry haue I ſought?
In deede, they haue me helpt to pull myne eyes out of my head:
So that ne Sunne, ne Moone I ſee, but life in darkneſſe lead.
And though that I can nothing ſee, yet is my guilt and cryme
Both ſeene and knowne, I poynted at, (woe wozth the curſed tyme.)
Leaue of thy hold, let loſe thy hand, good daughter, let mee goe:
Let foultring foote light where it will, let it (this once) be ſo.
Ile trudge, and runne, Ile ſkudde, and raunge, Ile haſten to the hill
Of craggy ſteepe Cytheron, there I hope to wozke my will.
Where earſt Actæon loſt his lyfe by ſtraunge, and vncouth death,
Whom bawling Dogges, and hunting Hounds bereft of vitall breath:
Where once Agaue (bedlemlike) raungd vp and downe the woode
With Syſters hers, enſpired all with Bacchus raging woode.
And pleaſing well her ſelfe in that her fact and miſchiefe donne,
Pitcht on a Poale the griſly head of him that was her Sonne.

Where Zethus with his ruffling Trew of Gallantes young and stoute
Drago, bald, and pild, the hatefal corps of Dirce, all aboute.
Where bushie bloudied brambles thaw which way the Bull her drew:
Here where dame Ino from a Rocke her selfe in Sea downe threw.
So that poore mother though she ment t'auoyde one fault by flight:
Yet she therby a worse procur'd, while like a feely wight
She bothher selfe and eke her sonne from Scyron hurled downe
Entending both her selfe and him in foaming Sea to drowne.
Oh happy, yea thryse happy they, that had so good an hap:
And whom such mothers pitiful earth dandled in theyr lap.
Yea yet there is in these same woods an other place to mee
Thats due by right, and rightly may me challenge as his fee.
Where I an Infant out was layed, at Fortunes to abide:
I thyther will direct my course to try what may betyde.
Ile neither stop ne stay til that I be arryued there,
For gaynde I recke not, neyther force for Stumbling any where.
Why stay I thus like bastard drudge to hasten vnto ire
Sith wel I know it lotted is to be my graue and Pire
Let me myne owne Cytheron mount enioy in quiet state,
It is myne old and auncient bower, appoynted me by fate.
I pray thee be not discontent that I should (aged) die,
Euen there, where life I should haue lost in pueling infancy.
I yeild me heere with willing hart vnto those tortures all
That earst to me were due, and which to others haue befall:
To thee I speake O bloudy mount, fierce, cruel, stepe and fell,
As well in that thou sparest some, as that thou some dost quell.
This carion corps, this sinful soule, this carcasse here of myne
Long tyme agone by right good Law and propertye is thine.
Now yet at length perfourme the hest that earst enioyned was
To thee by those my parentes both, now bring their doome to passe.
My hart euen longeth till I may so fully satisfy
By this my death that their decree, that glad I am to die.
Ah Daughter, Daughter, why wouldst thou thus keepe mee gaynst my
In this so vile incestuous loue: thou art but now to kind. mynde
Oh stay me not I thee desire, behold, behold, I heare
My Fathers ghost to bidde me come apace, and not to feare.
O Father myne I come, I come, now father ceasse thy rage:
I know (alas) how I abus'd my Fathers hoary age:
Who had to name King Laius: how hee doth fret and frye
To see such lewd disparagement: and none to blame but I.

Where-

Wherby the Crowne vsurped is, and he by murther slayne
And Bastardly incestuous broode in Kingly throne remayne.
And loe, dost thou not plainly see, how he my panting Ghost
With raking powes doth hale and pull, which grieues my conscience
Dost thou not see how he my face bescratcheth tyrant wyse? (most?
Tel mee (my Daughter) hast thou seene Ghostes in such griefly guyse?
Antig. I see & marke each thing ful well. Good father leaue this mind,
And take a better if you can: from this your selfe vnwynd.
Oed. O what a beastly cowardise is in this breast of myne?
Was I so stout and venturous in pulling out myne Eyen?
And shall all courage be employd against one onely part
Of Body, and from other partes shall valour wholly start?
Let none of all these puling tricks nor any faint excuse
Thus daunt thy spyrites, let no delay to baseness thee enduce:
Dispatch at once, why lingre I, as one thats loth to dye?
Why liue I? ist because I can no longer mischieues trye?
Yes that I can, wretch though I be: and therfore tel I thee,
Deare Daughter, that the sooner thou mightst hence depart from mee:
Depart a mayd and Virgin hence, for feare of afterclaps:
Since villany to Mother shewde, its good to doubt mishaps.
Anti. No force, no power, no violence, shall make me to withdraw
My duty vnto thee my Syre, to whom I bow myne awe.
I will not be disseuered, ne pulled from thy syde
I will assist thee, whyle that breath shal in this Breast abyde.
My Brothers twayne let them contend, and fight for Princelye swaye
Of wealthy Thebes: where whilom raigned King Labdacke many a day.
The greatest share and portion that I do loke to haue
Out of my Fathers Kingdome, is my Fathers lyfe to saue.
Him neither shall Etheocles my elder brother take
Away from mee, who now by force the Thebane realme doth rake.
Ne Polynices, who as now is wandring men apace
From Argos Land: with ful entent his brother to displace.
No, though ỹ world went all on wheeles: though Ioue should frō aboue
Hurle flashing flakes vpon the Earth, all shall not quayle my loue.
No, though his thumping thunderbolt (when wee together stand)
Should light betweene vs, where as we are plighted hand in hand)
Yet will I never thee forsake, but hold my handfast still:
Therefore its bootelesse father deare, to counter maund my will
In this my full resolued mynd. Forbid me if you please,
But surely I will be your guide in weale, woe, dole, & ease.

And maugre al your sharpe reproses (though much against your mind)
I will direct your steppes and gate, that you your way may fynd:
Through thick & thinne, through rough and smoth I wil be at an ynch
In hill and dale, in wood & groue, Ile serue at eu'ry pinch.
If that you goe where daunger lies, and seeke your owne annoy,
You shall wel proue, that I to leade the daunce wil not be coy.
Aduise your selfe therfore, of twayne to which I guyde shall be:
My count is cast, I am ful bent with you to liue and die.
Without me perish can you not: but with me, wel you may,
It booteth not, in other sort to moue me ought to saye.
Here is an huge Promontory that ethoes into Sea
Let vs from thence throw downe our selues, and worke our last decay,
If that ye wil. Here also is a flinty Rocke beside,
Which if you please shal serue our turnes: Heere beaten with the tyde
Wee craggy Cliffes, let's goe to them: Here runnes a gulphy streame
With force afore it dryuing stones as bigge as mountaine beame.
What say you? shall wee drench our selues within this somy Flood?
Goe where you wil, take which you list, do as you deeme it good.
Conditionally that I may first receyue the wound of death:
I recke no whit, I ready stand to yeld vp vitall breath.
I neyther draw you to nor froe: but euen as best you thinke
So doe, so deale. Would you so fayne Deathes bitter cup to drinke?
My lord and Father, take you death so greate a boone to bee?
If that you dye (this I assure) die first you shall me see.
If life in shew more pleasaunt seme, if so you rather chuse,
I am to wayte vpon you still and neuer wil refuse.
But chaunge this mynde wherein you rest, take hart a grace, and show
The noble magnanimity that earst in you did flow:
Resist these panges, subdue these dumpes by valour of the mynd,
Let manly courage qualify these your affections blynd.
Tis great dishonor thus to yeeld your selfe to dolor thrall,
No storme of aduerse hap thus ought a Princes hart t'appall.
Oedip. This geare surmounteth far the reach of my capacity:
I am astonn'd, I feele my selfe rapt with an extasie,
Is this not wonder of so lewd, and of so curst a tree
Such fruite to grow? of graceles Syre so good a child to see?
Is it not straunge that in a house distayned in villany
Such noble shew of towardnes and vertuous gyftes should lye?
Let me some speach to thee direct, dame Fortune: how hapt this
That here my daughter so vnlike to wretched father is?

Dege-

Degenerating from his steps, and with such vertue fraught,
As in her Fathers cursed house she neuer yet was taught?
Is it (I pray thee) credible, that out of me should spring
Such yssue, as should geuen be to any honest thinge?
No truely, no: it cannot bee (my fates full well I know)
None such, (vnlesse to doe me scath, and mischiefe) would be so.
T'encrease the heape of myne annoy no straunge effect shall want:
Dame Nature in her Creatures wil new affectes implant.
The Ryuer shall returne his course to Fountayne backe againe,
Dan Phœbus Lamp shall bring the Night, and Night shal day remain,
So that my grieuous miseryes with surplusage may grow.
But be as tis: I for a whyle will play my part also,
And shew some sparke of piety, my fault to counteruayle:
With murdrous knife, my woeful dayes to end I wil not fayle.
The onely helpe for Oedipus, the onely safety is
To ridde himselfe, and so redeeme that Hellish fact of his.
Let mee take vengeance on my selfe for wronges to father donne,
Whose Death is yet vnexplate, by mee his cursed sonne.
Why dost thou shake and tremble thus thou hand, not good for ought?
Why staggrest thou to stabbe him in, who Syre to people hath brought?
That punishment which hetherto by pulling out myne eyes
Thou hast inflicted on me, is but as a sacrifice,
Or guerdon due for villany which I committed haue
With mother myne. Now Daughter scant, leaue of pretences braue,
Alledge no glosses: but with speede let goe thy Fathers hand:
Thou mak'st me die a lingring death within this loathed land.
Thou thinkst I am aliue, but I am dead long while agoe:
To this my hateful Corps at length the ryes of Burial show.
Thou meanest well, (I knew) but yet therin thou dost offend:
Though colour for thy piety I see thou dost pretend.
But piety it cannot be, to dragge thus vp and downe
Thy Fathrs Corpes vnburied through City, Field, and Towne.
For hee that doth enforce a man against his will to dye:
And he that slayeth him that would fayne dye, most willingly,
Are both alike in equall fault, and stand in egall plight.
To hinder one that would be dead is murthring him outright.
Yet not so great as thother is. I would be more content
To haue my death commaunded me, then from me to be heue.
Desist from this thy purpose (Mayd) my lyfe and death both are
To dispose at my liberty, with choyse to spill or spare.

I willingly resigne the Crowne of Thebane soyle: yet I
Do still retaine vpon my selfe the entyre Soueraygntye.
If I may make accompt of thee as of a trusty feere,
And true compagnion at allayes: deliuer euen heere
Into thy Fathers hand a Sweard: but tell me, dost thou reach
The Sword embrewd in fathers bloud, wherewith my sonnes empeach
The course of Law, possessing it and kingdome all by force?
Where so it is, doubt is there none, but cleane without remorse
There bee the Floudgates opned wyde, to al licentious lust,
And thriftelesse-trades: I al my clayme therein do rake in dust,
And cleane forsake. Let both my Sonnes by Legacy enioy
The same, wherewith they surely shall contriue no smal annoy.
For mee pyle rather vp a stacke of wood set all on fyre,
That I therein may thrust my selfe: that is my chiefe desyre:
And make an end at once of all this carrion Carkasse vyle.
Where is the surging wauous Sea? why stay I all this whyle?
Bring mee to some steepe breakneckefall: bring me where Ismene flood
With swift and horned course doth runne, bring me wheras my blood.
With goarying push of sauage beastes may out be let at once.
To some Gulfe bring me, where the fall and tide may crush my Bones.
If needes thou wilt my guyde remayne, as oft thou dost me tell)
Bring me that am disposd to dye, where Sphinx that Monster fell
With double shape apposed them that passed by the way,
Vnpounding Riddles intricate, and after did them slay.
There would I bee, that place I seeke: thy Father thyther bring
Into that Monsters Cabin dire thy Monstrous Father fling.
That though that Monster be dispatcht, the place may bee supplyde
With one as badde or worse then hee: there wil I farre and wyde
In tearmes obscure report and tell my heauy luckelesse lot.
The misteries whereof the hearers vnderstandeth not.
Geue eare to that which I shal speake, marke thou Assyrian borne,
Consider this thou Thebane, where Duke Cadmus men were torne
And slayne in wood by Serpentes rage: where Dirce seely trull
In humble sort at Aulter lies: aduert my tale at full
Thou, that in Lacedæmon dwelles, and honorst Castors grace,
And Pollux eake, two brethren twynnes. Fynd out this doubtful case.
Or thou that dwelst in Elis towne or by Parnassus hill,
Or thou that till'st Bœotia ground, there reaping gayne at wil.
Hearke, listen well, and flatly say, if euer heretofore
That murdrous monster Sphinx of Thebes that men in peeces tore,

In all

In all his riddles askt the like, or of so straunge a sort?
Or whether so insolubly his termes he cold report?
The Sonne in Lavv to Graundfather, the Riual of his Syre:
The Brother of his litle Babes: to Brethren, father dire:
The Graundmother at euery byrth to Husband (graceles Elfe)
Brought forth a Sonne or Daughter, vvhich vvas Nephevv to her selfe.
Now say you Syrs, in Ryddle darke, who hath so good insight,
That able is the sense hereof t'vnfold and tell arright?
As for my selfe, although the Sphinx I whylome put to foyle:
Yet myne owne heauy destenie I scarcely can assoyle.
Why dost thou (Daughter) labour loose in vsyng further speech?
To alter this my stony hart why dost thou mee beseech?
I tel thee playne, I fully meane this bloud of myne to spill.
That long with Death hath struggling kept: and thereupon I will
Descend to darke infernall Lake: for this same darknes blynd
Of both myne eyes is nothing such, as fact of myne should fynd.
It were my Bittle to bee in Hell in deepest dungeon fast:
Now that which should long since haue bene, I wil perfourme at last.
I cannot be debard from Death: wilt thou deny me glaue
Or Sword, or knife? wilt thou no toole for mischiefe let me haue?
Wilt thou both watch and ward each way, where daũger lies in wayte?
Shall such a sinful Captife wretch as I, be kept so straite?
Wilt thou not suffer me with Coard to breake my hatefull Necke?
Canst thou kepe mee from poysonous herbes? hast thou them al at becke?
What shall it thee preuayle to take for mee such earnest care?
Death ech where is: and wayes to death in thousand corners are.
Herein hath God good order tane, that euery selfe Foe,
May take away an others life: but Death hee cannot so.
I seeke not anye toole to haue: this desprate mynd of myne
Can vse the seruice of my hand, my threede of lyfe t'vntwine.
Now hand, thy maister at a pinch assist to worke his feate,
Helpe him with all thy power and strength, t'exployt his purpose great.
I perse thee not in this my Corps vnto one place alone:
Alas, each part of me with guilt is plaunch and ouergrowne.
In which soeuer part thou wilt, thy Massacre biginne,
And seeke to bring me to my death which way thou mayst it winne.
In pieces crush this body all, this hart that harbors sinne
Pluck out, out all my entralles pull, proceede, and neuer sinne
To gash and cut my wezand pype. My vaynes asonder scratch,
And make the Bloud come spowting out, or vse that other match,

Which heretofore thou vsed haste: digge where myne eyes earst stood:
And let these woundes gush out apace much mattry filth and blood.
Hale out of mee this loathed soule that is so hard and stout:
And thou deare father Laius stand by and looke about:
Behold where euer that thou standst: I Vmpyre doe the make,
And eyed Iudge of all my plagues that iustly heere I take.
My Fact so lewde, so horrible, so loathsome to bee tolde
I neuer thought with any price or tormentes manifolde
Could haue full expiation: ne thought I it inough
To die this death: or in one part to be beslashed through.
By piecemeale I am well content to suffer tormentes all
And euen by piecemeale for to die: for plagues to plague mee call.
Exact the punishment that's due: I heere most ready stand
To satisfie with any death that law and righte hath scand.
My former smartes, when as mine eyes I raked out with pawes,
Were but as tastes of sacrifice, somewhat to helpe my cause.
Come therefore (Father) neare to mee, and thrust this hand of myne
More nearer into euery wound. It sweru'de and did decline
For feare, when first it tooke th'assay mine eyes to ransacke out.
I beare it still in memory, my eyes then star'de about
And seemed to dissuade the hand from doing of the charge
Whereto it was enioyned tho, and had Commission large.
Thou shalt well thinke that O Edipus dissembleth not a whit
But what his word hath warranted, his deede hath firmely quit.
Thy stoutnes then, was not so great when eyes thou pulledst out
As was thy manhoode, when thou threwst them from thee round about.
Now, by those Eyeholes thrust thy hand into the very braine:
That part where death attempted was, let death be sought againe.
AN. Vndaunted Prince, most noble Syre, with humble mynde I sue
That I your Daughter may be bolde to vse some speech to you:
And that you would with patience digest my poore aduise:
My suite is not to draw your minde to thinges, that earst in price
You highly held, ne to the view of glittring Pallace olde,
Ne brauery of your noble Realme, scarce able to bee tolde:
But that you would these grefull fittes, by tract of time now quailde,
With patient minde sustayne and beare: this vertue neuer faylde
In any Prince of such a spright as in your noble Grece
Appeareth bright: it sitteth not that such should once abase
Themselues as thralles to Sorrowes checke, or once the conquest yeelde
To aduerse hap: or courage loose lyke dastardes in the fielde.

It is

It is no prayse, for, though perhappes you so your reckening cast
To make of lyfe so small accompt, and thus to bee agast
At euery wagging of a leafe, and comberſome myſchaunce:
No, no, tis vertue in ſuch caſe high courage to aduaunce.
And when thinges are at worſt, to ſhew true magnanimitie:
Not lyke a Weytocke, cowardly at eche alarme to flee.
Hee that hath tride all fortunes ſpight and worldly wealth deſpiſde,
And conſtantly hath borne all brunteſ that are to be deuiſde,
Wee thinke no cauſe hath, why he needes to ende his breathing dayes
Or with himſelfe in graue: for why, ſtarcke cowards vſe ſuch wayes.
But as for him, that is drencht in dole and wrapt in carking care,
Whoſe penſiue plight can be no worſe, nor fall of ſowrer fare,
That man hath cauſe well pleaſde to be: ſith hee in ſafety ſtandes,
And pykes hath paſt, and now is free from feare of further bandes.
But caſe the Gods would wraue the webbe of further woe to thee,
What more can any of them doe thy griefes to amplifie?
May, thou thy ſelfe, (although thou wouldſt) canſt adde thereto no more,
Waieſe thou thinke thy ſelfe, to haue deſerued death therefore.
And yet, thou arte not worthy death: my reaſon is, becauſe
Through ignorance thou didſt a fact contrary to the lawes.
And therefore Father thinke your ſelfe moſt guiltleſſe in the caſe,
And (maugre Gods) ſtand on your guarde, my counſell ſound embrace:
For doubtleſſe you an innocent are deem'de and thought to bee,
And are in drede: what makes you thus in dumpes and dolefull glee?
What cauſe ſo great ſhould ſo enchaunt your conſcience, and your wits,
To ſeeke your owne decay and ſpoyle? what meane faint hearted fits?
That thus in haſt you would ſo faine abandon this your lyfe
And goe to hell, where torment dwelles and grilly ghoſtes be ryfe.
You would not ſee Sun, Moone, ne Starre: no more you can: your eyes
Are bipud: you faine would leaue your Court, and Countries miſeries.
Why ſo you may, and ſo you doe. Theſe all are put to ſacke,
That now alyue, aſwell as dead you feele of theſe the lacke.
You flee from Mother, Wife, and Childe, you ſee no man alyue:
What more can death diſpatch away but life doth now deprine?
your lords, your knights, your courtly traine, your kingly ſtate a crowne
Your graund Affaires, your waighty charge is gone & brought adowne.
From whom, frō what, do you thus flee. O Edi. Frō none but frō my ſelfe
Who haue a breaſt full fraught with guilte: who, wretched caitiffe Elfe
Haue all embrude my hands with bloud. From theſe apace I flee
And from the heauens and Gods therein: and from that villante

Which I

Which I moſt wicked wretch haue wrought. Shall I treade on thys
Or am I worthy ſo to doe, in whom ſuch trickes abound? (ground?
Am I to haue the benefite of any Element?
Of Fyre for breath, of water moyſt, or Earth for nouriſhment?
O Slaue forlorne, O beaſtly wretch, O Inceſtmonger vyle,
O Harlet moſt deteſtable, O Payſaunte full of guile.
Why doe I with polluted Fyſt, and bloudy pawes preſume
To touch thy chaſt and comely hand? I foame, I fret, I fume
In hearing any ſpeake to mee. Ought I heare any tell
Or once of Sonne or Father ſpeake, ſyth I did Father quell?
Would God it were within my power my Senſes all to ſtop,
Would God I could theſe Eares of myne, euen by the ſtumps to crop.
If that might bee, then (daughter) I ſhould not haue heard thy voyce.
I, I thy Syre, that thee begot by moſt inceſtuous choiſe.
Begetting of thee, makes my crymes moe then they were before:
Remorſe thereof doth gnaw and gryppe my conſcience more and more.
Oftymes that which myne Eyes not ſee, with Eares that doe I heare,
And of my Facts afore time done the inward wound I beare.
Why is there ſtay made of my doome? Why am I ſpard ſo long?
Why is not this blind head of myne thrown damned ghoſts among?
Why reſt I on the Earth, and not among infernall Spyghtes?
Why peſter I the company of any mortall Wightes?
What myſchiefe is there more behind? to aggrauate my care?
My Kingdome, Parents, Children, Wit and Vertue quayled are
By ſturdy ſtormes of froward Fate: nothing remaynde but teares,
And they bee dryde, and Eyes be gon: my hardned heart forbeares
Such ſignes of grace: leaue of therefore, and make no more adoe:
I minde ſo mated with diſpayre no ſuytes will ſtowpe vnto.
I practize ſome ſtraunge puniſhments agreeing to my deede:
But what proportion can bee found of plagues vnto my meede?
Whoſe Fortune euer was ſo bad? I was no ſooner borne,
But ſeely Infant Judgde I was in peeces to be torne.
My mother in whoſe wombe I lay, forth had not mee yet brought
And yet euen then I feared was: and ſtraight my death was ſought.
Some Babes ſoone after they bee borne, by ſtroke of death depart:
But I poore ſoule, before my byrth adiudged was to dart
Of death: ſome yet in Mothers wombe, ere any light they ſee
Doe taſte the dint of haſty Fate, while Innocents they bee.
Apollo by his Oracle pronounced ſentence dyre
Vpon mee being yet vnborne, that I vnto my Syre

Should

Should beastly parricide commit: and therevpon was I
Condemned straight by Fathers doome. My Feete were by and by
Launcde through, & through with ȳō Pins: hangde was I by ȳ Heeles
Upon a Tree: my swelling plants the print thereof yet feeles:
As pray to Beastes, cast out also, to cramme theyr greedy Jawes
In Mount Cytheron, and to fill the griping Vulturs Mawes.
Such Sauce to tast full lyke was I, as others heeretofore
Descended of the royall Sangue, with smart (perforce) haue bore.
But see the chaunce: I thus condemn'de by Dan Apollos hest
And cast to beasts by Fathers doome, and euery way distrest,
Could finde no death: no death on mee durst seyze his lordly Pawe,
But fled from mee, as though I had not beene within his Lawe.
I verified the Oracle, with wicked hand I kilde
Myne owne deere Father, and vnwares his guiltlesse bloud I spilde.
Shall any satisfaction redeeme so vile an Acte?
May any kinde of Pitty purge such a shamefull fact?
I rested not contented thus. For Father beeing slayne,
I fell in linkes of lawlesse Loue with Mother: Oh what payne
And grudge of minde sustaynde I there? in thinking on the same,
To tell our wicked wedlocke Yoake, I loath, I blush, I shame.
I may not well this geare conceale, Ile tell it: out it shall:
Though to my shame it much redound, it may augment my thrall.
I will display straunge villanies, and them in number many,
Most beastlike parts, most lewde attempts, to bee abhorr'de of any.
So filthy, and so monstruous, that (sure I thinke) no Age
Will them believe to haue bene done: so cruell was my rage,
That euen ech cutthroate Parricide thereat may be ashamde
To heare it nam'de: and with disdaine straight wayes will be enflamde.
My handes in Fathers bloud embrude to Fathers Bed I brought.
And haue with Mother myne, his Wife, incestuous practyse sought.
To myschiefe adding mischiefe more: I wis my fault to Stre,
Is slender in comparison: my graceless fond desire
Could not bee staide, till solemnely the mariage Knot was knit
Twixt mee and Mother myne, alas for want of grace and wit.
How plungde am I in myschiefe still? how is the measure full
Of horrours vile, which doe my minde and heart asunder pull?
And least the heape of these my woes might seeme to bee too skant,
My Mother (she my Wyfe that is) yong issue doth not want.
Can any crime in all the World more haynous be surmisde?
If any may: by wicked Impes the same I haue deuisde.

My Realme

My Realme and Crowne I haue resignde, which I receiued as hyre
For murdring most vnnaturally the king, my Lord, and Syre,
Which Crowne now since, twixt both my sonnes hath kindled mortall war.
And all the countrey by the ears remains at deadly iarre.
I know ful wel what destenies to this same Crowne belonges.
None without Blood the same shall weare, and most accursed wrongs.
This mynd of myne (who Father am) pre sageth many ills:
And gloomy dayes of slaughter dyre: the plot that murther willes,
Already is contriu'd and cast: all truth of word and deede
Is quight exild, al promise broke of pactes afore decreed.
Etheocles, thone of my sonnes who now in princely throne
Beares all the sway, meanes stil to keepe the Diademe alone.
Poore Polynices th'other sonne, thus beyng dispossest,
And kept by force from Kingly rule his humble sute addrest
Unto the Gods this wrong to wreake, this breach of league and oth:
T'auenge and plague: he Argos soyle and Greekish Cittyes both
Perswades t'assist him in this warre, this quarel to maintayne:
That he in Thebes (as promise was) might haue his turne to raygne.
The ruyne that to wearied Thebes shall greeuously befall
And bring the pompous state therof adowne, shal not be small.
Fire, sword, glaue, woũds, & thwacking thũps, shal light vnto their share,
And that ere long: and mischiefes worse (if any worse there are)
And this shall hap, that all the worlde may know it is the race
And ysſue of a cursed Syre that darraygnes such a case.
An. Though other causes none there were to moue you (sir) to liue,
Yet is this one sufficient, that you by awe may dryue
Your sonnes my Brethren iarring thus to vnity and peace:
For you their Father only may theyr furies cause to cease.
You and none els may turne away the occasions of this warre:
These braincke youthes from further rage you onely may debarre.
By this your meanes the countrey shall their quiet peace enioy
And Brethren ioyntly reconcild shal worke no more annoy.
If you therefore this mortall life thus to your selfe beny:
You many thousandes shal vndoe, whose states on you relye.
Oed. What? canst thou make me to beleue, that any sparke of grace
Or loue to Syre, or honestie in them hath any place,
Which thirst for one an others bloud, which after kingdomes gape,
Whose whole delight is villany, warre, murther, guile and rape?
Such hatefull impes on mischiefe set, such wicked Termagaũtes,
As to be sonnes of such a Syre with shame may make their vauntes.

At

If one bare woord to tel thee all: thy brethren two are bent
Vppon all mischiefe, wayghing not what lossenes they frequent.
When flingbrayne rage ensots their heades, they care not they a rush
Vpon what Deuelish vile attemptes they geue the desprat push.
And as they are conceau'd and borne in most abhorred sort,
So still deuoyde of Grace they thincke all villany but sport.
Their Fathers shame and wretched state moues them no whit at all,
To Countrey they no reckning make what massacre befall.
Their myndes are rauisht with desyre ambitiously to raygne.
I know their driftes, and what they hope at length by shiftes to gayne.
And therfore sith the case so standes I leyser had to die
With poasting speede whyle in my house there is none worse then I.
Alas, deare Daughter what adoe dost thou about me make?
Why liest thou prostrate at my knees? why do'st thou trauaile take,
To conquere my resolued mynd with this thy spiced phraze
Of fayre entreatie? these thy woordes my flynty hart amaze.
Dame Fortune hath none other bayte to bryng me to her lure
Then this alone: til now I still vnvanquisht did endure.
No Creatures woords but thyne alone could pearce this hart of myne,
Ne from a purpose resolute my setled mynd vntwyne.
Thou conquere canst thaffections fond that in my breast do boyle,
Thou teachest grace to fathers house, and zeale to native soyle.
Each thing to me delightful is which iumpeth with thy wil:
Commaund me (Daughter) I thy hestes am ready to fulfill.
Old Oedipus if thou entoyne, wil passe th'Ægæan Sea:
And flashing flakes of Aetna Mount, with mouth he dare assay.
He boldly dare obiect himselfe to raumping Dragons claw
Which rag'd, & swelland venime spit apace, when as he saw
Dan Hercules away to steale his golden Apples all
In Gardens of Hesperides. At thy commaund, he shall
His Eatrails offer vnto tobbe of greedy Vulturs Byll:
At thy commaund, content he is in life to linger still.

THE

THE SECONDE ACTE.

Nuntius. OEdipus.
Antigone. Iocasta.

REnowmed Prynce, of royall Race
and Noble lygne yspronge:
The Thebans dreading much the dryfe
of this your childrens thronge,
And warlicke garboyle now in hand,
most humbly pray your Grace
For Countreys safety, downe to set some ozder in the case.
They bee not threates and menaces that thus their mindes affright:
The mischiefe is more nerre then so: the Enmy is in sight.
For Polynices he that is your younger sonne of twayne,
Doth clayme the crowne, and in his turne in Thebes requires to reigne.
Accoyding vnto conenaunts made: which quarrell to decide
Hee purposeth the dent of sword, and marriall force t'abide.
With him he brings a mighty Troupe from eu'ry part of Greece,
Sir, seuen Dukes, besieging Thebes are minded it to fleese.
Helpe noble King, els are wee like to perishe man and chylde,
These bloudy broyles of ciuill warre from vs protect and shyelde.
O Edi. Am I one like to stop the rage of any wicked act?
Am I one like to cause these Youthes to leaue their bloudy fact?
Am I a maister like to teach what lawes of loue do meane?
Should I not then from former guise digresse in nature cleane?
They treade their Fathers steps aright, they play my lawlesse prankes:
Like Syre, like Sonnes, like Tree, like fruite: I con thē harty thankes:
By this I know them for my Sonnes, and praise their towardnesse:
I would they should by peeuish parles, whose Sonnes they be, expresse.
Shew forth you noble Gallant: pages, what mettel minds you beare,
Shewforth by deedes your valor great, let lofty spyghts appeare.
Surmount and dimme my praises all, Eclypse my glory quight:
Attempt some enterprise in which your Syre may haue delight
To haue till now remayned in litherto I haue no doubt:
For well I know your prowesse is straunge feates to bring about.
Your byrth and lygne from whence you sprange, assures me of no lesse
Such noble Bloudes must needes atchiue some doughty worthinesse.

Your

Your Weapons and Artillery for warre bring out with speede,
Consume with flame your native Soyle, and desolation breede
In euery house within the Land: a hurly burly make
Confusedly of euery thinge. Make all the Realme to quake,
And in exile theyr dayes let end: make leuell with the ground
Eche fenced Fort and walled Towne: Th' Gods and all confound,
And throw their Temples on their heads: Their Images deface,
And melt them all: turne vpsidowne eche house in euery place.
Burne, spoyle, make hauocke, leaue no iote of City free from fyre,
And let the flame begin his rage within my Chamber dyre.
AN. Syr, banish these vnparent panges, let plagues of Cõmon wealth
Entreate your Grace, sith vpon you layth all their hope and health.
Procure your sonnes to reconcile themselues, as brothers ought,
Establishe peace betwene them both, let meanes of loue be sought.
OEd. Oh daughter, see and well beholde howe I to peace am bent?
And how to end these garboyles all I seeme full well content?
My minde (I tell thee) swelles with yre: within my entralles boyles
Abundaunt floare of Choller fell: such restlesse rage turmoyles
My inward Soule, that I must yet some greater matter brew:
Which may the Realme enwrap in bale, and cause them all to rue.
That which my rashe and heady sonnes haue hitherto begon
Is nothing in respect of that which must by me be don.
This ciuill warre is nothing like to that which I deuise:
These trifling broyles for such a Sea of harmes cannot suffice.
Let brother cut the brothers throate with murthrous knife in hand:
Yet is not this enough to purge the mischiefes of this land.
Some haynous Fact, vnheard of yet, some detestable deede
Shall practised bee: as is to me, and myne by Fates decreed.
Such custome haunts our cursed race: such gulfe our house hath caught:
My vile incestuous Bed requires, such pageantes to be wrought.
To me your Father Weapons reach, my selfe heere let me throwde
In couert of these queachy woodes: and let me be attirde
To lurke behinde this Craggy Rocke, or els my selfe to hyde
On backside of some thicket hedge: where lying vnespide,
I hearken may what marketfolkes in passing to and froe
Do talke: and what the countrey Clownes speake, as by way they goe.
There (sith with eyes, I cannot see) with eares yet may I heare
How cruelly my Sonnes by warre do one the other teare.
IOC. A fortunate and happy Dame Agaue may be thought,
Who (though with bloudy hands) her sonne to fatall death she brought,
And from the shoulders chopt his head, and bore the same about
In bloudy hand, at Bacchus feast with hall th'inspired rout

Of sacrificers, quartering poore Penheus mangled lymmes:
Though this her cruell facte, somewhat her commendation dymmes:
Yet euen in these her phrantick fits shee stayde her selfe in time
From further harme, not adding more to aggrauate her crime.
My guilt were light, if I had not some others guilty made:
And yet is this but matter light: I tooke a viler trade.
For, Mother I am vnto those that in all vice excell,
And who in most abhorred sinnes condignely beare the bell.
To all my woes and myseries there wanted onely this,
That I should loue my Countreyes foe, who Polynices is.
Three snowy Wynters passed are, and Sommers three be gone,
Synce he an exilde wretch abroade hath lead his lyfe in moane:
And sought his bread among the fremmd: till now compell'de perforce
Hee craues relieke of Greekish Kings, on him to haue remorse.
Hee married hath the Daughter of Adrastus, who at becke
Rules Argiue people, swaying them with awe of Princely checke:
And he t'aduaunce his sonne in law to his most lawfull right
Hath with him brought from seuen Realmes a warlike Crue to fight.
What doome I should in this case geue, which syde I wish to winne,
I cannot tell: my minde amazde, yet doubtfull rests therein.
Th'one of my Sonnes (as right it is) requyres the Crowne as due:
I knowe it so accorded was: his cause is good and true.
But in such sort, by force of Armes to redemaunde the same,
Is ill and most vnnaturall, herein he is to blame.
What shall I doe, what may I say? I mother am to both:
And thus my Sonnes at deadly fewde to see I am full loth.
Without the breach of mother zeale I can no way deuise:
For what good hap I wishe to th'one, thence th'others harme doth rise.
But though I loue them both alyke, yet sure my heart enclynes
To him that hath the better cause: though wronged thus, he pynes:
As one by frowning fortune thrilde from piller vnto post:
His Credite, Countrey, friendes, and wealth, and treasure being lost.
The weaker syde I will support, and further al I can,
Most mercy alwayes should be shewde vnto th'oppressed man.
NV. While (Madame) you waymēting here your heauy plaints declare
And waste the time, my Lords your Sonnes in raunged battayle are:
Eche Captains bright in Armour standes, the Trumpet sounds amain,
And Standard is aduanc'de, amid the throngе of eyther traine.
In marshall ray full prest to fight stand seuen worthy Kynges:
And eche of them a warlicke troupe of valiaunt Souldiers bringes.

With

With courage not behynd the best, the Thebanes marche apace:
And like right pu̇rpes of Cadmus brood, do flash at Enmies face.
The Souldiers force and willingnes on eyther side to fyght,
Appeares: in that they nothing lesse pretend them shameful flight.
See how their trampling to and froe, the dust to Skies doth reare,
And what a Cloud of Smoke in Campe the horses make t'appeare.
And if my feare dismay me not: It all be true I see:
Me thinkes I view their glittering glaues begoard with bloud to bee.
Me thinkes I see the Howard thrill and shake their Pikes in hand:
Me thinkes I see the Gydons gay, and Streamers where they stand:
Wherein is wrought by curious skill, in Letters all of Gold
The Scotchion, Poesie, Name and Armes of euery captayne bold.
Make hast, be gone, dispatch, (Madame) Cause Brethren to agree:
Betwyxt them stay this quarell, least a slaughter great ye see.
So shall you to your Children loue, to each syde peace restoare:
The mothers mediation may heale vp all the Soare.

THE THIRDE ACTE.

Antigone. Iocasta. Nuntius.

POast, poast, be gone, and trudge for life:
Queene mother make no stay:
That twixt my Brothers, perfect league
and truce continue may.
You that be Mother to them both,
vse your auctority:
Out of their handes their weapons wrest,
and make them warres defye.
Your bared Breastes which once they suckt,
hold out amid their Swordes:
Beare of the brunt of all their blowes, or end this warre with wordes.
Ioc Thy talke I like, I wil be gone: Ile goe with might and mayne:
This head of myne I ieopard will, betwene them to be slayne.
In thickest throngе of all the Troupes I purpold am to stand,
And try what grace, or curtesy remaynes in eyther Bande.
If Brothers beare malicious myndes each other to subdue,
Let them first onset geue on mee, and me to death pursue.

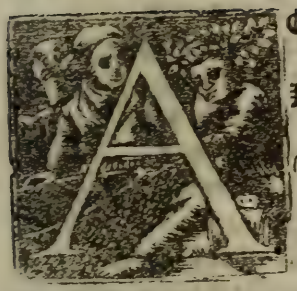
If eyther of them be endude with any sparke of grace,
Or Natures lawes or Filiall awe doth any whit embrace,
Let him at mothers suite lay downe his Pikes and glaues of warre,
And weapons of hostility let him abandon farre.
And he that cancard stomacke beares his Brother there to quell,
Forgetting Nature, let him first with me his Mother mell.
These headdy youthes from further rage I feely Trot will staye:
I wittingly will not behold such mischiefe carry sway.
Or if I liue to see the same, it shal not bee alone.
Ant. The Standardes are displayd in field, the Ennemyes are pyone
To fall to fight: the clashing noyse of weapons heare you may.
Much murther, death, and dreadfull dole, cannot be far away.
Their stony hartes goe mollify, with sugred termes perswade
Their wilful myndes O Queene, before they furiously inuade
The one the other: ponder see how they in armour bright
Bestirre themselues from place to place: (O dire and dismall sight,)
My trickling teares, my blubbring Eyes, may put you out of doubt
That all is true which I haue sayd: looke, looke, how al the route
Of eyther part doth slowly march as loth (belike) to trye
By dent of Sword so straunge a case: But both my brothers hie
Apace, to grapple force to force, and togne with handy blowes:
This day wil breede the bitter smart of euer during woes. (ayre?
Ioc. What whirlewynd swift might I procure to beare me through the
What monstruous flying Sphinx wil helpe, that I were quickly there?
Of all the Byrdes Stimphalides (with winges so huge and large
That Phœbus rayes they shadowed quight) wil any take the charge
To carry mee to yonder place? what rauenous Harpye Burd
With vgly talantes all with filth, and dirty dung defurde,
(Which hungrestarud King Phineus, that had put out the Eyes
Of children his) wil at this pinch a meane for me deuyse,
That I aloft may hoysed bee, and with al spede be set,
Where yonder cruel armies two in open field be met?
Nunt. Shee runnes apace, like one of wit and senses all distract:
No Arrow swifter out of Bow: no Ship with Sayle ful thwacke
With wynd at will more way can make: with motion such she flyes
As glyding Star whose leames do drawe a Furrow longe in Skyes.
As much agast she trottes apace: and now in Campe she standes:
Her presence and arriuall there hath parted both the Bandes.
At mothers great entreaty made, the bloudy broyle is husht:
And where before with goring Glaue the one at tother pusht,
With ful entent to kill and slay, appeas'd is now their eye

And

And they well pleasd to bend to peace, as she doth them require.
The Sword agayne in sheath is put, that lately out was drawne
To pash out Braynes of Brothers Scull: she ceasseth not to fawne
Upon them both, their strife to stint: her gray and hoary hayres,
Her Snow whyte lockes with teares besprent in ruthful sort she teares.
She Mother like seekes how to linke their hartes in one assent,
With brynish teares she wettes the cheekes of him thats malcontent.
That Child that staggryng longe doth stand, with mother to dispute,
May seeme unwilling mynd to beare to yeeld to Mothers sute.

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

Iocasta. Polynices.



Cayntle mee onely turne the feare
of wreckful Sword and Fyre:
Let all the Youthes with one accord
repay to me that hyre,
That earnde I haue by due deserte:
let both the gallant Band
Of them that come from Argos soyle,
and them of Thebane Land
Come runne upon me all at once: let neither freend ne foe
Refrayne a whit his bloudy blade at this my wombe to throw.
This wombe, this wombe, wherein I bare these wilful Brethren here
Begot by hym that was my sonne, and eke my wedded fere.
Dismembre this my Body vyle: cast all my lymmes abrode:
I am their mother: child wyfe throwes for them I once abode.
You two, my sonnes, needs I to speake, to wil you leave your yre?
Ist not your partes, in such a case t'accomplish my desyre?
Wil you not plight the faythful league of true and perfect loue?
Wil you not joyntly quarels all at Mothers sute remoue?
Is that this shalbe as I request, come, gene me both your handes
Whyle yet they undystayned be, and cleane from murther standes.
What cryme you heretofore haue done, agaynst your wil it was.
And all that spot which staynes your fame, by Fortune came to passe.

This haynous Act, this frantick coyle you can no wise excuse
But wittingly and willingly found counsell yee refuse.
It resteth free within your choyse: of these take which yee list:
If peace delight yor mothers sake this brabling broyle untwist.
If such a lewde outrage as this more pleasaunt seeme to bee:
Behold, the same and greater too yee may commit on mee.
Who beeing mother, heere oppose my selfe betwene you twayne:
Ere you do one an other kill, I needes must first be slayne.
Take either therefore quight away this straunge ungodly iarre.
Or if you will not: mee dispatch, who slay your wished warre?
Alas in this my pensiue plight to whom should I dyrect
My piteous plaint, and earnest sute? to whom might I detect
Myne inward griefe and throbbed heart? which of them were I best
T'encounter first and fast embrace, to breede my surest rest?
I loue them both euen equally, affection like I beare
To either party: mother fond and parciall els I weare.
The one of them these three yeares space hath liu'de in banishment.
But if all couenaunts may be kept, as at the first was ment,
The other now as turne doth fall, must trudge an other while,
And learne to know what tis to liue so long in like exile.
Woe worth this hapless heauy hap: shall I not liue the day,
To see my sonnes together once in one selfe place to stay?
Shall neuer I behold them both to better concord bent?
Is all affection naturall within them both so spent?
Then, Polynices, come thou first, embrace thy Mother deare?
Thou that hast trauaild many a myle, and languisht many a yeare.
That many a stormie abidden haste, and many a brunt sustainde,
And wearied long with sharpe exile, from Mothers sight bene wainde:
Come vnto mee, and neerer stand, put vp thy Sword againe
Into thy sheath: thy shyuering Speare (that out of hand so faine
Would be discharged at Brothers throate) within this ground sticke fast.
This Shielde of thine lay also downe. It makes mee sore agast.
It is so bigge, it will not let this louing breast of myne
To ioyne and debonairely meete with that sweete heart of thine:
Take of thy helmet from thine head, the Thonge thereof vnty,
That I thy Visage may behold, and all thy face descry.
Why dost thou backward turne thy head? and glaunces still thine Eye,
And takest keepe of brothers hand for feare of villany?
Thy body all with these myne Armes I will defend and hyde:
If hee attempt thy bloud to spill, his murthrous blade shall glyde

First through

First through these tender sydes of myne: why standst thou so amazd?
Dost thou distrust thy Mothers loue? thinkst thou her kindnes razd?
Poly. I feare in deede, distrusting sore, Syre, Damme & all my kinne:
And thinke that truthles treachery in harres of all hath bin.
Dame Natures lawes are flung at hecie, and naught esteemed be:
No fayth in kinred planted is, ne true syncerity.
Synce I by proofe haue seene and felt what hurly burly growes
Betwixt vs Brethren: and from thence what Sea of mischiefe flowes:
I may suspect no faster fayth in Mother to remayne:
Its not vnlike, but thee likewyse will prankes as bad maintaine.
Ioc. Thy sword in hand fast clasped keepe: On heade thy Basnet tye:
On Left Arme holde thy Target sure, and on thy Gard relye.
At all poyntes armd prepared stand: all future doubtes preuent:
Be sure to see thy Brother first t'vnarme himselfe content.
And now to thee Etheocles some speech I am to vse:
Thou first wast cause of all this warre, doe not therfore refuse
Downe first to lay thy brawling Blade, and yeld to Reasons lore:
If name of peace so hateful be, if that thou any more
Entendst this warre to prosecute, in this so sauage sort,
Let mother yet this curtesy from thee (her sonne) extort
That some small tyme of trusty truce thou wilt with willing mynd
Consent vnto: til I my Sonne thy Brother most vnkind
May after flight goe kisse and col, now first or last of all.
Whyle I for peace entreaty make, you men vnarmd I call
To listen vnto that I say: thy Brother feareth thee:
And thou fearst him: and I feare both. But this my feare you see
Is nothing for my selfe at all, but for th'auayle of both.
Why seemest thou thy naked sword to put in sheath so loth?
Be glad to take the benefyte of any little stay:
In matters lewde tis wysedome good to stand vpon delay.
You enter into such a warre, wherein he speedeth best
That vanquisht is: both of you feare to be by fraud distrest
Through practisd meanes and subtil plots of Brothers spitefull dyke,
Or ouerreacht by pollicy of some deuysed shift.
But if deceiue or be decepu'd by him that is our Frend
Wee needes must be: in such a case wee shall the lesse offend
In suffring wrong then doyng harme: But feare thou not a whit,
You both from ambusht treacheryes your Mother will acquit.
What say you Sonnes: shall this request of myne with you preuayle
Or shall I curse my luckelesse fate, and on my Fortune raple;

And iudge your Sire an happy man, in that he liueth blinde
And cannot see the thing which I beholde with pensiue minde?
In comming vnto you, did I bring with mee this intent,
To ende these broyles? or did I come to see some dyre euent?
Etheocles, somewhat appeasde, hath pitcht his Speare in ground,
And not a weapon blood to sheed, in hand of his is found.
Now Polynices, vnto thee my former suite I bring,
Regard thy Mothers mournefull plight, and yeelde vnto the thing
That shee with teares entreates to haue. O Sonne, at length I see,
I hold with hands, I kisse with mouth, I touch with toyfull glee
This Face of thyne, the sight whereof I wanted haue so longe:
And haue more often wished for, then can bee tolde with tonge.
Thou hast from native Soyle bene chasde to Coaste of forraigne King,
And crossed bene with frouncing force of frowning Fortunes sting.
Thou many a Stourme, and many a brunt in many a foming Sea,
In Wandring sort and banisht guise, didst oftentimes assay.
Thy Mother at thy Spousall feast was absent farre away,
And could not doe such nuptiall Rytes as fell for such a day.
Into thy wedding Chamber shee brought thee, ne yet thy Bryde,
Ne yet in solemne sorte the house with herbes and odours pride:
Ne yet did with a Ryband white the wedding Torches tye,
As vse and custome willes to bee at such solempnitie.
Adrastus, Father to thy Wife, and father in lawe to thee,
With Daughter his, hath not defraide much store of golde or Fee.
No Dower hath he bestowde on her, her wealth was very small,
Of Cities, Landes, and Reuenewes hee gaue her none at all.
Warre, Warre, is it thou onely hadst, by taking her to Wyfe:
In lew of other gyfts, hee helpes to kindle all this Stryfe.
Thou Sonne in lawe arte vnto him, that is our Countreyes Foe:
Thy Native soyle thou leauest, and to forraigne Courts dost goe.
Thou feedest now at Straungers boarde, and makest more accoumpt
Of new acquaintaunce got abroade: as though it did surmount
The friendship of thy countrey heere: thou art a banisht wight,
And liu'st in exile, for no fault, but through thy brothers spight.
In thee appeares resemblaunce playne of all thy Fathers Fate,
In which there lacketh not so much as choyse of wedded Mate.
Whom with as ill mischaunce and hap as euer Fathers was,
Thou haste in luckleese houre and time of mariage brought to passe.
O Sonne, thy mothers onely hope, for whom such care I take:
Whose sight, now after many yeares, doth mee most toyfull make.

For whom

For whom I haue full many a time to Gods deuoutly praide:
Whereas in deede, thy new retourne to mee, may well bee saide
To take away as great a ioye, and bring as great a griefe,
As it to these myne aged yeares is comfort and reliefe.
I prostrate at the Oracle, besought Apollos Grace
To tell mee, when I should not needs to further feare thy case.
Who flowting this my fond demaund, anone did flatly tell,
And spake these words, which yet (I trow) I doe remember well.
Thou fearst thy son, least harme he take, as is a mothers guise:
But thou I say more cause shalt haue, to feare him otherwise.
For if this warre vnraisde had bene I should thy presence lacke:
And if thou wert not, Thebane Land might free remayne from Sacke.
The sight of the doth cost vs all a hard and nipping price,
Yet doth it like thy mother well: so that her sound aduice
In this one thing thou follow will. Dispatch these Armies hence:
Euen presently, whyle yet of bloud there hath not bene expence.
So foule a Fact to bee so neere, is hainous out of doubt:
I shake, I quake to thinke thereon, in euery Ioynt throughout.
Myn hayre stands vpright euen for feare, two brethren thus to see
Alooke, and ready one to chop at th'other, cruelly.
How neere was I (poore Mother theirs, a bloudier act t'haue seene.)
Then father blind yet euer saw, or euer yet would weene?
And though my feare be ouerpast, and th'act vnbrought to passe:
Myn selfe yet doe I wretched thincke, that done so neere it was.
By all the throwes for tenne months space, in wombe whē I thee bare,
And for thy Sisters sake both twaine, which shine in vertue rare:
And by those Eyeholes of thy Syre, for which with wrekefull Pawe
Hee pulld his Eyes, because (vnwares) hee stained Natures lawe,
I thee beseech from Thebane Walles send backe these armed Bandes,
Which threatning all our throates to cut, against our Countrey standes:
Yea though you presently depart: yet are you much to blame,
And there is due vnto you both, a blot of during shame:
Because this Countrey round about hath proffred bene with powre,
And troupes of Souldiours stout and braue, it ready to deuowre.
Wyth pensiue hearts & mourning minds, these Eyes of ours haue seene
Your prauncing coursers w̄ their Feete, spoile Theban Medowes greene.
Wee oft haue seene your hault Peeres in warlike Chariot ride:
And oft our houses to haue brunt with wildfier haue bene spide.
And last of all. An act wee sawe (which euen to Thebes is straung.)
Two Brethren warring mortally, all Natures bondes to chaung.

Ech one in th'Army saw̃e this sight, the people withelle bee.
Your Systers two, and Mother I this all did plainly see.
Your Father, hee may thanke himselfe: that he did not behold
Chis lamentable spectacle and hauockes manifold.
Call now to thy remembraunce heere, thy Father OEdipus,
Whose doome, did Facts (by errour done) euen plague, & punishe thus.
With Fyre, & swoord subuert not cleane (good Sonne) thy cõtrey deare,
And Thebes (whereof thou wouldst be king) surcease with force to teare.
What Bedlem pang enchaunts thy mind? what might thy meaning bee?
Thou claymst a Realme, which to subuert thou geeuest licence free.
In seeking thus a countryes rule: a countrey thou destroyest:
Which thou thine own would make, thou marr'st, & (as twere none) an-
Heereby thou hindrest much thy selfe, in ỹ thou makest spoyle, (noyest.
And burnest vp both Corne and Grasse, and keep'st a shamefull coyle,
In chasing men out of their homes: (O desprate witlesse parte)
What man alue, to waste his owne, can thus find in his harte?
These thinges that thou cõmaundest thus by rage of swoord & flame
To bee consum'de: an other man thou thinkst doth owe the same.
If thus for princely Chayre you twayne by th'Eares your title try:
The state of Realme and Commonwealth will totter soone awry.
Seeke it, while yet your Countrey standes vnblemicht by decay:
It so t'enioy, and so to raigne, I coumpt the better way.
Ah, canst thou finde in heart to burne, and spoyle these houses braue?
The lyke whereof in all the worlde besides, thou canst not haue:
Canst thou destroy and ruinate the noble Thebane wall,
To whose first building stones apace at Dan Amphions call
Came daunting of their owne accord, through tunes of warbling harpe:
And coucht themselues in order right vpon the Turrets sharpe,
Without all helpe of worckmans hand, or Pully vp to draw
Such pieces as most waighty were? Wilt thou by lawlesse law
Throw downe these worthy Monuments? wilt thou from hence conuay
And carry with thee all these spoyles? wilt thou such pageaunts play?
Thy Fathers old acquainted mates, wilt thou by force surprize
And leade as captiue where thou goest in proude triumphing wise?
Shall these thy cutthroate Souldiors dragge and hale the mothers old?
Shal they, graũd Matrons tied in chaines, frõ husbands armes vnfold?
Shall Thebane Maydes, & Damselles chaste of freshe and lusty Age,
Bee mingled with the raskal rout, and hamperd bee in Cage?
Shall they as presents, forced bee in dabbling dirt to toyle
Vnto the mynding Mistresses, and Trulles of Argos Soyle?

Shall I

Shall I thy seely Mother trudge with Pinyond hands behinde?
Shall I this triumph of my Child to furnish bee assignde?
Canst thou with grudgelesse minde, behold thy Countreyfolkes arow,
Slayne, mangled, spoyde, in peeces hewen, thus to their deathes to goe?
Canst thou bring in a deadly Foe, thy Countrey to subdue?
Shall streates of Thebes runne all with blood? shall all ỹ Coũtrey rue
Thy comming home with flame and fyre? hast thou an heart so hard?
A breast so tipt with flint? a mynde to rage so well preparde?
If thus thou fare, and swell with yre whiles yet thou art no King:
What wilt thou bee in Princely throne, if thou shouldst win the King?
Surceasse therefore and qualifie this outrage of thy mynde:
In thee let all thy Countrey, grace and Princely myldnes finde.
POL. Would you me haue, my selfe so much to loyall duties yeeld,
As that I should a Pylgrims like like wandring Beast in field
Skud vp and downe from place to place, without both house & home,
And fleeting native soyle, bee forst in forreigne Landes to roame?
What other plagues, could you award in iustice vnto mee,
If I my fayth or sacred Oath had broken captifly?
Shall I beare all the punishment for that vile villains guile?
And shall hee false deceiptfull wretch at my misfortunes smyle?
Shall hee in wealth still flaunt it out, and keepe this iolly coyle?
Shall hee for sinnes rewarded bee? and I still put to foyle?
Well, well, goe to, bee as bee may: you bid mee wander hence:
I am content: your hard decree t'obay is my pretence.
But tell mee whyther shall I goe? Assigne mee to some place:
Belike, you would that brother myne should still with shameless face
Possesse my stately Pallaces, and reuell in his ruffe,
And I thereat to holde my peace, and not a whit to snuffe,
But like a Countrey Nome to dwell in some poore thatched Cot:
Allow mee poore Exyle such one: I rest content, God wot.
You know, such Noddyes as I am, are woont to make exchaung
Of Kingdomes, for poore thatched Cots, bee like this is not straung.
Yea more: I, matcht now to a Wyfe of noble ligne and race
Shall like a seely Dottipoll liue there in seruile case,
At becke and checke of queenely Wyfe, and like a kitchin drudge
Shall at Adrastus lordly heeles, (my Wyues owne Father) trudge.
From Princely Port to tumble downe into poore serutle state,
Is greatest griefe that may betyde by doome of frouncing fate.
IOC. If that thou gape so greedely a Kingly Crowne to weare:
And that thou canst not rest content, till thou a Scepter beare:

Beholde

Behold ech quarter of the world affoordeth Kingdomes store:
No doubt thou mayst winne some of them, if that thou seke therfore.
On one syde here, lies Tmolus mount, a soyle bethwact with Vines:
There runnes Pactolus noble streame with golden Sand and mynes.
On that syde crookt Męander glydes through midst of Phrygia fieldes:
On this syde Hebrus swift of course much fruict to Thracia yeldes.
Here thereunto lieg Gargarus, renoumd each where for Corne,
And Troian Xanthus swelling floud, that pricke and price hath borne.
There Sestos and Abidus stand in mouth of Ionian Sea,
Which now is called Hellespont: and here an other waye
Are countreys, which more Eastward lye. There Lycia full of Creekes
And Hauens strong is situate: these kingdomes, he that seekes,
Is like to winne: these would I haue thee conquere with thy Sword:
These, these to winne let King Adrast to thee his ayd afforde.
In some of these, let him thee make a King: in Thebes as yit,
Suppose thy father Oedipus in seat of King to sit.
Thy banishment much better is to thee, then this returne,
Sith all thy drift is cruelly to wast, to spoile, and burne.
Thy banishment reputed is to grow through others crime:
This thy returne, in such a sort to Kingly state to clyme,
Is ill and faulty euery way: with this thy warlicke crue
Thou shalt do better Realms to seeke, where bloudy guilt ne grue.
Yea, this thy Brother, whom thou dost pursue with deadly hate
Whose life, whose health, whose house thou dost with curses dire rahate:
Will ayde thee with all powre he canne: himselfe will also goe
And serue in field for thyne auayle, gaynst him that is thy foe.
Auaunce thy powre, march boldly forth to take this warre in hand:
Wherein thy parentes wish thee good, and wil thy helpers stand.
A Kingdome got mischieuously, and snatcht with grudge of mynd,
More greeuous is then exiles al, of what soeuer kind.
Of warre, the doubtful hazardes all set downe before thy sight,
And throughly waigh thuncertayne chaūce, that longes to martial fight.
Though al the power of Grece thou bring thy quarel to maynteyne,
And though great armed multitudes of Souldiours thou returne:
Yet chaunce of warre stil doubtful hanges, and hard it is to know,
Who carry shal the victory, thou or thy vowed foe.
Mars to no party tyed is: what he decrees, shal be,
As chaunce allots, so falles it out: this Dome abydeth free.
Sword, hope and feare makes equall those, betweene whom otherwyse
Great odds there is: blynd Fortunes lot the case betweene them tryes.

Thy

Thy rash attempt with cryme begonne, gropes after doubtful gayne:
And fond deuyses enterpris'd oft reape deserued payne.
Admit that all the Gods in heauen did further thy requeſt,
And to promote thy boat deſyre both willing were, and preſt:
Yet al thy frendes are fled away, and al recoyled backe,
And Souldiours here and there in Fieldes are come to deadly wracke.
Although thou toy hereat receyue, although the ſpoyles thou take
Of vanquiſht Brother, yet the palme of victory muſt ſlake,
And not to thee be geuen whole. What kind of warre (alas)
Is this, thinkſt thou? is not more ſtraunge then euer any was?
Wherin if he that victor is, toy therein any whyt,
Moſt execrable wickednes he (doubtles) doth commit.
This Brother thyne, whō now ſo faine thou wouldſt bereaue of breath,
I wis, if he were once diſpatcht, thou wouldſt bewale his death.
And therfore make no more adoe, but ceaſſe from wicked bral,
Ridde countrey out of trembling feare, and parentes dole foreſtal.
Poly. What, ſhal my Brother for this vyle and ſhamefull breach of pacte
Go ſcotfree thus? ſhal he receyue no guerdon for his facte?
Ioc. Feare not my Sonne, he ſhall be payd, and payd agayne, I trow:
He ſhalbe King and raygne in Thebes, his payne ſhal euen be ſo.
A payne in grayne I warrant him. And if thou doubtful be,
Let Graundſyre Laius and thy Syre examples be to thee.
Sir Cadmus wil the ſame diſplay, and Cadmus offſpring all
Can witnes be that none in Thebes yet raygnd without a fall.
None yet the Theban Scepter ſwayd, that hath not felt the whippe.
And promiſe breach made moſt of them from regall Crowne to ſkippe.
Now if thou wilte, thou mayſt inſert within this bedroll heere
Thy Brother. POLY. Mary, that I wil, in ſhame hath he no peere.
And vnto mee it ſeemes a world of bliſſe to bee a king
And dye with Kings. IOC. Thy caſe doth thee in rank of exiles bring.
Raygne Kinge, but yet a loathed wight vnto thy Subiectes all.
Poly. For that I neyther recke ne care what ſhall to me befall.
That Prince that feares diſoaynful hate, vnwilling ſeemes to raygne.
The God that ſwayes the Golden Globe, together hath theſe twayne
Contoynd and coupled Hate and Rule: and him do I ſuppoſe
To be a noble King indeede, that can ſupplant his foes,
And Subiectes cancred hate ſuppreſſe. A King is often ſtayed
From doyng many thinges he would, when Subiectes loue is wayed.
But vnto them that do reppyne to ſe him ſit aloft,
He may more rigour boldly ſhew, and pare their pates more oft.

Hee

He that will loue of Subiectes winne, with Clemency muſt raygne:
A King that's hated, cannot long in Kingly ſeate remayne.
For Kingdomes Kinges can beſt deſcribe, what preceptes needfull are.
Well thou in caſes of Exile: for Kingdomes take no care.
Pol. To be a King, I would engage to force of flaming Fire,
Both Countrey, houſe, land, Wyfe, and Chyld, to compaſſe my deſyre.
No Fee, to purchaſe Princely ſeate, ne labour coumpt I loſt:
A Kingly Crowne is neuer deare, what euer price it coſt.

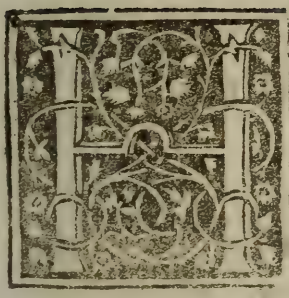
Thomas Newtonus, Ceſtreſhyrius.

FINIS.

THE FOVRTH, AND MOST RVTHFVL TRAGEDY OF L. ANNAEVS SENECA, ENtituled HIPPOLYTVS, translated into Englishe, by

Ihon Studley.

The Argument.



IPPOLYTVS, the Sonne of THESEVS & ANTIOPA Quene of the *Amazons*, renouncing al Worldly pleasures, and carnall delightes, lyued a Batcheler, forbearing all Womens company, and amorous allurements: and only vowed himselfe to the seruice of chaste DIANA, pursuing the Gentlemanly pastime of hunting. In the absence of THESEVS his Father, it chaunced that his Stepmother PHÆDRA ardently enamored with his beawty, and lusty age, enueigled him by all meanes shee coulde, to commit wyth her filthy, and monstruous adultry. Whych her beastly, vnchaste, and vndutifull practise, hee dutifully loathinge, shee turned hir former loue into extreame hatred, and told her husband THESEVS at his returne home, that his Sonne HIPPOLYTVS woulde haue vnlawfully layne with her. THESEVS belieuing his Wyues most vntrue accusation, meant to haue put

haue put his ſonne to death. HIPPOLYTVS vnderſtā-ding thereof, got vp into his Charſot and fled. THESEVS being therewith tickeled, and after ſome purſuite, not ouer-taking him, went to his Father ÆGÆVS beeing a God of the Sea, deſiring him to graunt him three Wiſhes: the laſt whereof was, the deſtruction and Death of HIPPOLY-TVS: wherevpon ÆGÆVS ſent out certaine great Sea-monſters, or Whirlepooles, which affrighting the Horſes in HIPPOLYTVS Charyot, made them to ouerturne the Charyot, and to runne through thick and thinne till they had diſmēbred true HIPPOLYTVS in pieces. The remorſe of which villany ſo ſtrake PHÆDRA in Conſcience, that with a Sword ſhee ſtabbed herſelfe into the Entrailes, & died vpon the body of HIPPOLYTVS.

The Speakers names.

Hippolytus.	*Chorus,*
Phædra.	*Theſeus.*
Nuntius.	*Nutrix.*

THE FIRSTE ACTE.

HIPPOLYTVS.

De raunge about the shady Woods,
beset on euery syde
With Nets, with Hounds, & toyles, & rū-
ning out at random ride
About, about, the craggy crests
of high Cecropes hill,
With speedy foote about the Rockes,
with coursing wander still.
That vnder Carpanetus Soyle,
in Dale below doth lurke,
Whereas the Riuers running swift, their slapping waues doe worke,
And dashe against the beaten Banks of Thrias valley low,
And clamber vp the slimy cliues, besmeard with hory Snow,
(That falleth, when ỹ Westerne winde frō Riphes Hoūts doth blow.)
Heere, heere away, let other wend, whereas with lofty head,
The Elme displayes his braunched armes, the wood to ouerspread.
Whereas the Meadowes greene doe lye, where Zephyrus most milde
Out brayes his baumy breath so sweete, to garnish vp the field
With lusty springtide flowers fresh whereas Elysus flow
Doth fleete vpon the Vsie flakes, and on the Pastures low.
Maander sheds his dragling streame, and sheares the fruitlesse sand
With wrackfull waue: nee whom the path on Marathons left hand,
Doth lead vnto the leauened launds, whereas the heirde of beast
For Euening forrage goe to graze, and stalke vnto their rest.
The rascall Deare trip after fast, you thither take your way.
Where clottered hard Acarnan forst warme Southerne windes t'obay
Doth slake the chilling colde, vnto Hymetus Vsie clime
To Alphids litle Villages, now let some other drive:
That plot where Sunion surges high doe beate the sandy bankes,
Whereas the marble Sea doth fleete with crookedcompast cranckes,
Vnhaunted lies too long, withoutten race of any wight.
Who set agog with hunting braue, in woods doth take delyght,
Philippis him allures: her hauntes a foule brisled Boare
That doth annoy with gastly dread the husbandmen full sore:

Wee know

We know him wel: for he it is foyld with so many woundes,
But ere they do begin to ope, let slip, let slip your Houndes.
But in your leashes Syrs keepe vp your eiger Mastifs yet,
Keepe on their Collers still, that doe their galled neckes yfret:
The Spartayne Dogges eiger of pray and of couragious kynd,
That sone can single out their game, whereto they be assynd,
Tye shorter vp within your leash: to passe tyme shall it bring,
That with the yeulping noyse of hounds the hollow rockes shall ring.
Now let the Houndes goe fynd of it with Mosthrell good of sent,
And trace vnto the vgly den ere dawning day be spent.
Whyle in the dewish dabby ground the pricke of cleaze doth sticke.
One bear the toyle on cumbred necke, and some with nettes full thicke
Make speede: some with the arming coard by pensell paynted red
By sleight, and subtill guyleful feare shall make the Beastes adred:
Loke thou to pinch thy thirling dart, and thou to trye thy might,
Shalt cope him with vnsoyld Boarespeare: thrust with hand both lefte & right.
Thou standing at receipt shalt chase the rowsed beastes amayne
With hallowing: thou with limere sharpe vnder him being slayne.
Graunt good successe vnto thy mate, Virago, thou Diuyne,
That secret destenies coosen hast for noble Empire thyne:
Whose thirled Dartes with leauel right do goze the Beast with Bloud
That lappes the lukewarme lycour of Erexis fleeting Floud.
And eke the Beast that spoyles it selfe on frosen Isters Strand.
The ramping Lyons eake of Geate are chased by thy hand.
And eke the wyndy heeled Hart in Candie thou dost chase.
Now with more gentle launce thou strikst the Doe that trippes apace.
To thee the Tygar fierce his diuers spotted breast doth yeeld,
The rough shagbairy Bugle turnes on thee his backe in field,
Eke saluage Bulles with braunched hornes: all things thy quarelles feare,
That to the needy Garamas in Affricke doth appeare.
Or els the wyld Arabian enriched by his wood,
Or what the Brutish rockes of Pyrene vnderstood,
Or elsse what other Beastes do lurcke in wyld Hyrcanus groue,
Or elsse among Sarmatians in desert fieldes that roue:
If that the Ploughman come to field, that standeth in thy grace,
Into his nettes the rouzed beast full sure he is to chase.
No feete in sunder breake the coardes and home he bringes the Boze
In tatting wayne, when as the hounds with gubs of clottered goze,
Besmeared haue their grymed snoutes: and then the Countrey rout
To Cottages repayre in rankes, with triumph all about.

Lo

Lo, Goddesse graunt vs grace: the hounds already spened haue,
I follow must the Chase: this gainer way my paynes to saue,
I take into the woods.

THE SECOND SCEANE

PHÆDRA. NVTRIX.

Countrey Crete that beares the sway,
vpon the Seas so vast,
Whose Ships so thicke in euery Shore,
the Seas doe ouertast,
What euer coast as farre as is
Assyria lande doth lye,
Where Nereus doth the pyked Stemm
to cut his course deny,
Why force ye mee that yeelded am, a pledge to those I hate?
And grieuen in Bridall bed to bee my enmies Spousall mate,
To languish out my time in teares, in woe to leade my lyfe?
My husband lo, a runnagate is gon from mee his Wyfe,
Yet Theseus still performes his vowe alike vnto his Spouse.
As earst to Ariadne, when hee falsifide his Vowes:
Yee champion stoute dare enterprise the darkenesse deepe to passe
Of lothsome Lake, whence yet found out, no way returning was.
A soyldier of the Wooer bolde Proserpin home to bring,
Out pulde perforce from grisly throne of Dire infernall King.
Accompanide with fury fierce hee marcheth forward still,
Whō neither dread nor shame could force forbeare his wicked will.
With lawlesse wedlocks rauishments Hippolytus his Sire
Doth in the boyling bottom deepe of Acheron require,
But yet another greater griefe swayes on my penssiue breast,
No silent night, nor slumber deepe can set my heart at rest.

My sorrow still is nourished, and still encreaseth it,
And rankleth in my boyling breast, as out of Ætnaes pit.
The stilling vapour vpward flies and Pallas Web, it standes
At rest, my dropping distaffe downe doth drop betweene my handes.
My lustfull minde it hath no lust my vowed gifts to pay
Vnto the Temples of the Gods that liue my Theseus may:
Nor rigging with Th'athenian Dames among the aulters proude
To tosse the fiery brands, vnto the sacrifice aloude,
Nor yet deuoutly praying at the Aares with godly guise
To Pallas president in earth to offer sacrifice:
It doth delight me to pursue the chased beasts in flight,
And tosse my flashing Faucon fierce with nimble hand full light.
What ayles thou minde this mad to take conceypte in freight and fell?
My wretched mothers fatall vice a breeding now I smell:
To cloake our crime, our lust doth knowe, woods are the fittest place,
Alas good Mother, I lament the heauy luckelesse case:
Thou rashe attaint with lothsome lust enamored is thy breast.
Euen with the cruell head of al the herd of saluage beast,
That churlish angry roaring Bull no yoake can bee sustayne,
And bee among the wilde, and eke vntamed Neat doth raygne.
Yet was enclinde to loue: what God can graunt mee my desire?
Or Dedalus with curious craft can ease my flaming fire?
Not if hee might returne, whom Ariadne hath instruct
From crooke compast Laberinth by thred that out hee pluckt
Among the lurcking corners close, and wily winding way,
To grope his footing backe agayne, and did depriue of day
Our monstrous Minotaur enclosde in Maze and Dungeon blinde:
Although hee promise to our soze, no salue yet can hee finde:
Through mee Apollos Progeny doth Venus quite agayne,
The filthy shame that shee and Mars together did sustayne.
Whom Phœbus taking at their talke all naked in the Skie,
Hung vp in Nets, a laughing stocke to euery gasing Eye:
For this all Phœbus flocke, with bile and foule reproche the stayne,
In some of Minos family still lothsome lusting raygne:
One mischiefe brings another in. NV. O Theseus wyfe, and Chylde
Of Ioue, let vyce be soone out of thine honest breast exilde:
And quench the raging heat: to dire dispayre doe not vp yeeld,
Who at the first repulseth loue, is safe and winnes the field,
Who doth by flattring fancy fonde feede on his vitious vayne,
To late doth grudge against the yoake which earst hee did sustayne:

Nor yet

Nor yet doe I forget how hard, and voyde of reason cleane:
A Princes stately stomache yeeldes vnto the golden meane:
PH. That ende I will accept, whereto by Fortune I can leade
The neighbors weale great comfort brings vnto the howse heade.
NV. The first redresse is to withstand, not willingly to slide,
The second is to haue the fault by meane and measure tride:
O wicked wretch what wilt thou doe? why dost thou burden more
The staynes stocke and dost excell thy mothers fault afore?
More haynous is thy guilt than yet thy mothers Monster was:
For monsters mayst thou thinke are brought by destiny to passe:
But let the cause of sinne, to blame of maners lewde redounde:
And if bicause thy husband doth, not breath aboue the grounde.
Thou thinkst thou mayst defend thy fault, and make thy matter good
And free from feare: thou arte beguilde, yet thinke the Stygian flood
In griesly gaping gulfe for aye hath drenched Theseus deepe,
But yet thy Syre, whose kingdomes large the Seas at will do keepe:
Whose dredfull doome pronounceth panges, and due deserued payne,
Two hundreth wayling soules at once. Will he thinkst thou maintayne
So haynous crime to couche? the care of tender Parents breast
Full wise, and wary is to bring their children to the best.
Yet shall we thinke by subtill meane, by craft and diuelish guile,
In hugger mugger close to keepe our trechery so vile.
What shall thy mothers father Phœbe, whose beames so blasing bright,
With fiery gleede on euery thing, doth shed his golden light?
Or Ioue the Grandsire great of Gods that all the world doth shake,
And brandisheth with flaming Fist, his fiery lightnings flake:
That Vulcane doth in Furnace hoate, of dusky Ætna make
Thinkst thou thys may be brought to passe, so haynous crime to hide?
Among thy Grandsire all that haue eche priuy thing espide?
But though the fauor of the Gods conceale the second time
Thy lothsome lust (vnworthy name) and to thy baudy crime,
Sure faythfulnesse annexed be, that euer barred was.
Ech great offence, what will this worke? a present plague, alas
Suspicionlest the guilty night bewray thy deede vniust:
And conscience burdned sore with sinne that doth it selfe mistrust.
Some haue commit offence full safe from any bitter blame,
But none without the stinging pricks of conscience did the same:
Asswage the boyling flames of this thy lewde vngratious loue,
Such monstrous mischiefe horrible from modest minde remoue.

Which neuer did Barbarian commit vnto this day,
Ne not the Sadoing Gothes that vp and downe the feeldes do stray:
Nor craggy crested Taurus mount whose hoary and frosty face
With numming cold abandons all inhabitors the place.
Nor yet the scattered Scithian, thy mother haue in mynd,
And feare this forrayne venery, so straunge against thy kind:
The Fathers wedlocke with the sonnes thou seekst to be defylde,
And to conceiue in wicked womb a Bastard Hungrell Child:
Go top, and turne thy Nature to the flame of burning breast.
Why yet do Monsters cease? why is thy Brothers caue in reast,
That Mynotaurus hideous hole and vgly couching den
Without an other greedy fiend to mounch vp flesh of men?
Mishapen, lothly monsters borne so oft the world shall heare,
So oft, rebels against her selfe confused Nature deare,
As loue entangles Nymphes of Crete. Ph. I know the truth ye teach
O Nurce, but fury forceth mee at worser thinges to reach:
My mynd euen wittingly to vice falles forward prone and bent
To holesome counsell backe againe in vayne it doth relente:
As when the Norman tugges and toyles to bring the straighted Barke
Against the striuing streame, in vayne he loseth al his carke
And downe the shallow streame perforce the Shyp doth headlong yeeld,
Where reason preaseth forth, there fighting fury winnes the field,
And beares the swinging sway, and cranke Cupidoes puissant might
Triumpheth ouer all my breast this slighty winged wight
And puissant potestate throughout the world doth beare the stroke,
And with vnquenched flames doth force loues kindled breast to smoake,
The Battelbeaten Mars hath felt these bitter burning brandes,
And eke the God hath tasted yese whose feruent fierye handes,
The thumping thunder bouncing boltes three forked wyse doth frame,
And he that euer busied is about the furious flame,
In smoltring Furnace raging hoat on dusky top so hie
Of foggye Aetna mount: and with such slender heat doth frie,
And Phœbe himselfe that welded his dart vpon his twanging string,
With aymed shaft directly driuen the wimpled Lande doth sting.
With powre he scoures along the Earth and Marble Skye amayne,
Lust fauoring folly filthily did falsely forge and fayne
Loue for a God: and that he might hys freedome more attayne.
Ascribes the name of fayned God to shittel bedlame rage,
Erycina about the world doth send her touting page,

Who

Who glyding through the Azure skies with slender toynted arme
His perlous weapons weildes at will, and working grieuous harme,
Of bones and stature beyng least great might he doth display
Vpon the Gods, compelling them to crouch and him obey.
Some Brainsicke head did attribute these thinges vnto himselfe,
And Venus Godhead with the bow of Cupid little elfe.
Who cockred is, trumphing much in fauning fortunes lap,
And flotes in welth, or seekes and sues for thinges that seldome hap,
Lust (mighty fortunes mischeous mate) assaulteth straight his breast,
His tooth contempneth wonted fare and victuals homly drest,
Nor hansome houses pleaseth him, why doth this plague refuse,
The simple sort, and to annoy doth stately bowers chuse?
How haps it matrimony pure to byde in Cottage base?
And honest loue in middle sort of men doth purchase place?
And thinges that be of meane estate themselues restraine ful well,
But they that wallow in their luste whose stately stomackes swell,
Puft vp and boistred bigge with trust of Kingly scepter proude
Do greater matters enterprise then may be well alowde.
Hee that is able much to do, of powre wil also bee
To do these thinges he cannot doe. Now Lady dost thou see
What thinges do thee beseeme thus laid on stately throne on hie?
Mistrust the scepter of thy spouse returning by and by.
Ph. In me I beare a violent and mighty payse of loue,
And no mans comming home againe to terrour may me moue.
He neuer stepped backe againe, the welkin skie to touch,
That swallowed once and sunke in gulfe and glummy caue did couch
Shut vp in chimering shade for ay. Nu. Yet do not thou suppose,
Though dreadful Diis lock with barres, and bolt his dongeon close:
And though the hideous hellicke hounde do watch the grisly gates,
Not Theseus alone shal haue his passages stopt by fates,
Ph. Perhaps he pardon will the cryme of louis procuring heate
Nu. May churlishly hee would of old his honest wyfe entreate.
Antiope his bobbing buffets felt and heauy cuffe:
Suppose, yet thou can qualifye thy husbandes raging ruffe:
Yet who can mone Hippolytus moll stony stubborne mynde?
He wil abhorre the very name detesting woman kind,
And faring frantickly, wil gyue himselfe to single life,
And shunne the hated spousall bedde of euery merride wife,
Then shal ye playnly vnderstand his brutish Scithian blood
Ph. To follow him euen through the hilles, the Forrest thycke & wood,

That keepes among the clottred cliues besmeard with sluer Snow,
Whose nimble heeles on craggy rockes are frisking to and froe:
I wysh. Nu. He will resist and not be dalyed with nor cord,
Nor chaunge his chast estate, for lyke of chastity deuoyd,
And turne perhaps his cankred hate to light on thee alone,
That now he beares to all. Ph. wil not he moued be with mone?
Nu. Stark wilde he is, Ph. and I haue learnd wilde thinges by loue to
Nu Hee'le runne away. Ph. if by the Seas he flie, I on the same (tame
Will follow him. Nu. Remember then thy father may thee take.
Ph. I may remember myne offence, my mother eake wil slake.
Nu. Detesting wo mankinde, he driues and courseth them away.
Ph. Nay stripers bashful feare against my breast doth hold at bay:
Nu Thy husband wil be here. Ph. I wis he comes I warrant him
Pyrothous companion in hellicke dungeon dimme.
Nu Thy Father also he wil come, Ph. A gentle hearted Syre
Forgeuing Ariadnes fault, when she did him require.
Nu For these my sluer shining locks of hoare drouping age,
And breast beduld with cloying cares restrayne thy furious rage.
I humbly thee beseech euen by these tender teares of myne,
Succor thy selfe, much health it is, if will to health encline.
Ph. Nat euerylore of honesty exiled is my breast,
I yeeld me Nurse, loue that denies thus vnder rule to rest
In quietnes, let him, let him perforce be battered downe.
I wil not let my fleeting fame and glorious bright renoume
With stayne to be dishonoured, this onely is the gap,
To shunne the perlous path that leades to vices trayning trap.
My spouse let mee ensue with death this liue I shall subuert.
Nu. Deare daughter slake the ramping rage of thy vnruly heart.
Plucke downe thy stomacke stout, for this I iudge thee worthy breath,
In that thou dost confesse thy selfe to haue deserued death.
Ph. Condemde I am to die, what kind of death now would I know,
As eyther strangled with a rope shal I my life forgoe?
Or runne vppon a bloudy blade, with gorp wound to dye?
Or topsie turuy headlong hurld downe Pallas turret hie,
In quarrel iust of Chastity. Nu. Now strengthen we our hand,
Alas that not my feble age thy desperat death withstand,
Forbeare the sway of furye fierce. Ph. No reason can restrayne
Him that desireth death, when death he hath determind playne
And ought to die. Nur. Sweete Lady myne (thou comfort of my age
And feeble yeares) it in thy breast preuayles such mighty rage

Haue

Haue not regard what sounding blast in trompe of fame be blowne
Whereby thy name in stayned flock of blacke reproch be sowne,
Or graft in spotlesse honesty: for fame doth fauour small
The most vpright, to better worst, to worse thee's best of al,
Let bs assay the froward mynd of yonder stubborne Child
It is my part to set vppon the clubbish youngman wilde
And to compell the sturdy lad with stony hart to yeeld.

Chorus.

O Goddesse great that art the wondrous seede
Of frothie surge in stormy raging seas
Whō flamy Cupid armd with scorching gleed,
And Shaftes, to call his Mother it doth please:
This wanton Elfe forth putting sappy might
From stedfast Bowe how surely doth he throwe
His venimd shaftes, through all thy marrow right
The foystring fyre doth rankle in and glovve
The secret flame that boyleth in each vayne
The strype layd on shevves not in open marke:
But invvard marrovv he sucketh out amayne,
This boy to sound of peace doth neuer harke.
His scattered shaftes ful nimble euery vvhere
He dartes aboute, the East that doth behold
The davvning sunne him selfe aloft to reare,
From purple bed, and vvhether late he rold.
With ruddy lamp, in Westerne wade doth glyde:
If any coast lye vnder scorching clavves
Of burning Crab, or people do abyde,
Beneath the clyme of Isy frosen pavves,

Of vgly gargle faced bigger Beare,
That vvandring ſtill from place to place doth goe
The feruent Fumes, and ſtouing heate eche vvhere
That iſſues out from *CVPIDS* burning bow,
The flaſhing flames of Yongmens burning breſt,
Hee ſtirreth vp, enkindling new the heate
Of quenched coales, that vvonted vvas to reſt
In drouping age: and virgins hearts doe beate
Wyth ſtraunge vntaſted brandes: and doth compell
The Gods deſcending downe from ſtarry Sky,
Wyth counterfeited Vyſages, to dwell
Vpon the Earth to blinde the Louers Eye.
Sir *PHOEBVS* vvhilome forſt in *Theſſail* Land
To Sheepeherds ſtate *ADMETVS* Heirdes did driue,
His mourning Harp depriude of heauenly Hand
With ordred Pipe his Bullockes did reuiue.
Euen hee that trayles the duſky riding rack,
And wieldes the ſwaying Poles with ſwinging ſwift
How oft did hee faynde fourmes put on his back
And heauenly Face with baſer countenaunce ſhift.
Sometime a Byrde with ſiluer ſhining wings,
He fluttering fluſht, and languiſhing the death
With ſweete melodious tuned voyce hee ſings,
When ſilly *Cygnus* gaue vp gaſping breath.
Sometime alſo wyth curled forhead grim
A dallying Bull, he bent his ſtouping backe
To maydens ſport, through deepeſt Seas to ſwim
Whyle horny houe made ſhift like Ore ſlacke
Through waters wyld his brothers perlous coſt
Wyth forward glauncing breaſt the ſtream he brake,
And leaſt he ſhould his tender pray haue loſt,
Her troublus thought did cauſe his heart to quake
DIANA bright that ſwayes in circle murke,
Of darkened Sky, with frying fits did burne,
And leauing of the Euening watch her worke

Her ful.

Her fulgent Chariot bright, eke did shee turne.
To *PHOEBVS* charge, to weelde it otherwise
Her Euening Wayne *APOLLO* learnde to guide,
And take his turne in lesser compast sise:
The dãpish nights vvatcht not their vvonted tyde
And late it vvas ere that *AVROR A* fayre
Set forth the morning Sunne vvith golde aray,
Whyle that the Marble axell tree in th'ayre
The shogging Carte made crake vvith swagging sway,
ALCMENAS boystrous Impe did lay aside
His clattering shafts, and also did refuse
To vveare the ramping Lyons hairy Hyde
And *Emraudes* for his fingers did hee chuse,
And brayded kept his rusled staring Locks,
Ware Garters vvrought on knee vvith seames of Golde
And on his feete his durty dabled Socks,
And vvith the hand vvhere vvhilome hee did holde
His Clubbish bat, a thred hee nimbly spun:
Both *Persis* and fertile *Lidia* knew
(Where golden sanded *Pactolus* doth run)
ALCYDES bid the Lyons case adew
And thunderpropping brawny shoulderd sier
That heaued and bolstred vp the Welkin throne,
In slender Kirtell vvrought by Web of Tyre
Did iet about to please his Loue alone.
This flame (beleue the heart that feeles the vvound)
Enspirde vvith holines excels in might,
Whereas the Land by Seas embraced round,
Where twinkling Starres doe start in Welkin bright
This peeuish Elfe the Conntreyes all doth keepe,
Whose quarrels sting the Marble faced rout
Of vvater Nimphes, that vvith the Waters deepe
The brand that burnes in breast cannot quench out,
The flying fowle doth feele the foystring flames.
What cruell Skirmish doe the Heyffers make?

Prickt vp

Prickt vp by luſt that nice Dame *VENVS* frames
In furious ſorte for all the Cattels ſake?
If fearefull Hearts their Hindes doe once miſtruſt,
In loue diſloyall then gladly dare they fight,
And bellowings out, they bray to vvitneſſe iuſt
Their angry moode, conceyu'de in irefull ſpright.
The paynted coaſt of *India* then doth hate
The ſpotty Hyded Tygar, then the Bore
Doth vvhet his Tuſkes to combat for his mate,
And fomes at mouth: the ramping Lyons rore
And ſhake their Manes, when *CVPIDS* corſies moue
Wyth grunts and grones the howling frythes doe murn
The Dolphin of the raging Sea doth loue:
The Elephants by *CVPIDS* blaze doe burn:
Dame nature all doth challeng as her owne,
And nothing is that can eſcape her lawes:
The rage of wrath is quencht and ouerthrowne,
When as it pleaſeth Loue to bid them pawes:
Blacke hate that ruſting frets in cankred breaſt,
And all olde grudge is daſht by burning loue.
What ſhall I make diſcourſe more of the reſt
Stout Stepdames doth this gripe to mercy moue.

THE

THE SECOND ACTE.

PHÆDRA. NVTRIX. HIPPOLYTVS.

Declare what tidings bringst thou Nurce,
where is Hippolitus?
NV. To cure this puissant breach of illes
no hope there is in vs:
Nor yet to quench his flashing flame:
his furies fretting ire,
Doth fry in secret boyling breast,
and though the smothering fire
We couerte close, yet bursting forth is welked face it frees:
The sparkling flakes doe glowing flash from bloudred rowling eyes
She hanging downe her pouched groyne, abroad the lothsome light,
Her skittish wits and wayward minde can fancy nothing right:
Her faltring legs doe faple her now, downe squatting on the ground
With sprauling limbs her shittell griefe doth cast her in a swound:
Now scant thee on her lithy necke holdes vp her giddy hed,
Nor can commit her selfe to couche in rest vpon her bed.
Nor harboring quietnes in heart wyth dierp dewle and plaint
She languisheth through out the night, and now her body faynt
She biddes them vp to rise: and now her downe agayne to lay,
And now hir crispen locks vndone abroade shee biddes display:
And strayt to wrap them vp agayne Thus fickle fansie still
Doth fleete, nor is contented with his wayward wandring will.
No care she casteth on her health nor eate one crum of breade,
With feeble fumbling foote vpon the flooze eke doth she treade,
Her strength alas is quight consumde, her fauor sweete doth faynt:
Nor ruddy sanguine purple dere her cherry cheekes doth paynt:
With greedy gripes of gnawing griefe her pinched limmes doe pyne:
Her foltring legs doe flagger now: the glosse of beauty tyne
In body Alabaster bright is bronke away and wast
Those Crystall Eyes that wonted were resemblance cleare to cast

At radiant

Of radiant Phœbus gold arayes, now nothing gentry shyne:
Nor beare a sparke of Phœbus bright her fathers beames deuyne:
The trickling teares trill down her cheekes, dew dampish dropping still,
Doth wet her watrye plantes, as on the toppe of Taurus hill
The watry snowes with lukewarme shoures to moisture turnd do drop
But to the Princes pallace is set open in the top:
She lying downe vpon her golden bed of high estate
Hurles of hir wonted royal robes which wounded hart doth hate:
Ph. Maydes, haue our purple garmentes hence, & vestures wrought w
These crimsō robes of scarlet red let not myne eyes behold. (gold,
And damaske weedes, wheron the Seres embrauder braunches braue,
Whose Silken substaunce gathered of their trees aloofe they haue,
My bosome shalbe swadled in with cuttied gaberdine,
No golden coller on my necke nor Indian iewels fyne,
The precious pearles so white shal hang no more now at myne eares,
Nor sweete perfumes of Siria shal poulder more my heares.
My flaryng ruffled lockes shal dagling hang my necke aboute
And shoulder poynts: then then apace it shattring in and out.
Let wyndes euen blow it where it list, in left hand wil I take
A quiuer of shaftes, and in my right a Bearespere wil I shake,
To cruell child Hippolitus such one his mother was,
As fleeting from the frosen Seas those countrey costes did passe,
And draue her hierdes that bet with trampling feete Th' Athenian soyle
Or like the trull of Tanais, Or like her wil I toyle,
Of Meotis that on a knot wounde by her crispen lockes:
Thus wil I trot with moonelike targe among the wodes and rockes.
Nu. Leaue of thy bitter langoishing vnto the silie sort
(That walter thus in waues of woe) griefe giues not resting port
Is any measure to be found in thy tormenting fire:
Some grace at wyld Dianaes hand with sacrifyce require.
O Goddesse greate of Woods, in hilles that onely setst thy throne,
And Goddes that of the craggy clyues art worshipped alone,
Thy wrathful threatninges on vs all now turne to better plight
O Goddesse that in forrestes wyld and groues obtaynest might,
O shyning lampe of heauen, and thou the Diamon of the Night,
O threefold shapen Hecate that on the world his face
Dost render light with torch by turnes, vouchsafe to graūt thy grace
To further this our enterprise and helpe our piteous case,
O mollify Hippolytus his stubborne hardned hart,
And let him learne the pangues of loue and tast like bitter smart:

And

And yeeld his light allured eares: entreate his brutish breast,
And chaunge his mynd, in Venus boundes compel him once to rest.
So froward and vntoward now so crabbed curst and mad:
So shalt thou be with blandishing and smyling countnaunce clad.
Thy shimering clowde cleane fading hence then brightly shalt thou bear
And glistering hornes, then whyle by night vpon the whirling sphere,
Thy cloudy heeled steedes thou guydest, the raging witches charme
Of Thessal, shal not draw thee from the heauens nor do thy harme
No Shepherd purchase shal renoume. Thou comst at our request:
Now fauour dost thou graunt vnto the prayers of our Breast:
I do espye him worshipping the solemne Sacrifyce,
Both place and tyme conuenient by Fortune doth arise:
We must go craftely to worke for feare we quaking stand,
Ful hard it is the busy charge of guylt to take in hand:
But who of Princes standes in awe, let him defye all right,
Cast of the care of honesty from mind exiled quight,
A man vnfit is for the hest of King a bashful wight.
Hip. O Nurse, how chaunce thy limping limmes do crepe into this place?
With blubbred Cheekes, & leaden lookes with sad and mourning face?
Doth yet my Father Theseus with health enioy his life?
Doth Phædra yet enioy her health my stepdam and his wyfe.
Nu. Forgoe these feares, and gently come thy blessed hap to take,
For care constrayneth me to mourne with sorrow for thy sake,
That hurtfully thou loosdes thy selfe with pangues of pining payne:
Let him rubbe on in misery whom destny doth constrayne:
But if that any yeld himselfe to waues of wilful woe,
And doth torment himselfe, deserues his weale for to forgoe
The which he knowes not how to vse: tush, be not so demure,
Considering how thy yeares do runne, take part of sport and play,
Let mirry Bacchus cause thee cast these clogging cares away,
And reape the frutte of sweete delyght belonging to thy yeares,
For lusty youth with speedy foote ful fast away it weares.
Earst tender loue, earst Venus feedes the young mannes appetite,
Be blyth my Boy, why Widow like liest thou alone by night?
Shake of thy sollem sadnesse man that lusty youth doth spill:
Hark, ryst trout courageously, take bridle at thy will.
Let not the flowre of flooming yeares all fruitles fade away.
God poynteth euery tyme his taske, and leades in due aray
Each age by order tust, as mirth the lappy youthful yeares,
A sorehed frayte with grauity becommeth hoary hayres.

Why

Why doſt thou bridle thus thy ſelfe, and dulles thy pregnant wit?
The corne that did but lately ſprout aboue the ground, if it
Be ranckt of roote, yet in the huſke, with intereſt at large
Vnto the hoping huſbandman ſhall trauel all diſcharge.
With braunched bough aboue the wood the tree ſhall raiſe his top,
Whom ruſty hand of canckred hate, did neuer ſpill nor lop.
The pregnant Wittes are euermore more prone to purchaſe praiſe,
If noble heartes by freedome franckt be nouriſht from decayes.
Thou churliſh countrey Clowne Hodgelike not knowing Courtly life,
Delight in drouſy doting youth without a louting wyfe.
Doſt thou ſuppoſe that to this end Dame Nature did vs frame,
To ſuffer hardnes in this world and to abyde the ſame?
With courſes and kerereyes fet the prauncing Steedes to tame?
Or bicker els with battails fierce, and broyls of bloudy warre?
That ſoueraygne Syre of heauen and earth, when fates do vs detarre,
With ſignes and plagues prognoſticate prouided hath with heede,
For to repayre the damage done with new begotten ſeede.
Go to, let bedding in the world be bred once no more
(That ſtil mankind from age to age vpholdes and doth reſtore)
The filthy world deformd would lie in priſome vgly clay,
No floting ſhips on wambling Seas ſhould hoyſted Sayles diſplay.
No Foule ſhould ſkoare in azur Skie, ne Beaſt to woods repayre,
And onely whiſking windes ſhould whirle amid the empty ayre.
What diuers dreery deathes driue one mankind to dumpiſh graue?
The Seas, the ſword and trayterous traynes whole countries waſted (haue:
Yet for to limit forth our league there is no deſtny thincke,
So downe to blackeſaſt Stigian dampes we of our ſelues do ſincke.
Let youth that neuer felt the lopes, in Venus lap which lie,
Allow the ſolitary life, what euer thou eſpye,
An hut liburly ſhall become for tearme of one mans life,
And worke it one deſtruction by mutuall hate and ſtrife.
Now therfore follow natures courſe, of life the ſoueraygne guyde,
Reſort vnto the towne: with men delight thee to abyde.
Hip. No life is more deuoyd of ſinne, and free from grieuous thralles,
And keeping faſhions old, then that which leauing Townish walles,
Doth take delight in pleaſant Woods, he is not ſet on fyre,
Enraged fore with burning Byle of couetous deſpyre.
Who hath addict himſelfe among the mountaynes wilde to liue,
Not prickt with prattling peoples bruite, no credit doth he geue.

Toth Vulgar sort disloyall still, vnto the better part
Nor cankred rancour pale doth gnaw his blacke and fretting hart.
Nor fickle fauour forceth he, he bound doth not obay
The payse of Scepter proude: but weildes the massy scepter sway.
At ebbing honours gapes he not, nor moyles for fleeting mucke,
Remoued farre from houering hope and dread of backward lucke,
Not bitter-gnawing Envy rancke teares him with tooth vnkind,
Not quaynted with the mischiefe that in Cittyes and in mynd
Of people presseth thicke: nor quakes at euery blast that flies
With guilty conscience to himselfe, nor frames himselfe to lies.
Nor couets rich with thousand pillers close his head to shroude,
Nor guildes his beams with glistering gold for fancy fond and proude
Nor gushing streames of bloud vpon his innocent Alters flow.
Nor Bullockes bright their hundred heads as whyte as flakie Snow.
Do yeeld to Axe, whyle scattered is on thaulter sacred graynе,
But al the quiet countrey round at wil he doth obtayne.
And harmles walketh too and froe amid the open ayre,
And onely for the brutish Beast contriues a trapping snare.
Another whyle vppon the swift Alpheus banckes he walkes
Now vp and downe the bleary Brakes of bushy woods he stalkes
Where lukewarme Lernas christall floud with water cleare doth shine,
And chaunging course his Channell out another way doth twyne:
And heare the piteous plaining Birds with chirping charmes do chide,
And Braunches trembling shake whereon soft windye puffes do glyde.
And spreading Beches eld do stand, to fast and shake my shankes:
To stampe and daunce it doth me good on running Riuers bankes:
Or els vpon a withred clod to steale a nap of sleeepe,
Whereas the fountayne flowes amayne with gushing waters deepe.
Or els among the baulmy flowres out braying sauours sweete,
Wheras with pleasant humming noise the bubbling brooke doth fleete.
The Apples beaten of the tree do rauening hunger staunch,
And Strawberyes gathered of the bush soone fill with hungry paunch.
He shoons assaultes, that doth himselfe from regall royall hold.
Estates do quake theyr dreadful drinke in Bolles of massye Golde:
How trimme it is water to lap in palme of naked hand:
The sooner drowsye Morpheus bindes thy Browes with sleepy bande:
The careless corpes doth rest at ease vpon the hardest Couch:
The Cabin base hauntes not by Mookes, to prig and filch a pouch:
In house of many corners blynd his head he doth not hyde,
He loues to come abroade and in the light to be espyde:

The

The Heauens beare witnesse of his life, they liued in this wise.
I thinke, that scattred did of Gods in elder time arise.
No doting couetous blinde desire of Golde in them was found:
No Lones nor Lakes set by in field did stint the parted ground:
The sayling Ship with brazen Stem cut not the waltring waue,
But euery man doth know his coast and how much he should haue.
No hugy Rampires rayled were, nor Ditches delued deepe,
Nor countermured Castle strong the walled Townes to keepe.
The Souldier was not busied his blunted Tooles to whet,
Nor rapping Pellets, Cannon shot the barred Gates downe bet,
Nor soyle with poaked Oxe was straunde to beare the cutting share,
The field euen fertil of it selfe did feede the World with fare,
The plentifull abounding Woods great wealth by nature gaue:
A house of nature eake they had a dimme and darkesome Caue:
The couetous minde to scrape vp wealth, and desperat furious ire,
And greedy Lust (that eggeth on the minde all set on fire.)
First brake the bands, and eger thirst of bearing sway crept in,
To be the stronger rauening pray the weaker did begin,
And might went for oppressed right: the naked Fist found out
To scratch and cuffe, to box and bum, with dealing blowes about.
The knarrie Logs, and knaggie shiue were framed weapons strong,
The gatten Tree ingrayned was with Pikes of Yron long.
No nor the rusty Fawchon then did hang along the side,
Nor Helmet creast vpon the head stood perking vp for pride,
Pale spightfull griefe inuented Tooles, and warlick Mars his braine
Contriu'de new sleights, a thousand kinde of deathes he did ordaine:
By meanes hereof eche Land is filld with clottred gore yshed,
With streames of bloud the Seas are dyde to hue of sanguine red,
Then Mischiefe wanting measure gan through euery house to passe,
No kinde of vitious villany that practise wanted was.
By Brother, Brother reft of Breath, and eake the Fathers Life
By hand of Childe, eake murthred was the husband of his Wife.
And Mother lewde on mischiefe set destroyde their bodies feede,
I ouerpasse the Stepdame with her guilt and heynous deede,
And no where pitty planted is, as in the brutish beast:
But womankinde in mischiefe is ringleader of the reast,
The instrument of wickednesse enkindling first desire,
Whose vile incestious whoredome set so many Townes on fire.
So many Nations fall to warre, eake Kingdomes ouerthrowne,
And rayled from the ground, to crushe so many people downe.

Let other

Let other passe: by Iasons Wyfe Medea may wee finde
By her alone, that Women are a plagup crabbed kinde.
NV. Why, for one womans fault of blame shall euery one haue part?
HIP. I hate, detest, abhorre, I loth, I curse them from my heart.
Bee't reason, right, or Natures law, or vengeance fury fell,
It likes me to abhorre them still: the burning fire shall dwell,
And bide with quenching water first, the daungerous quick Sand
Shall promisse Ships with safetinesse vpon the shold to land,
And Western Thetis soonke aloofe and drencht in deepest nooke,
Shall force the ruddy Morning Sunne from scarlet Skies to looke,
The Woolfe shall peelde his fleering Chaps to suck the Tet of Do
Ere woon by womans loue, to her I crouch and stoupe alow.
NV. Loue bridles oft with sneckling bits the stubborne wayward heart,
Beholde thy Mothers native land in Scythia euery part,
The saluage women feele the force of Venus goaking band.
Thou onely Childe thy Mother had dost this well vnderstand.
HIP. This onely comfort of my Mother must I keepe behinde,
That leefull vnto me it is to hate all Womankinde. (stoode,
NV. Euen as the stiffe and sturdy Rocks haue waltring waues wyth-
And daffeth backe from thore aloofe the fomy flapping floode:
So lightly he contemnes my talke: but Phædra runneth mad
Because of this my long delay with crushing cares ycladd:
What will she doe? Aye me alas how shall she now be speed?
Her breathlesse body to the ground drops sodenly downe dead.
A sallow hue like gastly death ouerstrikes her frenzy Face,
Looke vp and speake beholde thy deare sweete heart doth thee embrace.

PHÆDRA. NVTRIX. HIPPOLYTVS.

Las to flote in Waues of woe
who nee reuiues agayne?
To pinch my minde with pining pangues
and bitter bruntes of payne.
What eafe to mee it was, when as
I lay in traunce at reft?
Why doft thou thus the pleafure of
reuiued lyfe deteft:
O heart be bolde, aflay and feeke thy purpofe to attayne,
Be not abaſht, nor faced out with churliſh wordes agayne.
Who faintly craueth any boone, giues courage to deny:
The greateſt portion of my crime diſpacht ere now haue I:
Shame ſeekes to late to purchafe place within our bafhfull brow,
Sith that in foule and lothſome loue wee haue delight ere now,
If I obtayne my will, then ſhall our wedlocke cloake the crime:
Succeſſe corrupteth honeſty with wickednefſe ſometime:
HIP. Behold this ſecret place is voyde from any witneſſe bye.
PH. My foltring tong doth in my mouth my tale begun denye.
Great forze conſtrayneth mee to ſpeake, but greater holde my peace,
O heauenly Ghoſtes I you proteſt, tis this that doth me pleaſe.
HIP. Cannot the minde that couers talke in wordes at will out braſt?
PH. Light cares haue words at will, but great doe make vs faſt agaſt.
HIP. Mother the griefe & galles your heart come whiſper in mine eare.
PH. The name of Mother is to proude a name for mee to beare,
Importing puiſſant power too much: the fancy of my minde
It doth behoue, a baſer name of leſſe renowne to finde.
Wee (if thou pleaſe) Hippolytus thy Louing Siſter call.
Or wayting Maide, and rather ſo: no drudgry ſpare I ſhall,
If thou through thicke and thin in ſnowes to trauaile me deſire,
Or elſe commaunde mee for to runne through Coales of flaming fire,
Or ſet my foote on Pindus froſen Rocks, it grikes mee not.
Or if thou will me raſhly runne thorow ſcorching fire hot,
Or rauening routes of ſaluage beaſtes I will not ſlowly reſt,
With gorp Launce of naked blade my bowels to vnbreſt.

Theſe

These Kingdomes left to mee in charge weild thou of them the sway,
And take mee as thy humble Mate, it fits mee to obay,
And thee to giue commaundement, it is no womans feate,
To claime her Title to the Crowne, to raigne in Parents seate.
Thou flourishing amid the pryde of lusty youthfull race
Supply a valiant Princes roome with Fathers golden Mace,
Protect thy humble suppliant, defend thy lowly Maide
Embrasd in mercies bosome, at thy Feete so meekely layde.
Take pitty on a silly Widdowes wo, and wretched plight.
HIP. The God that raignes aloft, forbid such luckelesse lot to light.
My Father Theseus safe in health will straight returne againe.
PH. The lowring Lord that deepe in strõg infernall Gaile doe teigne,
And damned vp alwayes to passe from Stygian Puddle glum,
Whereby to breathing bodies left alone the ground to cum,
Shall he let scape the Clopner of his lopes from spousall bed,
Unlesse that Plutos fancy fond by doting loue be led:
HIP. The righteous Gods will make for him a right retourning way.
But while through feare our wauering wils in houering Vallãce sway,
Upon my brethren will I cast a due and earnest care,
And thee defend: beleue not that in Widdowes plight yee are:
And I my selfe will vnto the supply my Fathers place,
PH. O Loue (alas) of credit light, O Loue of flickring Face,
Is this inough that hee hath sayd? entreatance will I try,
Deare chylde rue on my wretched woe, doe not my sutte deny,
That lurcking close doth couch in secret mourning breast of mee, (bee)
Fame would I speake: yet loth I am. HIP. What mischiefe may this
P. Such mischief as ye would not think, could light in Mothers minde.
H. With mũbling voyce perplext yet wast your words against ỹ winde.
PH. A vapor hoate, and Loue doe glow within my bedlem brest:
It raging ranke no meane doe turne vnbrided leaues in rest:
The fier sonk in skalded guts through euery veyne doth frie,
And smothering close in seething bloud as flashing flame doth flie,
With egar sweeping sway along vp burning beames on hie.
HIP. Enamoyde thus with Loue entiere of Theseus dost thou rage?
PH. Euen so it is: the louely lookes of Theseus former age
Which bee a sweete welfauoyde Boy did beare with comly grace,
When pretty dapper cutted Beard on cleare complexionde Face
Gan sprout, on naked Chin, when hee the kennels clotted bloode
Beheld of mongrell Minotaur, and crooking Maze with Coode

By groping long vntwined threedes the beames of beawty bright
That shone then in his Face, his crispen lockes with labels dight,
Smooth stroked lay, his scarlet Cheekes by nature paincted bright
Powldred with spots of golden glosse, and sharpe assaules of Loue
Preuayled in his fleshly armes: what grace doth shine aboue
In the Dianaes Face, or fiery crested Phœbus myne,
Or else in comely count'naunce of this louely face of thine,
Such Theseus had when Ariadnaes Eye he did delight:
Thus portly pacing did he beare his noble head vpright.
It is no counterfeyted glosse that shineth in thy Face,
In thee appeares thy manly Fathers sterne and lowring Grace.
Thy Mothers crabbed count'naunce eake resembled in some part
Puts in full well a seemelynesse, to please the Lookers hart.
The Scythian awfull Maiesty with Greekish fauour sweete
Appeares: if thou had with thy Syre attempt the Seas of Creete,
(One of those seauen from Athens sent elect by luckelesse lot
To pay such bloudy tribute, which King Minos of them got.
The rauening and bloudthirsty Minotaurus fowle to feede)
My Sister Ariadne would, for thee haue spunne the threede.
Therewith in crafty compast Maze to leade thee to and fro,
In vgly Labyrynthus long returning from thy Fo.
Thee, thee O Sister deare whereso in all the Heauen thou are,
And shinest bright with blasing beames transformde into a Starre,
I thee beseech come succour mee with like distresse now cloyde:
Alas vs sely Sisters twaine one kinred hath destroyde.
The Sire thy smart, the sonne hath brewd the bane that me doth lees.
Behoide an Impe of royall race layde humbly at thy Knees,
Yet neuer staynde, and vndefilde, an harmeless innocent,
To thee alone of all the Worlde my crowching Knees are bent,
And for the nones my hawty heart, and Princely courage stout
I did abate, that humbly thee with teares entreate I mought.
HIP. O soueraygne Sire of Gods, dost thou abide so long to heare
This vile abhomination? so long dost thou forbeare
To see this haynous villany? if now the Skies be cleare,
Wilt thou henceforth at any time with furious raging hand
Dart out thy cracking thunder dint, and dreadfull lightnings brand?
Now battred downe wt bouncing bolts the rumbling Skies let fall
That foggy Cloudes with dusky drouping day may couer all,
And force the backward starting starres to slide a slope wythall.

Thou Star-

Thou starry crested crowne, and Titan prankt with beamy blase
Come out, with staring bush vpon thy kindreds guilt to gase.
Dash out and drowne thy leaming lampe eclipse in glummy Skyes,
To shrink in shimmering shape: why doth thy right hand not stryke
O guide of Gods and men? how haps the worlde yet doth not burne,
Enkindled with thyee forked brand? on me thy thunder turne,
Dash out on mee thy bobbing bolt, and let thy fiery flake
Whirlde out with force, burnt Cinders of my wasted Carcasse make:
For guilty (Ioue) I guilty am, deserued death I haue,
My Stepdames Fancy I haue fed: shall I most sinfull slaue,
Be worthy thought to blot my Fathers honorable Bed?
Canst thou for mischiefe such through mee alone be lightly sped?
O Caitiue thou of womankinde for guilt that beares the bell,
Whose enterprised hainous euill doth passingly excell,
Thy Monster breeding Mothers fault with whoredome thee alone
Defilde her selfe, when storming sighes with sorrow gan thee grone,
Through beastly lust of Bull: till it the Minotaurus slew
In act of generation, had quencht her foule desire:
And yet the time concealed long, the grim twishaped seede
At length bewrayd with Bullike browes, thy Mothers naughty deede,
The doubted Infant did disclose: that wicked wombe thee bare.
With thrise, yea, foure times blessed Fate of lyfe depriu'de yee are,
Whom swolne of waltring Seas haue senck, mee cankred hate of breath
Dispoyled hath, and traytrous traynes haue quelde by daunting death.
With Stepdames banes and sorcery O Father, Father myne,
I rue thy lot, not to be slayne of milder Stepdame thyne.
This mischiefe greater, greater farre the wickednesse doth passe
That by Medea despiet Dame of Colchis practisde was.
PH. And I doe know, what vncouth luck vpon our lock hath light,
The thing that we should shun, we seeke, it is not in my might
To rule my selfe: through burning fire runne after thee I shall,
Through raging Seas, & craggy Rocks, through fleeting Bruers all,
Which boyling waters ruffling rayse, what way so goe thou will,
I bedlem Wight with frantick fits will follow, follow still.
O stately Lorde before thy feete yet fall I once agayne.
HIP. Doe not with shameleese fawning Pawes my spotlesse body staine.
What meaneth this? with hawling mee t'imbrace she doth begin:
Draw, draw my sword, with stripes deseru'de Ile pay her on the skin:
Her hayre about my left hand wound, her head I backward wride,
No bloud Diana better spent thine Vulter yet hath dyde.

PH. Hippolytus, now dost thou graunt to mee mine owne desire,
Thou cooles my ramping rage, this is much more than I require,
That saying thus mine honesty I may be geuen to death,
By bloudy stroake receiued of thy hand to loose my breath.
HIP. Auaunt, auaunt, preserue thy life, at my hand nothing craue,
This filed Sword that thou hast touchd no longer will I haue.
What bathing lukewarme Tanais may I defilde obtaine,
Whose clensing watry Channell pure may washe mee cleane againe?
Or what Meotis muddy meare, with rough Barbarian waue
That boardes on Pontus roring Sea? not Neptune graundsire graue
With all his Ocean goulding floud can purge and wash away
This dunghill foule of sinne: O woode, O saluage beast I say:
NVT. Thy crime detected is: O soule, why droupes thou all agast?
Let vs appeach Hippolytus with fault vpon him cast:
And let vs lay vnto his charge, how he by might vniust
Deflowre would his Fathers Wife with mischiefe, mischiefe must
Concealed bee: the best it is, thy foe first to inuade,
Sith that the crime is yet vnknowne who can be witnesse made,
That either first wee enterprise, or suffred of him then?
Come, come, in hast Athenians, O troupes of trusty men
Help, help, Hippolytus doth come, hee comes, that Villaine vile,
That Rautcher, and Lecher foule, perforce woulde vs defile.
Hee threatens vs denouncing death, and glittering Blade doth shake,
At her who chastly doth withstand, and doth for terrour quake:
Lo headlong hence for life and death hee tooke him to his flight,
And leaues his Sword in running rash, with gastly feare affright:
A token of his enterprise detestable wee keepe,
Sirs chearish her, that flowing sighes with penfiue breast doth weepe.
Her ruffled hayre, and shattred Locks still let them daggle downe,
This witnesse of his villany so beare into the Towne.
(O Lady mine be of good cheare. Plucke vp your spirights againe,)
Why dost thou tearing thus thy selfe abhorre all peoples sight?
Not blinde Mischaunce but fancy wont to make ashamelesse Wight.

Chorus.

Chorus.

IPPOLYTVS euen as the rageing ſtorme away doth flye,
More ſwift than whirling Weſtern wynde
vptumbling cloudes in Skye,
More ſwift then flaſhing flames, that catch
their courſe with ſweeping ſway,
When Starres ytoſt with whiſking windes
long fiery Drakes diſplay.
Fame (wondring at of aldertime our Auncеſtours renowne)
Fare well with thee, and beare away olde worſhip from our Towne.
So much thy beauty brighter ſhines, as much more cleare and fayre,
The golden Moone with glorions Globe full furniſht in the Ayre
Doth ſhine, when as her fiery tips of wayning hornes doe cloſe,
When lifting vp her fulgent face in ambling Waine ſhe goes,
Vpon her nightwatch to attend, the Starres of leſſer light
Their darckned Faces hide, as hee the Meſſenger of night
That watchword geues of th'euening tide and Heſperus hee hight,
That glading earſt was bath'de in Seas, and hee the ſame agayne
When ſhades be ſhrunck, doth then the name of Lucifer obtayne.
Thou Bacchus bleſſed barne of Ioue in warlicke India borne,
Thou Lad that euermore doſt weare thy happy bush vnshorne,
Whoſe Jaucting tuft with Jury bunch, the Tygres makes adred,
And doſt with labelde Myter vſe to pranck thy horny hed,
Hippolytus his ſtaring Locks thou Bacchus ſhalt not ſtayne,
To wonder at thy louing lookes too much doe thou refrayne,
Whom (as the people doe report) the Ariadne bright,
For beauties name preferde before Bacchus that Bromius hight.
A brittle Jewell beauty is on mortall men employde,
Thou gift that for a ſeaſon ſhort of Mankinde arte enioyde,
How ſoone alas with feathered foote hence doſt thou fading ſlide?
The parching Sommers vapour hoate in Mers moſt pleaſaũte pryde
So withers not the Meadowes greene, (when as the ſcorching Sũne)
In Tropick ligne of burning Crab full hoate at Noone doth runne,

And on her shorter clowdy Wheeles vnhorseth soone the night.
With wanny Leaues downe hang the heads of withred Lillies whight
The balmy bloomes and sprouting floure do leaue the naked hed
Her beauty bright whose radiant beams in corsaild Cheekes is spred,
Is dashed in the twincke of Eye: no day as yet did passe,
In which not of his beauty reft some pearles person was.
For Fauour is a fleeting thing: what wight of any wit
Will vnto fraile and fickle ioy his confidence commit?
Take pleasure of it while thou mayst, for Tyme with stealing steps
Will vndermine, on howre past straight in a worser leps:
Why flyest thou to the wildernes, to seeke thy succour there?
Thy beauty bydes not safer in the waylesse woods then here.
If Tyran hoyst his tottering Cart on poynt of ful midday,
Thee shrowded close among the brakes the Naids will assay,
A gadding troupe that beautyes Boyes do locke in fountaynes fayre,
To frame their feare then vnto thee in senseles sleepe repayre,
Shal wanton Fayries, Nymphes of Frithes, & on the Hilles do walke,
Which Dryads mountayne Goblins haunt, that vse on hilles to stalke:
Or when from high Starbearing poale Diana downe did looke
On thee that next old Arcades in heauen thy seate hast tooke,
Shee could not weilde her weltring wayne, and yet no foggy cloude.
Eclipst her gleaming Globe, but we with tincking Pans aloude,
Can make a noyse, agrised at her dead and glowing light
We deemd hir charmd with Magicke verse of Thessant witches spright
But thou didst cause hir buslines, and madest her in a maze,
Wyle at thy pleasant louely lookes the Goddesse stoode in gaze,
That rules the rayne of cloudy night she stopt her running race,
God graunt that seldome byting frost may pinch this comely face.
Let seldome scorching Sunny beams thy Cheekes with freckles die:
The Myrble blue in quarry pittes of Parius that doth lie,
Beares not so braue a glimsyng glosse as pleasant seemes thy face
Whose browes with manly maiesty suppoze an awful grace.
And forehead fraught with grauity of Fathers countnaunce old:
His Iuory colourd necke although compare to Phœbe ye would,
His lockes (that neuer lacking knew) it selfe displaying wyde
On shoulder poyntes doth set them out, and also doth them hyde.
Thy curled forehead seemes thee well, and eake thy notted hayre,
That crumpled lies vndight in thee a manly grace doth beare.
Thou Gods (though fierce and valiant) perforce dost chase, and farre
Dost ouermatch in length of limmes, though yet but young thou arre,

Thou

Thou beares as big & boystrous brawnes as Hercules thy breast,
Then Champion Mars more bourly bolstred out with broader chest:
On back of hornie hoofed Steedes if bawting thou do ryde,
With Bridle in thyne active hand more handsome canst thou guyde.
The trampling Cyllar horse of Spart, then Princely Castor could,
Thy Letherne loope amid thy dart with former fingers hould,
And drive thy launce with all thy pith, the active men of Creete,
That with their pitched dartes afarre do learne the marke to hit.
They shall not hurle a slender Reede, but after Parthian guyse
To shoote an arrow if they list into the open Skies,
Unsped without some Bird attaynt it shal not light on ground,
Unbath'd with lukewarme bloud of guttes in gory smoking wound,
And from amid the lofty Cloudes downe shalt thou fetch thy pray:
Few men (marke wel the tyme) haue borne beauty vaplagude away.
God send thee better lucke, and graunt thy noble personage
May passe vnto the happy steps and stretch to dumpish age.
What mischiefe vnattempt escapes a Womans witlesse rage?
Most haynous crymes thee meanes to lay to guiltles youngmãs charge
And thinkes to make her matter good with hayre thus rent at large,
She towseth eake the pranking of her head with watred plantes,
Her eye deuyse no crafty kind of womans fetches wantes.
But who is this that in his face such princely port doth beare?
Whose lofty lookes with stately pace hie vauntst his head doth reare?
Lyke lusty young Pyrithous, he looketh in the face,
But that a fayntling fallow pale his bleakish Cheekes disgrace,
And filthy baggage hangeth on his hash hayre rayse vpright,
Lo Theseus, it is agayne restoard to earthly light:

The

THE THIRDE ACTE.

Theseus, Nutrix,

At length I scapt the glowinge glades
of grim eternall Night,
And eake the vnderpropping poale,
that each infernall Spright
Doth mucke in, shut vp in shades
loe how my dazelled eyes
Can scant abyde the long desi-
red light of Marble Skies.
Eleusis now fowle offringes of Triptolemus deupdes,
And counterpaysed Day with Night now foure tymes Libra hydes.
I earnest in my Parlous toyle in doubt what lucke to haue
Twixt dread of gastly Death, and hope my feeble life to saue,
Some sparke of life stil in my breables limmes abyding was,
When as embarkt on erkesome Stix Alcides downe did passe,
To succour me in dire distresse, who when the hellicke hound
From Tartares grieslp gates in Chaynes he dragd aboue the ground,
And also me he carryed vp into the World agayne
My tyred limmes doth sappy pith of former strength restrayne,
My feble faltring legges do quake, what lugging toyle it was
From bottom deepe of Phlegethon to world aloofe to passe?
What dreary dole & mourning noyse is this that beates myne eares?
Let some declare it vnto mee: who blubbred so with teares
Lamenting loud and languishing within our gates appeares?
This entertaynment fit is for a guest that comes from Hell.
Nu. A stubburne heart and obstinate in Phedras breast doth dwell,
With despyet mind to slay her selfe our teares she doth despyse,
And giuing vp the gasping Ghoast, alas my Lady dyes.
Th. Why should she kill herselfe? why die, hir spouse being come againe?
Nu. For this (my Lord) with hastp death she would her selfe haue slaine.
Th. These troblous wordes some perlous thing I wot not what to tell
Speake plain: what lumpe of glutting griefe her fated heart doth quel,

She,

She doth complayne her case to none, but penciuely and sad
She keepes it secrete to her selfe, determind thus shee had,
To beare aboute with her the bane, wherewith she meanes to die.
Hie, hie thee fast, I pray thee now, now haue wee neede to hye.
Our Pallace lockt with stately Coulpes set open by and by.

Theseus, Phædra.

MAdame Mate of Spousall bedde
thus dost thou entertayne
The comming of thy louing Spouse?
and welcom home agayne
Thy long desyred Husbandes face?
why takes thou not away
My Sword out of my hand, and dost not cheare my Spyrites (I saye)
Nor shewest me what doth the breath out of the body chase?
Ph. Alas my valiant Theseus euen for thy royall mace,
Wherwith thy Kingdome thou dost weild, and by the noble raygne
Of thy belou'd posterity, and comming home agayne,
And for the worshyp that is due vnto my fatall graue,
O let me die and sucker me, deserued death to haue.
Th. What cause compelleth thee to die? Ph. If I the cause of death
Disclose, then shall I not obtayne the loosyng of my breath:
Th. No worldly wight (saue I my selfe alone) the same shall heare,
Art thou afrayd to tel it in thy husbandes bashful eare?
Speake out, thy secretes shrowd I shall within my faythful brest.
Ph. What thou would other to conceale, kepe thou it first in rest,
Th. Thou shalt not suffred be to die: Ph. From him that wisheth Death,
Death neuer can be seperate. Th. The crime that losse of breath
Ought to reuenge, shew it to me. Ph For sooth because I liue.
Th. Alas do not my trilling teares thy stony stomacke grieue?
Ph. It is the sweetest death, when one doth lothsome life forsake,
Bereft of such as should for him most woful weeping make.
Th. Still standes she mum? ô croked, old, ilfauord, hoblinge Trotte,
Hir Nurse for stripes and clogging bandes shall vtter euery iotte,
That thee forbid her hath to tell: in yron chaynes her bynd,
Let tawing whips wring out perforce the secrets of her mynd:

Ph. Now

PH. Now I my selfe will speak: stay yet. TH. Why dost thou turne aside?
From me thy weeping Countenance? thy teares why dost thou hide
That gushing sodaine frō thine eyes streame downe thy cheekes apace?
Why hidest thou thy flowing floudes with Coate before thy Face?
PH Thee, thee, Creator of the Heauens to witnesse I doe call,
And thee O glittering fiery glede of Thrissall Sky with all,
And Phœbus thou from whom at first our royall Race hath roon.
With fawning face & flattring words in suite I was not woon.
For naked sword, & thundring shotts, appauled was I not:
Wy bruised bones abode the blowe, and stripes when sore he smote:
This blemish black of foule defame my bloud shall purge againe.
TH Declare what villaine is he ỳ our honour so doth staine? (long.
PH. Whom least yee would mistrust. TH. To know who tis, ful sore I
PH. This Sword will tel, which sore afright when people thick in throng
Reserted fast, the Leacher vile for hast did leaue behinde,
Because the people preasing fast he dreeded in his minde:
TH. Wh out alas, O woe is mee, what villany see I?
Alas what vncouth Monster fowle of mischiefe I espy?
Beholde the royall Iuory engrau'de and purtred fine,
Emboast with golden studdes, vpon th'enameld Hafe doth shine,
(The Jewell of Actea lande) but whyther fled is hee?
PH. With light Heele running sore dismaide these seruants did him see?
TH. O sacred holinesse, O Ioue betweene whose mighty hands
The Marble Poale with weltring sway in course directed stands,
And thou that second Scepter weilds in fomy fighting waue,
Why doth this cursed broode with such this wicked vengeance raue?
Hath he bene fostred vp in Greece? or craggy Taurus wilde
Among hard rugged Rocks, and Caues, some sauage Scythian Childe?
Or else in bruttish Colchis Ile by Desart Phasis flood?
Tat after kinde hee is, and will th'unkindly Bastard blood
Returne vnto his kinreds course, whence first his ligne hee clames.
This frantick fury vp and downe comes of the warlicke Dames,
To hate the loyall leagues of loue, and shunning long the vse
Of Cupids campe, with tag, and rag, her body to abuse,
Become as good as euer twangd: O detestable kinde,
No better Sople by any meanes can chaunge thy filthy minde.
The bruttish beasts themselues doe loath th'abuse which Venus drawes,
And simple shamefastnesse it selfe obserueth Natures lawes:
Where is the brag of Maiesty, and fayned portly grace
Of manly minde, that hateth new, and olde things doth embrace?

O dubble

O double dealing life, thou clokes deceiptful thoughtes in breſt,
And ſetteſt out a forhead fayre where frounced mynd doth reſt:
The ſaucie Jacke with bachful brow doth malipiertnes hide:
The rachnes of the deſpret Dicke by ſtilneſſe is vnſpide.
With ſhow of right religion knaues villany maintayne,
And guileful mealemouthd Gentlemen do hold with ſpeaking playne:
The dayntie wanton Carpet Knights of hardnes boaſt and prate,
That Woodraunger, that brainſicke beaſt what liu'd in chaſt eſtate
In vndefpied Bachiler thou rude and homely clowne,
Thus doſt thou watch thy tyme, to breede this blot in my renowne?
To make me Cuckold firſt of all did it delyght thy mynd,
Firſt falling to thy ſpouſall ſport with miſchiefe moſt vnkind,
Now, now, to thee ſupernal loue moſt hearty thankes I yeeld,
That with my firſt Antiope to dreary death I quelde,
That gone to dampiſh Stygian Dennes I left thee not behynd
Thy Mother: go, go Vagabond rawnge, rawnge, about to finde
Straunge forraine ſoyles, and outcaſt landes aloofe at worlds his end,
And Iles encloſd with th'Ocean floud to hell thy ſoule ſhall ſend:
Beneath among th'Antipodes, thy ſelfe of harbring ſped,
Though in the vtmoſt lurking nooke, thou ſhroude thy miching heade,
Aboue the griſly Pallaces thou climbe of lofty Poale,
Or maiſt aboue the clottering Snow aduaunce thy curſed Soule,
Beyond the brunt of Winter flawes and threatning rigour paſſe
And ſtormy wrath with rumbling rough of yſie Boreas,
With vengeance, vengeance violent faſt hurling after thee,
With daunting plagues and peſtilence thy ſinnes ſhal ſcourged bee.
For life and death, about the world in euery lurking hoale,
O fugitiue I ſhal not ceaſe ſtil to purſue thy ſoule.
But ſeeke and ſearch for thee I ſhall in landes that lye a farre,
At corners blynd and caues ſhut vp, Dennes lockt with bolt and barre,
A thouſand wayes vnpaſſable no place ſhal me withſtand.
My curſinges blacke ſhal light on thee there where reuenging hande
With weapon cã not worke ỹ harme: thou knoweſt that Neptune great
My Syre who flotes on floudes, & waues, with forked Mace doth beat
Geue licence freely vnto me three boones to chuſe and craue,
Which willingly the God hath graunt, and ſworne I ſhal it haue
Proteſting vgſome Stygian Lake, and hallowed hath his bow:
O breaker of the wraſtling waues, auouch thy promiſe now:
Let neuer more Hippolitus behold th'eclipſed light,
And for the Fathers wrathful rage the curſed child downe ſmight,

To

To waste among the gastly sprites o Father bend thy might,
To giue (alas) this lothsome spoile vnto thy needy Sonne,
I of thy Maiestie deuyne exact not to be donne.
This chiefest bone, til puissant payse of yllees do vs oppresse:
In bottom deepe of boyling Tartar pit, and sore distresse,
In grisly Lymbo Jawes nigh gargiefaced Diis dimme,
Amid the crumpled threatning browes of Hellish Pluto grim,
To claime thy promise made to mee, as then I bidde refrayne,
Now Syre thy faith by promise due performe to me agayne.
Yet dost thou slepe? thy rumble not the waltring waues yet husht,
Through foggy cloude in dusky skies with stormy blasles cutrusht.
Vnfold the mantel blacke of Night, and roll away the Skies,
Enforce the fighting floods brast out with mounting waues to tyse.
And couture vp the water hagges that in the Lockes do keepe,
The Ocean surges swelling hie call vp from bottom deepe.

Chorus.

O Nature Grandame greate of Heauenly Sprites,
Eake Ioue that guides Olimpus mighty sway,
That rakes the race of twinckling heauēly lightes,
Cn spinning Spheare and order dost for aye
The stragling course of roaming planets hie,
And weildes about the whirling Axeltree
The weltring Poales, th'eternal course of Skie
To keepe in frame, what workes such care in thee.
That earst the cold which hoary winter makes
Vnclothes the naked wood, and now agayne
The shades returne vnto the breary brakes
Now doth the starre of Sommer Lion raygne,
VVhose scalded necke with boyling heate doth frie,
Perbraking flames from fiery seming jawes:
VVith scorching heate the parched corne do drie:
Ech season to his kindly course in drawes.
But thou that weildes these thinges of massy might,

By

By whom the hugy world with egal payſe
Euen Ballanced doth keepe in compaſſe right,
Each Spheare by meaſurd weight that iuſtly ſwaiſe,
Alas why doſt thou beare a retchles breaſt
Toward mankind? not caſting any care
That wicked men with miſchiefe be oppreſt,
And eake to ſee that goodmen wel do fare
Dame Fortune topſieturuy turnes at wil
The world, and deales her dole with blinded hand,
And foſters vice mayntayning miſchiefe ill.
Fowle luſt triumphes on good men brought in band
Deceipt in ſtately Court the ſway doth weild,
In Lordinges levvde the vulgar ſort delight,
With glee to ſuch the Mace of might they yeeld.
Some magiſtrates they do both loue and ſpight,
And penſiue vertue brought to bitter bale,
Receyues revvard that doth of right aryſe,
The continent to Priſon neede doth hale,
The Leacher raygnes enhaunced by his vice.
O fruitles ſhame, O counterfayted port.
But vvhat nevves may this meſſenger novv bring,
Who vvith maine pace comes poaſting in this ſort,
And ſtayes vvith mourning countnance at the Kinge.

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

Nuntius, Theseus,

Heavy happe and cruell chaunce
of Seruantes slauish state,
Why am I Poast to bring the newes
of this ill fauord fate?
Th. Be not abasht the ruthful wracke
with courage to declare:
My breast against the brunt of broyles
stil armed I prepare,
Nun. My foltring tongue doth speach vnto
my glutting griefe denye.
Th. Our flocke with sorrow shaken sore what cares do crush eserie.
Nun. Hippolytus (ay woe is me) is slayne by doleful death.
Th. Now Father do I know my Sonne bereaued of his breath,
For why the Leacher life is lost: shew in what sort he dide.
Nun. In all poast hast as fugitiue to shunne the Towne he hyde
Once hauing caught his cutting course apace he scudders away,
His prauncing Palfreyes straite he doth with Collers close araye.
With curbed bittes their snaffled heads at will he bridles in,
Then talking much vnto himselfe to curse he doth beginne
His nattue soyle: alas deare Father, Father stil he cryes:
And angry lasheth with his whip, whyle loose his Bridle lies:
Then sodenly a hugy swolue gan swel amid the deepe,
And starteth vp into the starres no pipling wind doth sweepe
Along the Seas in Heauen so lith no noyse at all there was:
The Seas ful calme euen as their kindly Tyde doth driue them, passe.
Nor yet no boysterous Southerne wynd the Sycill sand turmoyles.
Nor yet with fomie ramping surge the raging gulph vp boyles,
Heaude vp by Westerne puffes: when as the rockes with flapping flash
Do shake and drowne Lucates clitue the hoary fome doth dash.
The tombling waues togeather tost on hils are heaped hie,
The swelling swolue with Monster much to land aloft doth fye,
Narowly shaken ships in Seas do suffer wracke hereby:

The land in hazard lyes of stormes a waltring waue is rold
In tottring wise a wallowing gulph with winding compas fold,
Driues downe I know not what withall: a flat vprising new
An head aboue the water brim doth rayse the Starres to bew.
In foggie cloud eclipsed is Apollos dusky gleede,
And Scyros Rocks whom Trumpe of Fame aduaunst by dreary deede:
Corynthus take whom double Sea on eyther side assayle:
Whyle greatly we agrieso, these thinges do languishing bewayle,
The belking Seas pell out the grunting Rockes with all do roze:
The slabby Clyue doth take, fro whence the water ebde before,
It frothes, and keping course by course it spewes the waters out,
As doth Physeter fish (that flitters the Ocean Coast about)
And gulping doth from pawning throat his flouds of water spoute.
The shaken surge did tottre strayte and brake it selfe in twayne:
With wracke (moze violent then wee did feare) it rusht amayne
Against the shoze, beyond the bankes it breakes into the land:
And hideous Monster followes: these foz feare did quaking stand
Th. What shape that vncouth Monster had and body vast declare.
Nu A boasting Bull, his marble necke aduaunced hye that bare,
Vprayso his lofty bristled Mayn on curled forehead greene
With shaggy eares pricke vp his diuers speckled hornes were seene.
(Whom Bacchus earst possessed had, who tames the Cattell wyld,
And eake the God that borne in flouds was bred a water Chyld)
Now puffing he perbrabeth flames, and now as leaming light
With sparckling beams his goggle eyes do glare and glister bright.
His greasy larded necke (a marke foz to be noted well)
With tough and knobby curnels hie out bumping big do swell.
His snozting Nostrilles wyde do grunt and pawning gulphes they folde,
His breast and throtebag greenishly are dawbd with clammy molde
His side along begrymed is with Lactuse red of hue,
On snarling knots his wrinkled rumpe toward his face he drue,
His scaly haunch, and lagging tayle most vgly dragges hee vp,
As Pristis in the deepe of Seas the swallowed Keele doth sup,
Oz else perbrabeth out again the vndigested pup.
The earth did quake, the Cattel feard about the field do rampe,
The hunter starke with chilling feare beginnes to stare and stampe,
The herdman had no mynd his scattrynge Heyfers to pursue,
The Deere amazed brake the pale and bad the Laundes adue.
But onely yet Hippolytus. Diuoyde of fayntyng feare
His neyng horses with the raynes of Bridles hard doth beare,

With wonted woordes he chereth vp his nymble Nagges afraide:
A steepe hie way at Argos lies with stony cliues decaide,
That nodding ouerhangs the Sea, which vnderfleetes that wayes:
That vgly Royle heere heates him selfe, and rag ng wrath doth rayse,
And kindling courage hoate, him force with burning breast assayes,
And chausing eft himselfe before gan fret with angry hart.
Le then into a scouring course on sodayne doth hee start,
With whirling pace he girding forth doth scarcely touch the ground,
Lighting a front the trimbling Cart with glaring Eyes hee glowmd.
Then also doth thy threatning Son with lowring browes vpstart,
Nor chaungeth Countenaunce, but speakes with stout courageous hart.
This foolish feare doth not appaule my bold and hardned brest,
It comes to mee by kinde, that Bulls by mee should bee oppest.
His Steedes dekping strait the Raynes plonge forward with the Cart,
As rage did prick them, sore afright before the way they start.
This bias way among the Rocks they raunge, and wander wyde,
But as the Pylot (least the Barke should totter to one syde)
Doth beare it euen in wrastling waues: so while his horses skip,
He ruleth them, now raines them hard, and now with winding whip
Free lashes on their buttocks lapes: his Foe doth him pursue,
Now step by step, now meeting full agaynst his face hee flue.
Prouoking terror euery where. No further fly they might:
The horned beast with butting Browes gan run vpon them right.
The trampling Gennets straught of wits doe straight way breake their (rap,
The struggle striuing hard to slip the Collar if they may.
And praunsing on their hinder Feete, the burden hurle on ground:
Thy Son flat falling on his Face, his body fast was bound,
Entangled in the winding ropes, the more he striues to loose
The slipping knots, he faster sticks within the sliding noose.
The Horses doe percepue the broyle: and with the Waggon light
While none there is to rule the Raynes, with skittish feare afright
At random out they ramping runne, (euen as the Welkin hye
The Cart that mist his woonted waight, disdayning in the Skye
The dreery day that falsely was commit vnto the Sun,
From off the fiery Marble Poale that downe a skew doth run,
Flang Phaeton topsie turuey tost) his blood begores the ground:
And dingd agaynst the rugged Rocks his head doth oft rebound:
The brambles rent his haled hayre: the edged flinty stones,
The beauty batter of his Face, and breake his crashing bones:

At Mouth

At Mouth his blaring tongue hangs out with squeased eyne out dasht,
His Iawes & Skull doe crack, abrode his spurting Bloynes are pasht,
His cursed beauty thus deforide with many wounds is spent:
The iotting Wheeles do grinde his guts, and drenched lims they rent.
At length a Stake w̄ Trūchion burnt his ripped Bauch hath caught,
From riued Grine toth' Nauell stead within his wombe it raught:
The Cart vpon his Maister pawsde against the ground yet sasht,
The Fellies stuck within the wounds, and out at length they rushe:
So both delay and Maisters limbs are broke by stresse of Wheeles:
His dragling guts then traple about the winding horses heeles.
They thumping with their horny Hooues against his Belly beate,
From bursten Bauneh on heapes his blouddy bowells tumble thicke:
The scratting Byers on the Brakes with needle poynted pricks
His gory Carkas all to race with spelles of thorny sticks
And of his flesh ech ragged shrub a gub doth snatch and rent,
His men (a mourning troupe God knowes) with brackish teares belyre
Doe stray about the fielde, whereas Hippolytus was tore:
A piteous signe is to bee seene by tracing long of gore:
His howling Dogges their Maisters limmes with licking follow still:
The earnest toyle of woful Wights can not the coars vp fill,
By gathering vp the gobbets sparst and broken lumps of flesh.
Is this the flaunting bravery that comes of beauty fresh?
Who in his Fathers Empyre earst did raigne as pryncely Peare
The Heyre apparant to the Crowne, and shone in honour cleare,
Lyke to the glorious Stars of Heauen his Limmes in pieces small
Are gathred to his fatall Graue, and swept to funerall.
TH. O Nature that preuysile too much, (alas) how dost thou binde
A hyth bonds of blood the Parents breast? how loue we thee by kinde?
Maugre our Teeth whom guilty eeke we would haue reft of breath:
And yet lamenting with my teares I doe bewayle thy death.
NVN. None can lament with honesty that which he wisht destroyde.
TH. The hugest heape of woes by this I thinke to be enioyde,
When flickering Fortunes cursed wheele doe cause vs cry alas,
To rue the wrack of things which earst we wished brought to passe.
NVN. If still thou keepe thy grudge, why is thy Face w̄ teares belyre?
TH. Because I liue him, not because I lost him, I repent.

Hippolytus Chorus.

WHat heape of happes do tumble vpsyde downe
Th'estate of man? lesse raging Fortune flies
On little things: lesse leaming lightes are throwne
By hand of Ioue, on that which lower lies.
The homely couch safe merry hartes do keepe:
The Cotage base doth giue the Golden sleepe.

The lofty Turrets top that cleaues the cloude
VVithstandes the sturdy stormes of Southren wynde,
And Boreas boysterous blastes with threatning loud
Of blusteryng Corus shedding showres by kinde.
The reking Dales do seldome noiance take,
Byding the brunt of Lightninges flashing flake.

Th'aduaunced creast of Caucasus the great
Did quake with bolt of lofty thundring Ioue:
VVhen he from cloudes his thunder dintes did beat,
Dame Cybels Phrygian fryth did trembling moue:
King Ioue in hawty heauen ful sore affright
The nighest thinges with weapons doth he smyght.

The ridges low of Vulgar peoples house
Striken with stormes do neuer greatly shake:
His Kingdomes coast Ioues thundring thumpes do souse:
VVith wauering winges that houre his flight doth take
Nor flitting Forrune with her tickle wheele
Lets any wight assured ioy to feele.

VVho in the VVorld beholds the Starres ful bright,
And chereful day forsaking gastly Death,
His sorrowfull returne with groning spright
He rewes, sith it depriude his Sonne of breath
He seeth his lodging in his court agayne,
More doleful is then sharpe Auernus payne.

OPal-

O *PALLAS* vnto whom all *Athens* land
Due homage oweth, becauſe that *THESEVS* thine
Among vs worldly Wights againe doth ſtand,
And ſeeth the Heauens vpon himſelfe to ſhine,
And paſſed hath the parlous myrie Mud
Of ſtinking *Stygian* Fen, and filthy Flud.

Vnto thy rauening Vncles dreery Gaile
O Lady chaſte not one Ghoſt doſt thou owe,
The Hellick Tyrant knowes his perfect tale,
Who from the Court this ſhriking ſhrill doth throwe?
What miſchiefe comes in frantick *PHÆDRAS* brayne
With naked Sword thus running out amayne.

THE FIFTE ACT.

THESEVS. PHÆDRA. CHORVS.

THrough pierſt with pangues of penſiueneſſe
what fury pricks thy brayne?
What meanes this bloudy blade? what meanes
this ſhrikking out amayne?
And langiſhing vpon the Corps
which was thy mallice made?
PH. O tamer of the wraſtling waues
mee, mee, doe thou inuade.
The Monſtrous hags of Marble Seas to rampe on mee ſend out,
What euer Thetis low doth keepe with folding armes about,
Or what the Ocean Seas aloofe embrace with winding waue:
O Theſeus that to thine alies doſt ſtill thy ſelfe behaue
So Curriſhly, O thou that for thy louing Friends auayle
Doſt neuer get returne: thy Sonne and Father doe bewayle

Thy visage brought by death, and blood, thy locke thou doest destroy,
Whose or hatred of thy wife thou workest still annoy:
O sweete Hippolytus thus I behold thy battred face,
And I it is, I wretch (alas) that brought thee to this case.
What Scinis forst thy limbs so torne his snarching boughes to feele?
Or what Procrustes rackt and rent thee streacht on bed of Steele?
Or else what Minotaur of Crete that grim twishaped Bull
With horny head (that Dedalls dennes with lowing filleth full)
Hath thee in fitters torne? (ate me) where is thy beauty fled?
Where are our twinckling stars thine eyes? alas and art thou ded?
Appeare a while, receiue my words, for speake I shall none yll:
This hand shal strike the stroake, wherwith thy vengeance quite I will.
And sith that I, I Cowtlie, I, abridged haue thy life,
Lo here I am content, to yeelde thee mine with bloudy knife.
If ghost may here be giuen for ghost, and breath may serue for breath,
Hippolytus take thou my soule, and come again from death.
Behold my bowels yet are safe my limbs in lusty plight,
Would God that as they serue for me, thy body serue they might,
Mine eies to render kindly light vnto thy Carkasse ded,
Lo for thy vse this hand of mine shall pluck them from my hed,
And set them in these empty cells and vacant holes of thine.
Thy weale of me a wicked Wight to win, do not repine.
And if a womans wofull heart in place of thine may rest,
My bosom straight breake vp I shall, and teare it from my brest.
But courage stout of thine doth doth faint womans heart to haue
Thy Noble minde would rather go with manly heart to graue.
Alas be not so manly now, this manlinesse forbeare,
And rather choose to liue a man with womans spite and feare,
Then as no man with manly heart in darckenesse deepe to sit:
Haue thou thy life, giue me thy death that more deserueth it.
Can not my profer purchase place? yet vengeance shal thou haue,
Hell shall not hold me from thy syde nor death of dompish graue.
Sith fates wil not permit thee life, though I behest thee mine,
My selfe I shall in spite of fate my fatall twist vntwine.
This blade shall riue my bloudy breast, my selfe I will dispoile
Of soule, and sunne at once: through floods and Tartar gulphes I boyle,
Through Styx and through the burning Lakes I wil come after thee:
Thus may we please the lowring shades, receiue thou heere of mee
The partings of my Poll and Locks cut off from forehead torne,
Our hearts we could not ioyne in one, yet wretches now forlorne

We

We shal together in one day our fatall hower close:
If thou be lorall to thy spouse, for him thy life then lose:
But if thou be vncestuous, dye for thy louers sake.
Shall I vnto my husbandes bed againe my corps betake,
Polluted with so haynous crime? O death the chiefest ioy
Of wounding shame: Death onely ease of stinging Loues annoy:
We runne to thee: embrace our sowles within thy gladsome breast:
Harke Athens, harke vnto my talke, and thou aboue the reste,
Thou Father worse vnto thy Child than bloudy Stepdame I.
False forged tales I told with shame, I fayning that did lye,
Which I of spite imagined, when raging breast did swarue:
Thou father falsly punisht hast him that did not deserue.
The youngman chast is cast away for myne vncestuous vice,
Both bashful he and guiltles was, now play thy wonted guyse.
My guilty breast with bloudy Launce of Sword deserv'd is riuen,
The Dirge toth' dead to purge my spouse shal with my bloud be geuen.
Thou father of the Stepdame learne, what things thy Sõne should haue
Of life depriued, as to lay his carkasse in a graue.
Th. O wanny Jawes of blacke Auerne, rake Tartar dungeon grim,
O Lethes Lake of wofull Soules the ioy that therein swimme,
And rake ye glummy Furies destroy, destroy me wicked wight
And fil in pit of pangues let me be plunged day and night.
Now, now, come vp ye Goblins grim from water creekes alow,
What euer Proteus hugie swolne alooft doth ouerflow,
Come dowse me drowned in swallowes depe, that triumphe in my sinne:
And father thou that euermore ful ready prest hath binne
To wreake myne yre, aduenturing I a deede deseruing death
With new found slaughter haue bereft myne onely Sonne of breath.
His tattred limbs I scatred haue the bloudy field about,
Whyle th'innocent I punish doe, by chaunce I haue found out}
The truth of al this wickednes: heauen, starres, and spirites of hell
I pester with my treachery thatme doth ouerquell.
No wretchednes hap remayneth more: ill kingdomes know me well:
We are returned to this World. For this did Hell vnfold
His gates that burials twayne I might and double death beholde:
Wherby I both a wrucles Wight and eake a Sonles Sire,
Slay with one brand to wyfe and Sonne enflame the funeral fire.
O tamer of blackefaced light Alcides, now restore
Thy beore brought from Hel, redeeme to vse, to vse therfore

These Ghostes that now be gone, ah sinful wretch to death in vayne
I sue, most vndiscrete by whom these wretched Wightes were slayne.
Imagining destruction sore aboute it will I goe,
Now with thyne owne handes on thy selfe due vengeance do bestowe:
A Pine tree bough downe straind perforce vnto the ground alow,
Let slip into the open ayre shal cut my corpes in twayne.
From top of Scyrons Rockes I wil be tumbled downe amayne.
More grieuous vengeance yet I haue in Phlegethon Riuer found,
Tormenting guilty Ghostes enclosd with fiery Channel round.
What pit and pangues shal plunge my soule already haue I known,
That tyring toyle of Sisyphus that retchles rolling stone,
Let yeeld vnto my guilty Ghost, and being layed on
These shoulders, these, these lifting handes of myne downe let it sway:
And let the fleeting floud aboute my lips deluded play.
Yea let the rauening gryppe come heare and Tytius paunch forsake,
Forglutting foode with grasping Cleaze my liuer let him take,
Encreasyng still to feede the Foule, and for my tormentes sake.
And pause thou my Pyrothous Syze, and eke the snackle Wheele
That whirleth still enforce my limmes thy swinging swift to feele.
Gape, gape, thou ground and swallow me thou cruell Chaos blynd,
This passage to thinfernall Spyrightes is fit for me to find:
My Sonne I will ensue, thou Prince of gastly ghostes in hell,
Dread not for chast wee come to thee: geue thou me leaue to dwell
Among thy dreadful dennes for aye, and not to passe agayne.
Alas, my prayer at the Gods no fauour can obtayne,
But if that mischiefe crane I should how ready would they bee?
Ch. O Theseus to thy plaint eternall tyme is graunted thee:
Bryngde thy Sonne his Obit rytes, and shroude in dompish graue
His broken limmes, which Monsters foule disperst and scattered haue.
Th. The shreadings of this deare beloued carkasse bring to mee,
His mangled members hether bring on heapes that tombled be:
This is Hyppolytus, I do acknowledge myne offence,
For I it is, that haue depriued thee of life and sense.
Least that but once, or onely I should be a guilty Wight,
I Sire attempting mischiefe haue besought my Fathers might.
Lo I enioy my fathers gift, O solitarinesse,
A grieuous plague when feeble yeares haue brought vs to distresse,
Embrace these limmes, and that which yet doth of thy sonne remayne,
O woeful wight in baleful breast preserue and entertayne.
These scattred scraps of body torne O Syze in order set,

The straying gobbetts bring againe, here was his right hand set:
His left hand here instructed well to rule the raynes must be.
His left syde ribbs (ful wel I know to be bewayld of mee
With bitter teares) as yet alas are lost and wanting still,
O trembling handes behold this woful busines to fulfil,
And withered Cheekes forbid your streams of flowing tears to runne
Whyle that the father do accompt the members of his Sonne.
And eke patch up his body rent, that hath his fashion lost,
Disfigured foule with gorye woundes, and all about betost:
I doubt, if this of thee be peece, and peece it is of thee:
Here, lay it here, in th'empty place, here let it layed be,
Although perhap it lye not right: (aye me) is this thy face?
Whose beauty twinckled as a starre, and eake did purchase grace,
In sight of Iove procurd to ruth. Is this thy beauty lost?
O cruell will of Gods, O rage in sinne prevayling most.
Doth thus the Syre that great good turne perfourme unto his sonne?
Lo let thy fathers last farewel within thyne eares to runne,
My child whom oft I bid farewell: the whilst the fire shall burne
These bones, set ope his buriall bower, and let us fall to mourne
With loude lamenting Mopsus wife for both the coarses sake:
With Princely Pompe his funerall fire see that ye ready make,
And seeke ye up the broken parts in field disperst round,
Stop hir up burlde into a Pit, let heauy clodds of ground
lie hard upon hir curst hed.

FINIS.

OEDIPVS.

THE FIFTH TRAGEDY OF SENECA, ENGLISHED

The yeare of our Lord
M.D.LX.

BY

ALEXANDER NEVYLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, *MAISTER DOCTOR* WOTTON: ONE OF THE *Queenes Maiesties priuy Counsayle*: Alexander Neuyle wisheth Helth, vvith encrease of Honor.

THis sixtenth yeare of myne age (righte honorable) reneweth a gratefull memory of your great goodnes towardes mee: (for at Baptisme your honor vouchsafed to aunsweare for mee): and causeth mee thus boldly to present these greene and vnmelowed fruicts of my first trauailes vnto you: as signes and testimonies of a well disposed minde vnto your honor. Albeit when first I vndertoke the translation of this present Tragœdy, I minded nothing lesse, than that at any tyme thus rudely transformed it shoulde come into the

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Printers hands. For I to none other ende remoued him, from his naturall and lofty style, to our corrupt and base, or as some men (but vntruly) affyrme it, most barbarous Language: but onely to satisfy the instant requests of a few my familiar frends, who thought to haue put it to the very same vse, that SENECA himselfe in his Inuention pretended: VVhich was by the tragicall and Pompous showe vpon Stage, to admonish all men of their fickle Estates, to declare the vnconstant head of wauering Fortune, her sodayne interchaunged and soone altered Face: and lyuely to expresse the iust reuenge, and fearefull punishmẽts of horrible Crimes, wherewith the wretched worlde in these our myserable dayes pyteously swarmeth. This caused me not to be precise in following the Author, word for word: but sometymes by addition, somtimes by subtraction, to vse the apte st Phrases in geuing the Sẽse that I could inuent. VVhereat a great numbre (I know) will be more offended than Reason or VVysedome woulde they should bee. Thus as I framed it to one purpose: so haue my frends (to whom I can not well deny any thyng that Frendshyps ryght may seeme iustly to requyre) wrested it to another effect: and by this meanes blowen it abroade, by ouerrash and vnaduised printing. By whych fond deede I know vndoubtedly I shall receyue the poysoned infamies, of a number of venemous tonges. VVherefore (ryght honorable) as I geue these the first Fruicts of my trauayle vnto you: declaring therein the great good-wyll and duety that I owe vnto your Honor, for the noble disposition of your vertuous mynde: so am I driuen humbly to require your strong ayde, and assured defence a-

gaynst the

gaynst the sclaunderous assaults of such malicious mouths, which obtayned: I shalbe the better encouraged agaynst an other time, to bestow my trauaile in matters of farre greater weighte and importaunce. In the meane season (desiring your Honour to take these simple Attemptes of myne in good part:) I leaue you to the tuitiō of the right high and mighty God: VVho keepe you long in health, & graunt you many happy yeares: with encrease of Honor.

All your Honours to commaund.
Alexander Neuile.

THE PREFACE TO the Reader.

BEHOLD HERE BEFORE THY Face (good Reader) the most lamentable Tragedy of that most Infortunate Prince *OEdipus*, for thy profit rudely translated. Wonder not at the groseneſſe of the Style: neyther yet accounte the Inuentours Dylygence dysgraced by the Translators Neglygence: VVho thoughe that he hath somtimes boldly presumed to erre from his Author, rouing at randon vvhere he list: adding and subtracting at pleasure: yet let not that engender disdaynefull suspition with in thy learned breast. Marke thou rather vvhat is ment by the vvhole course of the History: and frame thy lyfe free from such mischiefes, vvherevvith the World at this present is vniuersally ouervvhelmed, The vvrathfull vengeaunce of God prouoked, the Body plagued, the mynde and Conscience in midst of deepe deuouring daūgers most terribly assaulted,

In such

In ſuch ſort that I abhorre to write: and euen at the thought thereof I tremble and quake for very inward griefe and feare of minde: aſſuredly perſwading my ſelfe that the right high and immortall God, will neuer leaue ſuch horrible and deteſtable crimes vnpuniſhed. As in this preſent Tragœdy, and ſo forth in the proceſſe of the whole hyſtory, thou maiſt right well perceyue. Wherein thou ſhalt ſee, a very expreſſe and liuely Image of the incõſtant chaunge of fickle Fortune in the perſon of a Prince of paſſing Fame and Renown, midſt whole fluds of earthly bliſſe: by meare miſfortune (nay rather by the deepe hidden ſecret Iudgemẽts of God) piteouſly plunged in moſt extreame miſeries. The whole Realme for his ſake in ſtraungeſt guiſe greuouſly plagued: beſides the apparaunt deſtruction of the Nobility: the generall death and ſpoyle of the Cõminalty: the miſerable tranſformed Face of the City, with an infinite number of miſchiefes more, which I paſſe ouer vnreherſed. Onely wiſh I all men by this Tragicall hyſtory (for to that entent was it written) to beware of Synne: the ende whereof is ſhamefull and miſerable. As in the moſt infortunate fall of this vnhappy Prince right playnely appeareth. Who by inward gripe of fearefull cõſuming Cõſcience wretchedly tormented: beholding the lamẽtable ſtate of his vile infected Realmes, waſted by the burning rage of priuy ſpoyling Peſtilence, finds himſelfe in tract of time, to be th'onely plague & miſery of the almoſt quight deſtroied City. Whereupon calling together his Prieſts and Prophets, & aſking coũſaile of the Gods by them, for preſent remedy in thoſe euils, wherewith the Realme was than vniuerſally ouerflowen: aũſwere was made that the Plague ſhould neuer ceaſſe, till king *LAIVS* death were throughly reuenged: and the bloudy Murtherer driuen into perpetuall exile. Which aunſwere receiued, *OEDIPVS*, farre more curious in bowlting out the truth, than carefull of his own Eſtate: ſodainly ſlides into an innumerable company of dredfull miſeries. For as ſoone as he had once the perfect vewe of his own deteſtable deedes, and wicked miſdemeanour caſt before his eyes, together with the

vnnatu-

vnnaturall killing of his Father *LAIVS*, the inceſtuous Mariage of his Mother *IOCASTA*, the prepoſterous order of his ill miſguyded lyfe, vvith a hundred moe like miſchiefes, vvhich chaſte & vndefiled eares abhorre to heare: fretting Fury cõmon enemy & tormẽtor to corrupted cõſciẽces pricking him forvvard, all inflamed vvith Phrenſie and boyling in invvard heate of vile infected minde, hee rooteth out his wretched eyes vnnaturally, bereaueth his Mother her life (though earneſtly requeſted thereto) beaſtly, & in the ende in moſt baſeſt kind of ſlauery, baniſht, dieth miſerably. Leauing behind him vnto all poſterities, a dredfull Example of Gods horrible vengeaunce for ſinne. Such like terrors as theſe requireth this our preſent Age, wherein Vice hath chiefeſt place, & Vertue put to flight, lies as an abiect, languiſhing in great extremity. For the vvhich cauſe, ſo much the rather haue I ſuffred this my baſe trãſlated Tragœdy to be publiſhed: frõ his Author in word & verſe ſomewhat trãſformed, though in Senſe litle altered: and yet oftentimes rudely encreaſed vvith mine owne ſimple inuention: more raſhly (I cõfeſſe) than wiſely, vviſhing to pleaſe all: to offend none. But vvhereas no man liues ſo vprightly, vvhom ſlaundring tonges leaue vndiffamed, I referre my ſelfe to the Iudgement of the vviſeſt, litle eſteeming the preiudiciall mouthes of ſuch carping Marchaũts, vvhych ſuffer no mens doings almoſt to ſcape vndefiled. In fine, I beſeech all to gether (if ſo it might be) to beare vvith my rudenes, & conſider the groſenes of our owne Countrey language, which cã by no meanes aſpire to the high lofty Latiniſts ſtile. Myne onely entent vvas to exhorte men to embrace Vertue and ſhun Vyce, according to that of the right famous & excellent Poet *Virgil*.

Diſcite iuſticiam moniti, & non temnere diuos.

This obtayned: I hold my ſelfe throughly cõtented: In the meane ſeaſon I ende: wiſhing all men to ſhun Sin, the plaine (but moſt perilous) pathway to perfect infelicity.

A. Neuile.

The Speakers names.

OEdipus. Iocasta.
Chorus. Creon.
Tiresias. Manto.
Sanex. Phorbas.
[Nuntius.]

THE FIRST ACTE.

OEDIPVS the King. IOCASTA the Queene.

The Night is gon: and dredfull day
begins at length t'appeere:
And Phœbus all bedim'de with Clowdes,
himselfe aloft doth reere.
And glyding forth with deadly hue,
a dolefull blase in Skies
Doth beare: Great terror & dismay
to the beholders Eyes.
Now shall the houses boyde bee seene, with Plague deuoured quight?
And slaughter that the night hath made, shall day bring forth to light.
Doth any man in Princely throne reioyce? O brittle Joy,
How many ills? how fayre a Face? and yet how much annoy
In thee doth lurke, and hidden lies? what heapes of endles strife?
They iudge amisse, that deeme the Prince to haue the happy life.
For as the Mountaynes huge and hie, the blustring windes withstand,
And craggy Rocks, the belching floods do dash, and driue fro land:
Though that the Seas in quiet are, and calme on euery side:
So kingdoms great all Windes and Waues of Fortune must abide.
How well shund I my Father deare Polybius Scepters late?
Exil'de, bereft of carefull feare, in Pilgrims happy state:
I call the Gods to witnes this, and Starrs that glyde in Skyes,
A kingdome is befalln to mee, I feare least thereof ryse
A mischiefe, (mighty Ioue,) to great I feare, alas I feare
Least these my handes haue reft the life, of thee my Father deare.
Apollo byds mee this beware, and yet a mischiefe more
Foretels. IOC. Can any greater bee than that you tolde before?

Of Fa-

Of Father slayne by sonnes own hand? OE. (O thrice vnhappy state.)
With horror all dismaide I stand in dred of threatned fate.
I am ashamed my destinies fowle (O Queene) to thunder out,
And openly to blase my feare my trembling minde doth dout:
Yet out it goes. Phœbus me bids my Mothers Bed to fly,
As though that I her Sonne, with her incestuously should ly.
This feare, and onely this me causde my fathers kingdome great
For to forsake. I fled not thence when feare the minde doth beat.
The restlesse thought still dreds the thing, it knows can neuer chaunce.
Such fansies now torment my heart, my safety to aduaunce,
And ebe thyne euer sacred lawes (O Nature) for to keepe
I stately Scepter I forsooke, yet secret feare doth creepe
Within my breast: and frets it still with doubt and discontent,
And inward pangues which secretly my thoughts a sunder rent.
So though no cause of dred I see, yet feare and dred I all,
And scant in credit with my selfe, my thoughts my minde appall
That I cannot perswaded be though reason tell mee no,
But that the Web is weauing still of my decreed wo.
For what should I suppose the cause? a Plague that is so generall,
And Cadmus country wholy spoyles, and spreds it selfe through all?
Should mee, amongest so huge a heape of plagued Bodies spare?
And we alone amongst the rest reserude to mischiefes are?
O heauy hap. And bide I still alone the spoyle to see?
Of Cities great, of men, of beasts, by plague that wasted bee?
And thou amongst so many tis, a happy lyfe to lead,
Couldst once perswade thy selfe (O wretch) without all feare or dread.
Of Phœbus secret Judgements to, and that in Kinges estate?
Thou, thou, infected hast the ayre, in such a filthy rate.
Thou art the onely cause of woe: by thee these euils rise,
By thee to graue on such a sorte, this wretched people plies.
The firy flaming frying heate, afflicted hearts that wasts,
Is not relieude as wont it was by cold and pleasaunt blasts.
The gentle western windes haue left with healthfull puffes to blow,
And now the fiery Dog with blase of boyling heate doth glow.
The Sunne in Leo burns so hoate, and so the earth doth brizle,
That fluds and hearbes are dryed vp, and nought remaynes but soyle,
So throughly schorcht and flued with heate, that moisture all is gone,
And now amongst so many fluds, remaynes alas not one.
The places dry are onely seene the streames are drunken vp.
And water that doth yet remayne: the soaking Earth doth sup.

The Moon

The Moone with clowds quight ouer cast, all sadly forth she glides,
And dolefull darksom shades of night, the whole worlde ouerhides.
No Star on high at all doth shine, but black and hellike hue
Hath ouershaded all the Skyes, whence deadly mists ensue.
The corne that wonted was to growe and fruitfully to spring,
Now to the bopded Earnes nought els, but empty stalkes doth bring.
No part of all our kingdome is free from destruction:
But altogether run and rush, to vtter confusion.
The old men with the yong (alas:) the Father with the chylde
The plague consumes. Both man & wife, all beastes both tame & wylde
Are spoyled by the Pestilence. No pompe at all remaynes,
That wonted was in Funeralles, to ease the mourners paynes.
Alas this spoile of people made, by plague hath bred myne eyes:
And secretly within my breast, the griefe it bopling fryes.
And that, that wonted is to hap, in most extremest ills:
My teares are dry and glutting griefe my wretched breast it fills.
The craued father beares the sons, vnto theyr dampish graues:
And after him with burden like, the Mother comes and raues:
And euen lamenting as they stand, starck dead downe both they fall,
And mourners new in like estate, for them and theirs they call.
Who likewise in the midst of all their toyle and paynfull payne
Do drop into the graue they digd, and so the place doe gayne
That was prepar'de for others erst. A hell it were to heere
The horror, and the miseries that euery where appeere.
A Tombe is made for noble men, fast on the people lie,
And in, their burdens fling. Great Peeres all vnregarded lye.
For lack of Graues, to Ashes cleane their bodyes some doe waste:
And some halfe burnt doe leaue them there, and home away for hast
They run, a moze they fetch, and then wood, fier, graue, and all
Doth want. And downe for very griefe the wretched mylers fall.
No prayers auaile. No Arte can help this reging Plague t'appease:
For none almost is left alyue each others woe to ease.
Before thine aulters heere O God my feeble hands I hold,
Requiring all my destinies, at once with courage bold.
And that by death I may preuent, my Countrey pryst to fall.
For this, and only this (O God) vpon thy name I call.
Let mee not be the last that dies: the last that goes to Graue.
Graunt this, and then (O mighty Ioue) my full request I haue.
O cruell Gods vnkinde: O moze than thrise vnhappy Fates:
That onely mee denied is, that lyghtes on all Estates.

M. I meane

I meane a speedy death (alas) these euils to preuent,
And deadly woes that doe my heart with restlesse rage torment.
Leaue of thy blubbering teares (O foole,) & flie these kingdomes foylde
With rotten plagues & Botches vile, and graues ech where dispoyde.
All which diseases thou vnhappy guest didst bring with thee
Dispatch. Away. Goe hence. At lest, vnto thy parents flee.
IO. What bootes it Sir these mischiefs, great & piteous plaints to ag-
Stoutly to beare aduersity, is fittle for Kings estate. (greuate.
When dred and daunger most assaple: when cruell Cares doe crush
Thy princely breast. The ought thou most to beare and bide the push.
It is no point of courage stout to yeelde to fortunes frown. (down.
OED. Nay. Feare could neuer cause mee stoupe nor Fortune cast mee
My manly minde was neuer thraule to vaine and peauish feares,
But euermore in each assault, it princely courage beares.
No not a thousand glistering swords, nor Mars himselfe in fielde,
Can once dismay my Countenaunce, or cause my heart to yeelde.
The very Staunts fierce and huge in fight withstand I dare.
That Monster Sphinx whose riddels through the world renowmed are,
Could not dismay my dredles heart, nor cause my courage slide
For all the terrors I beheld, I did that Fury bide.
I saw him belching Gubs of bloud, I viewde full well the fielde
That all to spatterd lay with bloud, and bones quight ouerheelde.
And when y he on Mountaynes top with mouth full huge to see.
Stoode gaping all with greedy Jawes to feede and pray on mee,
Oft fluttering with his fearefull wynges and shaking oft his tayle,
Began full like a Lyon fierce with threates mee to assayle.
Of whom straight way the Riddell I, it rusht into myne eares
With roring sound. His winges he claps, the Rock for hast hee teares.
Declaring with my Bowels still his greedy Jawes to glut:
But I full soone assoyled had the question that he put.
And all the subtile poincts thereof, and twisted knots vntwinde.
IO. What makes you wish for death to late, and waste your wordes in
You might haue died than (you know) for Sphinx so nobly slain. (vaine.
This kingdom vnto you, and yours for euer shall remain.
OED. The ashes of that Monster vile, against vs doth rebell.
That vile mishapen lothsome Beast, that raging Feend of Hell.
Is cause of all the plague that doth this mournfull City smight.
Now only this remaynes alone, if Phœbus heauenly might,
Can any meanes inuent for vs, or way of mercy make:
Whereby these burning Plagues at length may haply chaunce to slake.

Chorus.

Chorus.

More then thrise renowmed Stocke
of auncient Cadmus Race.
O mighty Thebes Citty great,
O heauy ruthfull Case.
Loe now you lye all desolate,
with Plague deuoured quight.
Both you and all your Husbandmen.
(Oh miserable sight.)
O fowle and fearefull Fate (alas) what causeth all this wo?
O God whence springs this Pestylence that vs tormenteth so?
No age, no shape, no forme is sparde, but all confounded lye.
Thus happiest now ỳ man I count, whose chaunce was first to dye.
For hee hath shund a thousand ills, which wretched Eyes haue seene:
And mischiefes great that vs doe prest from him are taken cleane.
O God withhold thy fury great, thy Plagues from vs remoue.
Ceasse of afflicted Soules to scourge, who thee both serue and loue.
Powre downe on them diseases fowle, that them deserued haue.
A Guerdon iust for sinne (Oh God) this this of thee we craue,
And onely this. We aske no more, the cause and all is thyne,
A thing not vsde of Gods it is, from pitty to declyne.
My heart doth pant, and trembling cold through all my limbs doth run,
As oft as I remembring, count the noble Stockes vndun,
By death and dolfull destenies that ouerwhelmed lye,
And yet alas the people still to Graue doe faster hye.
In long Aray all in a rancke by thonsendes on a roe,
On euery side, in euery streate to buriall fast they goe.
The seuen broade wyde open Gates, are not enough for way,
But throngd the people pestred stand still in a fearefull stay,
And in the mydst of all theyr toyle with corses on their backes,
The number that before doth poast the hinder number slackes.
The corses in the streates doe lye and Graue on Graue is made,
But all in vayne. For nought it boots the plague cannot be stayde.
The sacrifices don to Gods haue to to ill successe,
And such straunge sights & signes doe rise that nought els I can gesse,
But that at hand with gastly pawes, is biter destruction,
With thousand ills accompayned and extreme confusion.
The sheepe of rot by heapes as thick, as dogges doe fall and dye,
And belching out their wasted lunges, on grounde doe sprawling lye.
And I my selfe of late did see: (a sight vnseene before,)

As our high prieſt ſtoode ſacrifiſing at the Temple doze,
And ſtrake with grieuous bloudy wound the golden hozned Bull
When downe with liueles lump he drops and members made full dull.
And all the woũde wide bleeding gapes & black goard bloud out ſpues.
And yet the blade vnſprinckled was. The bloud it boyling ſtues
And bubbles on the ground. Alas what do theſe things poztend?
Oh mighty Ioue at length vouchſafe ſome good and happy end.
At length withhold thy hand (O God) and health vnto vs ſend.
Nothing (alas) remaynes at all, in wonted old eſtate,
But all are turned topſet downe, quight voyd and deſolate
The faynting hozſe for ſodayne paine from back his burden tats,
And after on his maiſters breſt his liueles lyms he ſquats:
Who cries for help: but all in vain the beaſtes in fiele that bide
Vnkept: vnknowen wayes and paths do raunge and ouerſtride.
The Bull for lacke of foode and meate in field all faintyng lyes,
And all his flocke diſperſed quight, the ſely Shephard dyes.
The herdman eke amongſt his beaſts his fatal breath expiers
And to the heuens with piteous cries, commends his laſt deſiers.
The Harts without all feare of wolues do lyue in wretched peace.
The rage, and wrathful roring ſounds of ramping Lions ceaſe.
The vengeaunce wyld outragious Beares are now as tame as ſheepe
The vgly Serpent that was wont, the Rocky Dennes to keepe.
Oft quaffing poiſoned Venom ſups in inward heat ſhe boyles.
And all inflamd and ſchozcht, in vayne for lenger lyfe ſhe toyles.
The woods are not adourned now, with freſh and lyuely hue,
The wonted ſhades are gon. All things are quight out of their Mue:
No greenith graſſe on ground doth grow, the earth no moiſture ſoupes,
The Vine withouten any ſap, his drowſy head down drowpes.
What ſhal I ſay? all things (alas) are writhen out of courſe,
And as they ſeeme to me, are lyke, to fare ſtill wozſe and wozſe.
O mighty God aboue: when ende theſe euerdurynge plis?
When ceaſe theſe plages? that giltles bloud thus fierce and raging ſpils?
I thinck but we almoſt alyue, there do no men remayne:
Whom doliful Darts of Deſtenies, on earth haue left vnſlayne.
I thinke the darckſome ſhades of hell where filthy fluds do flow,
Where plages and vile diſeaſes too, where dredfull hozrors grow,
And all the furies braſten looſe do miſchiefes on vs throw,
With Botch & blane of ſundry kindes which ſothern blaſts do blow,
And wrekful vexed hagges of hell do breath and on vs bringe:
The angry fendes of hell I thinke their vengeaunce on vs ſtinge

And

And out their mortall poyson spue which they against vs beare.
Lo see how greedy death on vs with scowling eyes doth leare.
See, see. Oh Ioue how fast hee throwes his Dartes. Not one he spares
But all confounds. His thretning force, withstand no Creature dares.
No doubt the lothsom Ferryman the sinfull soules that traynes
Through stincking fluds, his labour lothe that he for vs sustaynes.
Such preasse by pūps to him is made which still renewes his paynes.
But harke yet mōsters more thē these, the Fame abroade doth flye
That hellishe Dogges w̄ bawling sound were heard to howle and cry,
And ẏ the ground with trembling shooke, and vnder feete did moue.
And dreadfull blasing Comets bright were seene in Skies aboue.
And gastly shapes of men besides, to wander on the ground.
And wood, and trees on euery syde, did fearefully resound.
Besides all this straūg Ghosts were seene in places where they stoode.
And Ryuers more then one or two, that ran all blacke goord bloode.
O cruell plague, O vile disease, farre worse then speedy death.
O wee vnhappy thrise and more, who doe prolonge our breath.
In these accursed dayes and tymes. But harke to mee a while.
When first this lothsome plague begins these Myters to defile,
It takes them thus. A fearefull Cold through al their bones doth ran,
And Cold and Heate together mixt, their sences all benome.
Than litle lothsome markes appeare, and all their bodies spot.
And all their members flaming glow, and burning fast doe rot.
The Lights, the Lungs, the heart, the Guts, and all that inwarde lies.
And all the secret partes iscorcht, with deadly fier fries.
The bloud all clotterd in their Cheekes, in cluster lies by lumps.
And it and heate together makes, great, straung, and ruddy bumps.
And bloud and flesh congeled stands, in Face as stiffe as stake.
And Eyes in head fast fixed set, and often trickling make.
And downe apace whole fluds they steame, and clots & drops doe trill,
And all the skin from of their Face, by flakes and scales doth pill.
A thousand fearefull sounds at once, into their eares doe rush.
And lothsome bloud out of their Nose, by stilling streames doth gush.
The very anguish of their heart doth cause them for to shake.
And what with payne & heate, and feare, their wearied limbs doe quake.
Then some the rūning Ryuers haunt, and some on ground doe wallow,
And some agayne their thirst to slake, cold water gulping swallow.
Thus all our country tost with plague in Griefe it waltering lies.
And still desiring for to dye, a thousand deathes it dyes.
But God to heare them then is prest: and death to none denyes.

Besydes al this, the church some do frequent: but not to pray,
But onely for to glut the Gods, with that that they do say.
But who is this that comes to Court in hast with poasting pace?
What? ist Creon that noble Prince (for deedes and stately race?)
Or doth my mynd oppresst with care thinges false for true contriue?
Creon it is long looked for, his sight doth me reuyue.

THE SECONDE ACTE.

The first Scene.

OEDIPVS, CREON.

For feare my body chilles, alas,
and trembling all I stand
In quakinge dread. I seke and toyle,
these mischiefes to withstand.
But al in vayne I spend my thoughtes
it wil not be, I see,
As long as all my sences thus
by cares distracted bee.
My mynd desyrous stil (Oh God,) the truth for to vnfold,
With doubtful Dread is daunted so, that it can scant vpholde
It selfe. O Brother deare, if way or meane of health thou know,
Declare it out and sticke not all the truth to me to show.
Cre. The Oracle (most noble king) ys darke, and hidden lieg.
Oed. Who doubtful health to sicke men brings, all health to thē denies.
Cre. Apolloes vse yt is the troth in darkesome dens to hold,
Oed. And Oedipus of Gods it hath thinges hidden to vnfold:
Speake out, tell all, and spare not man: all doubtes I can discus.
Cre. Apollo then (most noble King) himselfe commaundeth thus.
By exile purge the Princes sear, and plague vvith vengeance due
That haples vvretch, vvhose bloudy handes of late King Laius slue:
Before that this perfourmed bee, no hope of milder ayer:
Wherfore do this (O King) or else All hope of helpe dispayre.

Oe. Durst

Oe, Durſt any man on earth attempte, that noble Prince to ſlaye?
Shew me the man that I may him diſpatch out of the way.
Cre. God graunt I may it ſafely tell: the hearyng was to terrible,
My ſenſes all amaſed are: it is a thing ſo horrible,
That I abhorre to vtter it (oh God) for feare I quake
And euen at the very thought my limbs beginne to ſhake.
Aſſoone as I Appollos Church, had entred in affrayd,
Vppon my face flat downe I fell, and thus to him I prayd.
Oh God if euer thou didſt rue, on wretched miſers ſtate,
If euer men oppreſt thou eaſd, or didſt their cares abate,
If euer thou in preſent neede didſt preſent helpe declare,
If euer thou afflicted Hartes with cares conſumd didſt ſpare:
Shew now thy wonted clemency and pitty knowne of yore.
Scant had I ſayd: Reſounding all the mountaynes thondring rore:
And filthy feendes ſpout out their flames out of their darkſome caues.
And woods do quake, and hilles do moue, and vp the surging waues
Do mount vnto the ſkies aloft, and I amaſed ſtand.
Still looking for an aunſweare at Apollos ſacred hand.
When out with ruffled hayre diſguiſd the Prophet comes at laſt:
And when that ſhe had felt the heate of mighty Phœbus blaſt.
All puffyng out ſhe ſwelles in rage, and pattring ſtill ſhe raues,
And ſcant ſhe entred had into Apollos ſhyning caues,
When out a thundring voyce doth burſt that's farre aboue mans reach.
So dreadful ſeemed then to me the mighty Phœbus ſpeach.
Than thus he ſpake and thus at length into myne eares he ruſht
While ſprawling ſtil the Prophet lay before the doores in duſt.
The Thebane City neuer ſhal be free frō plagues (quoth he,)
Except from thenſe the Kingkiller forthwith expulſed bee:
Vnto Apollo knowen he was, or euer he was borne.
Do this: or elſe no hope of health, to this, the gods haue ſworn.
And as for thee, thou ſhalt not long in quiet ſtate indure,
But with thy ſelf wage war thou ſhalt & war thou ſhalt pro.
Vnto thy children deare: & crepe agayn thou ſhalt into (cure
thy mothers wombe.
Oed. Loke what the Gods commaunded haue accompliſhed ſhalbe.
For never ſhal theſe eyes of myne abyde the day to ſee,
A King of kingdome ſpoyld by force, by guyle or craft ſuppreſt.
A kinge to kinges the prop ought be, and chiefeſt cauſe of reſt:
No man regardes his death at all whom liuing he doth feare,

Cr. Great cause makes mee my Princes death conceale and closly beare
Oed. Ought any cause of feare or griefe, thy duty for to let?
Cre. The threatning of the prophesyes, do fill my breast beset.
Oe. Let vs (sith God cõmaunds) forthwith some good attonement make
If any way, or meanes there be their wrathful rage to slake.
Thou God that sits on seate on high, and al the world dost guide,
And thou by whose commaundement the Starres in Skies do glide:
Thou, thou that onely ruler art of Seas, of Floods, and all.
On thee and on thy Godhead great, for these requestes I call.
Who so hath slayne king Laius, oh Ioue I do thee pray.
Let thousand ills vpon him fall, before his dying day.
Let him no health ne comfort haue, but al to crusht with cares,
Consume his wretched yeares in griefe, & though that death him spares
A whyle. Yet mischiefes all, at length vppon him light.
With all the euils vnder Sun, that vgly monster smight.
In exile let him liue a Slaue, the rated course of life.
In shame, in care, in penury, in daunger and in strife.
Let no man on him pity take, let all men him reuyle.
Let him his Mothers sacred Bed incestuously defyle.
Him him his father kill. And yet let him do mischiefes more.
What thing more haynous can I wish then that I wisht before
Let him do all those illes I say, that I haue shund and past.
All those and more (if more may be) oh God vpon him cast.
Let him no hope of pardon haue: but sue and all in vayne.
All hellish Furies on him light, for to encrease his payne.
O Ioue powre downe thy fury greate, thy thũdring thumpes out throw
Let Boreas boysterous blastes and stormy plagues vpon him blow
Consume him quight. Fret out his guttes w̃ pockes and botches vile
Let all diseases on him light that wretched bodyes kyle.
Let these and more (if more may be) vppon that Monster fall.
Let Harpies pawes and greedy paunche deuoure his members all.
Let no man him regard: or seeke his limmes in graue to lay:
But let him dye ten thousand deathes before his dying day.
By this my Kingdome I do sweare, and Kingdome that I left
By al my Countrey Gods that bene in Temples closely kept,
I sweare, I vow, I do protest, and thereto witnes take:
The Starres, the Seas, the Earth and all that ere thy hand did make.
Except that I my selfe forthwith this bloudy monster find,
To wreake the wrath of God some way with solempne oth I bynde.

And

And so my father, Polybius his happy dayes outlyue.
And so my mother Merope, no mariage new contriue:
As he shall dye that did this deede, and none shal him excuse.
Whoso he be here I protest for that he shortly rues:
But where this wicked deede was don Creon now tell me playne:
Both by what meanes: & where: and how King Laius was slayne.
Creon. Passing through Castalia woods & mountayns heapt with snoe
Where groues and scrubs, and bushes thicke & brambles sharp do groe.
A threepathd crooked way there is that diuerslie doth goe.
One vnto Bacchus citty bends that Phoce doth hight,
The other to Olenius, forth stretcheth out aright:
The third that reacheth through the vales and by the riuers lyes
Tends downe vnto the Bancks wherby Eleia water plyes
There vnawares (O piteous chaunce) a troup of theues entraps
The noble prince, and murders him hence spring these great mischaps
which heape you realms with hideous woes and plagues on euery side,
By iust decree of heauenly powers which can no murder bide.
But see Tiresias where he coms with old and trembling pace.
I thincke Apolloes heauenly might haue brought him to this place.
See where he comes: and Manto too, his steps directing stayes
Tis he who for your grace (O king) and for your countrie prayes

The

THE SECOND ACTE.

THE SECOND SCENE.

OEDIPVS. TYRESIAS. MANTO.

COme holy priest (to Phœbus next)
these doubtfull aunswers lose:
And whom that destnies will to dye,
Straightwayes to me disclose.
TY. Renowmed Prince, though still I stand
in silence dūme dismayde:
And though by inwarde feare of mynde
my lingring tonge is stayde:
Yet pardon me (O noble Prince,) and geue me leave a while.
From lack of sight springs Ignorannce which powre hath to exile
Unspotted Truth frō doubtfull breasts. This thing ful well you knoe,
But whither God and Countrey calles, with willing minde I goe.
Let deadly fatall destenies, be boulted out at length.
O King if I of greener yeares had now my wonted strength:
This matter soone discust should be, and I would take in hande,
My selfe in presence of the Gods, in temple for to stande.
A mighty Oxe all coulourd white, vp on the Aulters reare,
Which neuer yet on wered necke, the croked yoake did beare.
And Manto thou, O daughter mine, mine onely prop and stay:
The secret hidden misteries, and sacred signes out say.
MA. The beast before the Aulter stands. TY. To Gods a prayer make,
And on the holy Aulters eke, some pleasaunt odors shake.
MA. Tis done. And all the fiers fierce, with incence bright doe flame.
TY. O Manto now what signes seest thou? how doe thy matters frame?
What doth the fire, the Sacrifice encompas rounde about?
MA. Not so. But first it mounts aloft, and streight it flasheth out.
TY. Well yet, how doth the sacred flame all shining bright and cleare
It selfe on high vnto the Skies, with sparkeling flakes vpreare?
Or doeth it oft rebounding backe, it selfe, from Skyes vnfould?
Or all with rumbling roring noyse, about the place it rould?

Or dim'de

Or dim'd with smoke, it toss from place, to place, now heere, now theare?
MA. Not one. But diuerse, colours mixt the flame doth with it beare.
Much like vnto the Rainbow, which with sundry painted hues
Foreshewes vnto the husbandmen the weather that ensues.
What colour it wants, or what it hath, to me is like vncertayne.
Now is it black, now blue, now red, and euen now agayne
Naught out it is. Yet once agayn, all fierce it flashing flames:
But lo, yet mischiefs more then this, vnluckely it frames.
The fier quight a sunder parts, and flame with flame doth fight.
O father I abhorre to see, this vgly lothsome sight.
The Wyne to blud is turned quight, and all the Pyrnces hed,
With thicke black clouds encõpast is, with smoke all ouerspred.
O father tell what this portends? TY. What should I tell alas?
My mynde for feare astonied stands, and trembling cold doth pas
Through all my lims. What shall I say? or where shall I begin?
O cruell Plagues, O wrekfull Gods, O vengeãnce due for sin.
Some dyre and blouddy deed (Alas) these hydeous signes declare.
Whats that the Gods would haue reuealde, and yet doe bid beware
To vtter it? By certaine signes their wrath is oft descride:
Such signes appeere, and yet they seeme their fury great to hide.
They are ashamde: I wot nere what. Come hither, quickly bring
Some salt with thee, and it vpon the sacrifice goe fling.
What? are their lookes pleasant and milde, and doe they gently bide
The touching of thy sacred hands? MA. What may this thing betide?
The Bull (a wonder great to see) his head on hie he lifts
And turned still vnto the East, from thence it alway shifts,
Still lothing as hee seemes to me, of heauen to see the light,
Oft scouling with his blearing eyes with gastely ruthfull sight.
TY. But doth one blow thẽ driue to groũd, or more thẽ one they haue?
MA. The Heifer as it seemde, enflamd with courage stoute and braue
Vpon the mortall Blade did rush, and there hirselfe destries:
When out the bloud it fuming spoutes, and mounts vnto the Skies.
The brawny Bull twise stroke or thrise, with groueling groning tyres,
And toyling vp and down he moyles. And still to lure desires.
And yet at length with much ado, his brutish breath expiers.
TY. What doth the wounde wide open gape, or is it closed vp?
Or doth the deepnes of the hole, the bloud in soking sup?
MA. Out of the wounded Heifers breast Black bluish waters rush.
As for the Bull, but litle bloud, out of his wounds doth gush.

It back

It back rebounds, and from his Mouth & Eyes by streames doth flow.
But what these dreadfull signes portend the Gods aloane doe know.
TY. By this vnhappy Sacrifice, great feares within mee rise.
But tell mee now: In the inner parts, what secret hidden lies?
MA. O Father what meanes this (alas) that more then wonted guise
The Inwards stir? and shake my hands, and heauing oft arise,
The blood by streames out of the vaynes, full straungly skips aloft.
The heart all schorcht and hidden lies, and strykes are seene full oft,
Of Colour very wan and pale: The chiefest parts doe want.
The Lyuer blackish gall out spurts, and somwhat ryfing pants.
And that, that mischiefes great, to kingdoms doth foreshow:
Two heads are seene, and yet both heads one skin doth ouergrow
And ouerheales them quight, But yet the skin, it is so thin
That easely one may discerne what lieth hid therein.
And that which horror doth encrease, a man may plainly see
How both the heart, the Lights, and Lungs, and all disturbed bee.
The fearefull noyse and sound you heere is not of beasts, but fier
That roaring on the Alters makes, presaging wrekefull yre
Of angry Gods who doe foretell some purpose that they haue,
For to reuenge some foule misdeede that vengeance iust doth craue.
No part his proper place obserues, nor keepes his order due:
But altogether quight disguisde, with an vnwonted hue.
Wishapen, out of frame, transformde, displaced quight (alas)
What thing is that the Gods entend ere long to bring to pas?
OEd. Why than declare from whēce, and why these deadly signes arise,
With courage stout I will it heare, it shall not once aggrise
My valiaunt mynd. Extremest ills haue power to banish feare.
TY. You will wishe that vnherd which you so much desyre to heare.
OEd. Yet sence the Gods will haue him known tell me (I say) his name
That slue your King. TY. Nor wing, nor womb of Bird or beast ỹ same
Can tell (O king) new sacrifice, new meanes we must inuent.
From dredfull darke infernall damps some Fury must be sent
These mischiefes great for to vnfolde. Or els King Ditis bee,
That Empyre keepes on griesly Ghosts, entreated needes must bee
These things forthwith for to disclose. Tell who shall haue the charge,
A King thou art, than maist not thou go through these kingdoms large.
OEd. Than noble Creon thou shalt goe, this payne is fitt for thee:
Who must this crown and kingdome great enioy after mee.

THE

THE THIRDE ACTE.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Oedipus. Creon.

Though that thy Face where sadnes sits
in heauy mourning guise,
Nought els portend, but dedly griefes,
and mischiefes ill to rise:
Yet tel some meanes wherby at length
the Gods we may appease,
And purchase to our Kingdomes waste,
some hope of health and ease.

Cre. Alas you byd me that disclose which feare doth byd me hyde.
Oed. If that the Thebane Cittes great, by doleful plagues destryde.
Perce not thy hart: yet oughtest thou, these Kingdomes for to rue,
Which were vnto thy brothers house, of auncient title due.
Cre. You wish ỹ thing to know, which you wil with vnknown at length.
Oed. Why so? a simple remedy of litle force and strength
Is ignorance of our estate when daungers vs betyde.
But what? wilt thou so great a good for common safety hide?
Cre. Irkesome Medcines and perilous in sicknes I abhorre:
Oed. And I likewyse at Subiects hands disdayne to take a borre,
Speake out with speed, or else by proofe of torment thou shalt find
How daungerous a case it is to gawle a Princes mynd.
Cre. Kinges often vse to wish vntolde, which they had tel before.
Oed. Go to, dispatch and cease in time to vexe me any more.
Except that thou forthwith to me this heinous deede disclose:
The gods I do protest, to death for al thou onely goes.
Cre. O pardon me most noble king. O let me hold my pes,
Of al the gracis Princes graunt, what fauour may be lesse?
Oed. As though ỹ silence hurts not more both king and countries weale:
Then speech oft tymes: which subiectis thoughts to Princes doth reueale?

Dispatch

Dispatch at once, stir me no more thou knowst my guise of olde.
CRE. Silence denied, what priuiledge may silly Subiect holde?
OED. I traytor he is, who fleece keepes, whē king cōmaunds to speake.
CRE. Then pardon my constrayned speach, sith silence for to breake
You me compell. A dolefull tale (O king) my tongue must tell,
And which I feare your mateſty will not interpret well.
OED. Was euer man rebukt for that, that he was bid to say?
CRE. Well then since needes I must: I am contented to obay.
A wood there is from City farre, enhaunst with stately trees:
Where many a plant, and herbe doth grow, which Phœbus neuer sees:
With euerduring bushes greene, the Cypresse there doth rise,
And puts his olde and lofty head within the cloudy Skyes.
The auncient Time-eaten Oke with crooked bended limbs.
The Cyel tree fine: The Alder which in Neptunes kingdoms swimbs,
The Bayes with bitter beries eke the Elmes deere friends to Vynes,
And many a noble tree besides, as Myrtels, Firres, and Pynes.
Amidst them all, one tree there is with large out stretched armes,
Whose roring sound, & craking noyse the lesser woods Icharmes,
And ouershades them all: a Tree of monstrous huge estate,
Beset with fearefull woods: there is that dyre, and dreadfull gate,
That leades to lothsome Lymbo Lake, and pyts that euer flowe.
Where choked miry mud doth streame with slimy course full slowe.
Here when the priest was entred in, with comely aged pace,
He stayed not: No neede there was, for night was still in place.
Than all the ground wyde open gapes, & smouthering vapours rise,
And fyre and smoke, & sulfling stink, mounts vp vnto the Skyes.
The Priest with wayling weede iclad, his fatall rod out tooke:
And entring in, in blacke Iray, full often times it shooke.
With heauy cheere and dolful pace: his hoary haire was twynde
With bowes of mortall Ewe. A tree wherewith the mourners winde,
Theyr mourning heads, & Garlands make. In this guise all arayde,
The sacred Priest doth enter in, with trembling limbs dismayde:
Than in the Sheepe, and Oxen blacke, by backwarde course are drawn.
And odoures sweete, & Frankencence, on flaming fyres are throwen.
The beasts on burning Altars cast, do quake with scorched limbs:
And bloudy streames with fyre mixt, about the Aultars swimbs.
Than on the darke infernall Gods, and him that rules them all:
With deadly shrieking voyce aloude, the Prophet gins to call.
And rouls the Magick verse in mouth, and hidden Artes doth proue:
Which eyther power haue to appease or els the Gods to moue.
Than bloudy streaming Lycours black, with broyling heate doe boyle:

And all

And all the Beasts consume and burn. The Prophet than to toyle
Begins. And mixed wyne and Hylke vpon the Aultars throwes.
And all the Dongeon darke, and wyde with streaming blood it flowes.
Than out with thundring voyce agayne the Prophet calles and cryes.
And straight as much w̄ mumbling mouth he champs in secret wyse
The trees do turne. The Riuers stād. The ground with roring shakes.
And all the world as seemes to mee, with fearefull trembling quakes.
I am heard, I am heard, than out aloude the Priest began to cry:
Whan all the dampned soules by heapes abrode outrushing fly.
Then woods with rumbling noyse, doe oft resounding make.
And Heauen, and Earth together goe. And bowes and trees do crake.
And Thūders rooze. And Lightnings flash. And waues aloft doe fly.
And ground retyres: and Dogs doe bawl: and Beastes are heard to cry.
And whyther long of Acheron, that lothsom Flud that flowes
All stinking streames: or of the earth, that out her Bowels throwes,
Free place to Spyrights to geue: or of that fierce infernall Hound,
That at such times doth bustling make w̄ chaps, & rattling sound.
The Earth al wide it open gapes. And I did see on ground,
The Gods with colour pale and wan, that those dark kingdoms keepe.
And very night I saw in deede, and thousand shapes to creepe,
From out those filthy stinking Lakes, and lothsom pits of Hell.
Where all the cutts vnder Son, in darksom shades doe dwell.
So quaking all for feare I stoode with minde right sore apalde,
Whilst on those Gods w̄ trembling mouth the Priest full often calde.
Who all at once, out of theyr dens did skip with griesly Face.
And Monsters grim, and stinging Snakes seemd wander in that place.
And all the fowlest Feendes of Hell, and Furies all were theare.
And all trāsformed Ghosts & spyrights, that euer Hell did beare.
With Cares, and all Diseases vyle, that mortall myndes doe crush,
All those, and more I sawe out of those Dongeons deepe to rush.
And Age I sawe, with rueled Face, and Neede, & Feare, and Death,
And Fyre, and flames, a thousand ills out fro those Pits to breath.
Then I was gon: and quight amazd. The wenche in worser case.
And yet of olde, acquaynted with her Fathers Artes she was.
The Priest himselfe vnmooued stoode, and boldly cited owt:
Whole Armies of king Ditis men, who clustring in a Rowt:
All flittring thin like Cloudes, dispersd abrode in Ayre doe fly.
And bearing sundry shapes and formes doe scud about in Sky,
A thousand woods I thinke haue not so many leaues on trees.
Ten thousand medowes fresh haue not so many flowers for bees.

Ten hun-

Ten hundred thousand riuers not so many Foule can show:
Nor all the drops and streams, and gulphes that in the Seas do flow,
If that they might be waied, can sure so great a number make
As could those shapes and formes that flew from out of Limbo lake.
Both Tantalus and Zetus too, and pale Amphions Ghost:
And Agaue, and after her ten thousand Spyghtes to post,
Than Pentheus, and more and more, in like estate ensue:
Til out at length comes Laius with foule and grisly hue:
Uncomly drest in wretched plight with filth all ouergrowne:
All perst with wounds, (I loth to speake) with bloud quight ouerflown
A Miser right as seemd to me, and most of Misers all:
Thus in this case, at length he spake, and thus began to call.
O Cadmus cruel Citty dyle, that still delightste in bloud,
O Cadmus thou, which kinsmens death, accountst as chiefest good.
Teare out the bloudy Bowels of your Children, learne of me,
Do that, and rather more, then you would dyde the day to see
Like ills as late on mee are light. Loe mothers loue (alas)
Hath caused the greatest misery that ere in Theba was.
The Countrey with the wrath of Gods at this tyme is not tost.
Nor yearth nor ayre infect is not the cause that all bene lost.
No No. A bloudy King is cause of all these mischiefes great:
A bloudy wretch: A wretched child that sits in Fathers Seate:
And Mothers bed defyles (O wretch) and entreth in againe,
In places whence he came from once and doubleth so her payne,
Whilst that hee fils the hapless wombe wherin himselfe did lie
With graceles seede and causeth her twise childbirthes pangues to try:
Unhappy Sonne, but Father worse and most unhappy hee,
By whom the lawes of sacred shame so sore confounded bee.
For that that very beastes (almost) do all abhorre to do,
Euen of his mothers body he hath brothers gotten two.
O mischiefe great: O dredful deede, then Sphinx, O mõster more:
Example vnto ages all of Gods foretold before.
But I thee, thee, that Scepter holdst, thy Father will pursue,
And wreacke my selfe on thee and thyne with plagues & vengeance due.
All restles rage of spite and paine I will vppon thee blow,
And all the furies foule of hell vppon thee I will throw.
I will subuert thy Houses cleane, for this thy lothsome lust:
I will do this thou wretch: And thee, and thyne consume to dust.
Wherfore dispatch at once (I say) into exile driue your King.
That ground & first of all he leaues, with fresh grene grasse shall spring,

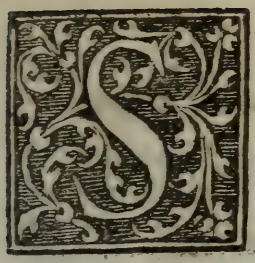
And

And sweete, and pleasaunt Ayre, and healthfull blasts shall ryse,
And all the coasts vnder Sun, that mortall men surprise:
The Pocks, the Piles, the Botch, the blaine, & death with him shall fly,
And with him mischiefs all shall passe, and Monsters vnder Sky.
And as for him I know hee would depart with willing mynde:
But I will clog his Feete, and hands, his way he shall not finde.
But groping with his aged staffe, shall passe from place to place.
This shall he doe. And none shall rue vpon his ruthfull case.
Bid you the Monster from the Earth, for Heauen let mee alone.
No sooner sayd, but straight away, his dreadfull Ghost was gone.
And fast by thousands after him, th'other Spyrights in hyde:
Than Cold & trembling feare began through all my bones to glyde.
OED. The thing I alwayes feared, I see vpon mee now is layde:
But slender props they are (God wot) whereby your Treason is stayde.
Meropa my Mother deare, shall mee from this defend:
Polybius eke shall purge mee quight, from Actions all, that tend
To murder, or to incest vile, they both shall mee excuse.
In such a case no meanes at all of tryall I refuse.
Lay what you can vnto my charge. No fault in mee remayns.
The Thebanes long or I came heere, of Laius death complayns.
My Mother yet alyue, my Father still in like estate.
No, no, this is some doltishe drift, of yon false Prophets pate.
Or else some mighty God aboue, doth beare me no good will,
And seekes by Plagues on mee to wreke, his wrathfull vengeaunce still.
Ah Sir I am glad at length I smell your drifts and fetches fyne.
I know the whole confederacy your sleights I can vntwyne.
That beastly Priest, that bleareyed wretch beelyes the Gods and mee:
And thee thou Traytour in my place hath premist king to bee.
CRE. Alas would I my Sister of, her lawfull kingdome spoyle?
Thinke you such treason may haue place in brothers breast to boyle?
If that myne Oth could me not keepe content with my degree:
But that contemning meane estate, I would clime aloft to bee.
Yet should ill Fortune mee deter, from such attempts I trowe:
Whose guise it is on Princes heads, huge heapes of Cares to throwe.
I would aduise your grace betimes this charge from you to cast:
Least lingring long all vnawares, you be oppresst at last.
Assure your selfe, in baser state, more safer you may liue:
And shun a thousand Cares, & Griefs: which Princes hearts doe riue.
OED. And dost thou me exhort thou sleaue my kingdome for to leaue?
O sely thiefe head. O shameless heart, y could such treasons weaue?

Darst thou attempt thou villayne vile this thing, to me to breake?
And fearst thou not in such a cause so boldly for to speake.
CRE. I would perswade them so (O King) who freely might possesse
Their Realmes such piteous cares I see, do Princes hearts oppresse:
But as for you of force you must your Fortunes chainge abyde.
OED. The surest way for them that gape for kingdoms large, & wyde,
Is first things meane, and rest, and peace, and base estate to prayse:
And yet with Tooth and Nayle, to toyle to mount aloft alwayes.
So often times, most restlesse beastes doe chiefly rest commend.
CRE. Shall not my seruice long suffice my truth for to defend?
OED. Time is the onely meanes for such, as thou to worke theyr will.
CRE. It is so yet, but as for mee, of goods I haue my fill.
A great resort. A pleasaunt life: from Princely cares exempt.
All these might (surely) mee dissuade from such a foule attempt.
There is no day almost (O King) the whole yeare thorow out,
Where in some royall gyfts are not from countreys round about
Unto mee sent, both Golde, and pearles, and things of greater cost,
Which I let passe, least I should seeme but vainly for to bost.
Besides the life of many a man hath bin preserude by mee.
In such a blisfull state (O King) what can there wanting bee?
(OE. Good Fortune can no meane obserue, but still she preaseth higher.)
CRE. Shall I than guiltlesse die (alas,) my cause and all vntryde?
OED. Were vnto you at any time my life, my deedes discride?
Did any man defend mee yet? or els my causes pleade?
And guiltlesse yet I am condemn'de to this you doe mee leade,
And mee expresse example giue, which I entend to take.
What measure you doe meat to mee, lyke measure must I make.
CRE. The minde which causelesse dred appawls, true cause of feare be-
That cõscience is not guiltles sure, which euery blast dismates. (wraies
OED. Hee that in midst of perilles deepe, and dangers hath bene cast,
Doth seeke all meanes to shun like ills as hee hath ouerpast.
CR. So hatreds ryse. OE. Hee that to much doth vse ill will to feare,
Unsatisfull is: and knowes not how, hee ought him selfe to beare
In kings estate. For feare alone doth Kingdomes chiefly keepe.
Than hee that thus doth arme himselfe from feare all free may sleepe.
CRE. Who so the cruell tyrant playes, and guiltlesse men doth smight,
Hee dreadeth them that him doe dread, so feare doth chiefly light
On causers chiefe. A iust reuenge for bloudy mindes at last.
OED. Come take this traytor vile away, In dongeon deepe him fast
Enclose. There for his due deserts, let him abide such payne
And scourge of mindes (as meete it is) false traytors to sustayne.

Chorus.

Chorus.



Ee, see, the myserable State,
of Prynces carefull lyfe.
What raging stormes? what bloudy broyles?
what toyle? what endlesse stryfe
Doe they endure? (O God) what plagues?
what griefe do they sustayne?
A Princely lyfe: No. No. (No doubt)
an euer duringe payne.
A state ene fit for men on whom Fortune wolde wreke her will.
A place for Cares to couch them in. A dooze wyde open still
For griefes and daungers all that ben to enter when they lift.
A king these Mates must euer haue, it bootes not to resist.
Whole fluds of priuy pinching feare, great anguishe of the minde:
Apparant plagues, & dayly griefes. These playfayres Prynces finde.
And other none, with whom they spend, and passe they? wretched dayes.
Thus hee that Prynces liues, and base Estate together wayes:
Shall finde the one a very hell, a perfect infelicity:
The other eke a heauen right, exempted quight from mysery.
Let OEdipus example bee of this vnto you all,
A Mirrour meete. A Patern playne, of Prynces carefull thrall.
Who late in perfect Joy as seem'de, and euerlasting blis,
Triumphantly his life out led, a Myser now hee is,
And most of wretched Misers all, euen at this present tyme,
With doubtfull waues of feare Itost, subiect to such a Cryme
Whereat my tongue amased stayes, God graunt that at the last,
It fall not out as Creon tolde. Not yet the worst is past,
(I feare.)

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

THE FIRSTE SCENE.

OEdipus. Iocasta.

My mynde with doubtfull waues of dread,
is tossed to and fro,
I wot not what to say (Alas)
I am tormented so.
For all the Gods on me doe cry,
for paynes and vengeaunce due.
They say that these my guiltlesse hands,
king Laius lately slue.
But this my conscience voyde of crime
and mynde from mischiefe free:
To Gods vntried, to mee well known dentes it so to bee:
Full well I doe remember once, by chaunce I did dispatch,
A man who sought by force with mee presumptuously to match.
His purpose was (a fond attempt) my Chariot for to stay,
This I remember well enough, the strife was in the way.
And he a man well steept in yeares, and I a lusty bloud,
And yet of meere disdayne and pryde in vayne hee mee withstood.
But this from Thebes farre was done, a croked three pathd way,
That was the place in which we fought: it hard by Phocis lay.
Deare Wyfe resolue my doubts at once, and mee expressly tell.
How old was Laius the King whan this mischaunce befell?
Was he of fresh and lusty yeares? or stricken well in age
When he was kilde? O ease my thoughts of this tormenting rage.
IOC. Betwixt an old man an a yong: but nearer to an olde.
OED. Were there great bands of men w̄ him his Person to vpholde?
IOC. Some by the way deceiued were, and some deterd by payne.
A fewe by toyle and labour long, did with their Prince remayne.
OE. Were any slayne in his defence? IO. Of one report is rife,
Who constant in his princes cause full stoutly lost his lyfe.
OED. It is enough, I knowe the man that hath this mischiefe done.
The number and the place agrees. The time vntried alone
Remaynes: Than tell what time hee died, and when that he was slaine.
IOC. Tis ten yeares since: you now renue my chiefest cares againe.

THE

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Senex. OEdipus.

THe Corinth people all (O King)
in Fathers place to rayn
Doe call your Grace: Polybius doth
eternall rest obtayn.
OED. O God what Fortune byle doth mee
oppresse on euery side?
How doe my sorrowes still encrease?
Tell how my Father dide.
SEN. No sickenesse (Sir) but very age did of his life him reaue.
OED. And is hee dead? in deede? not slayne? what toy may I conceaue?
How may I now triumph? the Gods to witnesse I doe call,
To whom are known my hidden thoughts and secret workings al:
Now may I lift to skyes my hands, my hands from mischiefe free.
But yet the chiefest cause of feare remayneth still to mee.
SEN. Your Fathers kingdom ought al dred out of your mind to driue.
OED. That I cõfesse. But secret thoughts my trembling heart do riue
With inward doubt of deepe distresse, my Mother I do feare.
This grudge is that continually my heart doth rent and teare.
SEN. Do you your Mother feare? on your return that onely stayes.
OED. I feare not her: but from her sight, a godly zeale me frayes.
S. What will you her a Wydow leaue? OE. Now, now, thou wouldst my
This, this, and onely this (alas,) is cause of all my smart. (heart.
SEN. Tell me (O king) what doubtfull feare: doth presse thy princely
kings cõceits I can well cõceale that ben with Cares oppress. (brest:
OED. Least as Apollo hath foretolde, I should a Marriage make
With myne owne Mother: only this fowle feare doth make me quake.
SEN. Such vayne & peuysh feares, at length from out your breast exple.
Meropa your Mother is not in deede, you do your selfe beguile.
OED. What vauntage should it be to her adopted Sonnes to haue?
SEN. A kingdom she shall gayne thereby. Her Husband layde in graue.
The chiefest prop to stay her Realmes from present confusion,
Is children for to haue: and hope of lawfull succession.

OED. What are the meanes whereby thou doſt theſe ſecrets vnderſtãd.
SEN. My ſelfe (your grace) an Infant gaue into your fathers hand.
OED. Didſt thou me to my Father geue? Who than gaue me to thee?
SEN. A Sheparde Sir, that wonted on Cytheron Hills to bee. (do?
OE. What made thee in thoſe woods to raũge? what hadſt thou there to
SEN. Vpon thoſe Hils my Beaſts I kept, ſomtime a Sheepeherde to.
OE. What nots, what priuy matks hadſt thou wherby thou doſt me knoe?
SE. The holes ẏ through your feete are borde frõ whẽce your name did
OE. Declare forthwith what was his name ẏ gaue me vnto thee. (gro.
SE. The kings chief Shaphard than that was, deliuered you to mee.
OE. What was his name? SE. O king old mens remẽbrance ſoone doth
Oblition for the chiefeſt part, doth hoary heads aſſayle, (fayle:
And drowns their former memory of things long out of mynde. (finde,
OE. What? canſt thou know ẏ man by ſight? S. Perhaps I ſhould him
And know by Face. Things ouerwhelmd by time, and quight oppreſt.
A ſmall marke oft to mynde reuokes, and freſh renues in breſt.
OE. Sirs bid the Herdmen forthwith driue theyr Beaſts to Vulters all.
Away with ſpeede, make haſt, the Maſter Sheepeherds to mee call.
SE. Sith that your deſtny this doth hyde, and Fortune it detayne
And cloſely keepe, let it be ſo, from opening that refrayne.
That long conceald hath hidden lyen, that ſeeke not to diſcloſe:
Such things outſercht and foũd oftimes againſt the ſercher goes.
OE. Can any miſchiefe greater be? than this that now I feare.
SE. Aduiſe you wel remembre fyrſt what weight this thing doth beare:
That thus you goe about to ſearch, and ſift with Tooth and Nayle,
Obſerue the golden meane: beware beare ſtill an equall ſayle.
Your Coũtreys wealth (O King) your ſyfe, and all vpon this lyes.
Though you ſtir not, bee ſure at length your Fortune you eſcryes.
A happy ſtate for to diſturbe doth nought at all behoue.
OE. When things be at the worſt, of them a man may ſafely moue.
SE. Can you haue ought more excellent? than is a Princes ſtate?
Beware leaſt of your Parents found it you repent to late.
OE. No (father) no I warrant that: repent not I (I trow.)
I ſeeke it not to that entent. I haue decreed to know,
The matter at the full. Wherefore I will it now purſue.
Lo Phorbas: where hee trembling coms, with comely aged hue.
To whom of all the kinges flock than, the care and charge was due.
Doſt thou his name, his ſpeach, his Face, or yet his perſon know?
SE. Me thinks I ſhould haue ſeene his Face, and yet I cannot ſhow
The places where I haue him ſeene, ſmall time brings ſuch a chaunge,

As well

As well acquaynted faces oft, to vs appeare full straunge.
This looke is neyther throughly known, nor yet vnknown to mee,
I cannot tell: I doubt it much, and yet it may bee hee.
In Laius tyme long since when hee these Kindomes great did keepe:
Wast thou not on Citheron hils chiefe Shepard to his sheepe?

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

THE THIRDE SCENE.

Phorbas. Senex. OEdipus.

Ometime a charge of sheepe I had,
vnworthy though I weer.
And did vpon those hills chiefe rule
on other Shepards beare.
SE. Knowst thou not me. PH. I cannot tell.
OE. Didst thou once geue this man
A Childe. Speake out, why dost thou stay?
if so, declare it than.
Why dost thou blush and doubting stand,
troth seeketh no delay:
PH. Things out of minde you call agayne, almost quight worne away.
OE. Confesse thou slaue, or els I sweare, thou shat constrayned bee
PH. In deede I doe remember once, an Infant pong by mee,
Delyuered was vnto this Man: but well I wot in vayne,
I know he could not long endure, nor yet alyue remayne.
Long since he is dead (I know it well) hee liues not at this day.
SE. No: God forbid, he liues no doubt, and long may liue I pray.
OE. Why dost thou say the child is dead, that thou this man didst giue
PH. With Irons sharp his feete were board, I know he could not liue,
For of the sore a swelling rose, I saw the bloud to gush
From out of both the wounds: and down by powring streames to flush.

SEN. Now stay (O king) no farther now, you know almost the troth.
OE. Whose child was it? tell me forthw̄. PH. I dare not for mine Othe.
OE. Thine Oth thou slaue? Some fyre here. Ile charme thine Othe and thee,
With fyre & flames: except forthwith thou tell the troth to mee.
PH. O pardon me, though rude I seeme, I seeke not to withstand
Your graces minde: (most noble king.) My life is in your hand. (name?
OED. Tell me ẏ troth, what child, & whose, What was his Mothers
P. Born of your wyfe. OE. O gaping earth deuour my body quight:
Or else thou God that ruler art of houses boyde of light,
To Hell my Soule with thunder boltes to Hell my Soule down dryue.
Where grisly Ghosts in darknesse deepe, and endlesse payne do lyue.
For thee alone, these Plagues doe rage. For thee these mischiefes ryse.
For thee, the Earth lyes desolate. For thee thou wretch the Skies
Infected are. For thee, for thee, and for thy filthy lust,
A hundred thousand guiltlesse men, consumed are to dust.
O people throw: cast heapes of stones vpon this hatefull Hed:
Bath all your swords within my brest: you furies ouershed
My restlesse thoughts, with raging woes: and plungde in seas of paine.
Let mee those horrors still endure, which damned soules sustain.
You citizens of Stately Thebes ber me with torments due.
Let Father, Son, and Wyfe, and all with vengeance me pursue.
Let those that for my sake alone with plagues tormented bee
Throw darts, cast stones, fling fier and flames, and tortures all on mee.
O shame: O slaunder of the World: O hate of Gods aboue.
Confounder O of Nature thou to lawes of sacred loue,
Euen from thy birth an open Foe. Thou didst deserue to dye
As soone as thou wast born. Go, go, vnto the Court thee hye,
There with thy Mother (slaue) triumph reioyce as thou maist do,
Who hast thy house encreased with vnhappy children so.
Make haste with speede, away, some thing thy mischiefs worthy finde.
And on thy selfe wreeke all the spight of thy reuenging minde.

Chorus.

Chorus.

FOrtune the guide of humaine lyfe doth al things chaũge at will.
And stirrig still, wt restles thoughts our wretched mids doth fill.
In vayn men strive their stats to kepe whẽ hideous tẽpests rise:
And blustring windes of daungers deepe sets death before their eies.
Who saith he doth her fauning feele? & chaũgeth not his minde,
When fickle sight of Fortunes wheele doth turne by course of kinde.
These greuous plagues frõ priuat house to princely Thrones do flow,
And oft their minds with cares they souse and thick vpon thẽ strow.
Whole heapes of griefe and dyre debate, a wofull thing to see:
A Princely lyfe to mysers state, conuerted for to bee.
O OEdipus thy fatall fall, thy dreadfull mischiefs ryght,
Thy dolfull state, thy mysery, thy thrise vnhappy plight:
These things shall blase through all ỹ world: what heart may thẽ reioyce
At thy distresse? I can no more: my teares doe stop my voyce.
But what is he that ponder stamps? and raging puffs and blowes,
And often shakes his vexed head, some mischiefe great hee knowes.
Good sir your countnaunce doth import some great and fearefull thing,
Tell vs therefore (if that you may) what newes from Court you bring.

THE FIFTE ACTE.

NVNTIVS.

When OEdipus accursed wretch,
his fatall fals had spied,
To hell be damnd his wretched soule
and on the Gods he cryed
For vengeaunce due. And posting fast
with frantick moode & grisly hue,
Vnto his dolefull Court hee went,
his thoughts for to pursue.
Much like a Lion ramping wylde, his furious head that shakes.
And roares with thundring mouth alowd, and often gnashing makes,
None otherwise this miser farde. A lothsome sight to see,
Beates himselfe for very rage, he still desires to dye.

And rowl.

And rowling round his wretched Eyes with bysage pale and wan:
Ten thousand Curses out he powres. Himselfe the vnhappiest man
Of all that liue, he doth account: as iustly he may doe.
A wretch, a Slaue, a cattife byle. The cause of all our woe.
And in this case enflamd with spight he cries, he stamps, he raues,
And boyling in his secret thoughts, he still desyres to haue
All torments vnder sun that may his Cares conceiude encrease.
O wretched wyght, what should hee doe? What man may him release?
Thus foming all for rage at mouth, with sighes, and sobs, & grones,
His damned head ten thousand times, as oft his wery'd bones
He beats. And often puffing makes, and roares, and swels, & sweats.
And on the Gods for death hee calles, for Death hee still entreats,
Three times he did begin to speake: and thryse his toug did slay.
At length he cried out alowd: O wretch. Away, away,
Away thou monstrous Beast (he sayd:) wilt thou prolong thy lyfe?
May rather some man strike this breast with stroke of bloudy knyfe.
Or all you Gods aboue on mee pour flaming fiers outcast:
And dints of Thunderbolts down throw, This is my prayer last.
What greedy byle deuouring Gripe, vpon my guts will gnaw?
That Tigre fierce my hatefull limmes will gnight a sunder draw?
Loe, here I am you Gods: Loe, heere, wreke now on me your will:
Now, now you fyry Feendes of Hell, of vengeaunce take your fill.
Send out some wilde outregious beast send Dogs mee to deuoure,
Or els all ills you can deuise, at once vpon me powre.
O wofull soule. O sinfull wretch. Why dost thou feare to dye?
Death only ridds frō woes thou knowst. Than stoutly Death defie.
With that his bloudy fatall Blade, from out his sheath he drawes.
And lowd he roares, w̄ thrizing voice. Thou beast why dost thou pawse?
Thy Father cursed cattife thou, thy Father thou hast slayne
And in thy Mothers bed hast left an euerduring stayne.
And Brothers thou hast got: nay Sons thou hast: thy Brothers all
They are. Thus for thy monstrous lust thy Countrey down doth fall.
And thinkst thou than for all these ills enough so short a payne?
Thynkst thou the Gods will be apeasde, if thou forthwith be slayne?
So many mischiefes don: and ist enough one stroke to bydt?
Account'st thou it sufficient paynes, that once thy sword it could gidde
Quight through thy guilty breast for all? why than dispatch and dye.
So maist thou recompence thy Fathers death sufficiently.
Let it be so: what mends vnto thy Mother wilt thou make?
Vnto thy children what? these plagues (O wretch) how wilt thou slake?

That thus

That thus for thee thy countrey wastes? One push shall ende them all.
A proper fetch. A fine deuise. For thee a worthy fall.
Inuent thou monstrous beast forthwith: a fall euen worthy for
Thy selfe inuent: whom all men hate and loth, and doe abhor.
And as dame Natures lawfull course is broke (O wretch) by thee.
So let to such a mischiefe great, thy Death agreeing bee.
O that I might a thousand times, my wretched lyfe renewe.
O that I might reuyue and dye by course in order dewe.
Ten hundred thousand times a more: than should I vengeance take
Upon this wretched head. Than I perhaps in part should make
A meete amends in deede, for this my fowle and lothsom Sin.
Than should the proofe of payne reproue the life that I liue in.
The choyse is in thy hand thou wretch, than vse thine owne discretion.
And finde a meanes, whereby thou maist come to extreame confusion.
And that, that oft thou maist not doe, let it prolonged bee.
Thus, thus, maist thou procure at length an endlesse death to thee.
Serch out a death whereby thou mayst perpetuall shame obtayne:
And yet not dye. But still to liue in euerlasting payne.
Why stayst thou man? Go to I say: what meane these blubbring teares?
Why weepst thou thus? Alas to late. Leaue of thy koolysh feares.
And tis enough to weepe thinkst thou? shall teares and wayling serue?
No wretch it shall not be. Thou dost ten thousand deaths deserue.
Myne eyes doe daily with mee I see, and teares doe still out powre.
Shall teares suffice? No, no, not so I shall them better scowre,
Out with thine Eyes (he sayd:) and than with fury fierce enflam'de.
Like to a bloudy raging Feend and monstrous beast vntam'de.
With fiery flaming spotted Cheekes his breast he often beats.
And scratch, and teare his Face hee doth and Skin a sunder treats.
That scarse his eyes in head could stand so sore he them besets.
With furious fierce outrageous minde hee stamps and cries alowd:
And roares & rayles, with ramping rage. Thus in this case he stood,
Perplext, and vexed sore in minde, with deadly sighs and teares.
When sodenly all franticklike himselfe from ground hee reares.
And rooteth out his wretched Eyes, and sight a sunder teares.
Then gnasheth hee his bloudy Teeth, and bites, and gnawes, & champs,
His Eyes all bathd and brude in bloud, for fury fierce he stamps.
And raging more than needes (alas,) his Eyes quight rooted out:
The very holes in vayne hee scrapes so sore the wretch doth dout:
Least sight should chaunce for to remayne the rents and mangels quight
His Face, his Nose, his Mouth, and all whereon his hands do light

Hee rygs and ryues. Thus fowly rayd (alas) in piteous plight:
At length his head aloft he lifts, and therewith geues a shright.
And whan he sees that all is gone, both light, and sight, and all.
Than scratching out: he thus begins vpon the Gods to call.
Now spare you Gods, now spare at length my countrey prest to fall.
I haue done that you did cõmaund: Your wraths reuenged bee.
This wretched looke, this mangled face, is fittest now for mee.
Thus speaking, down the blackish bloud by streams doth gushing flow
Into his mouth. And clottred lumps of flesh the place doth strow
Wherein hee standes.
Beware betimes, by him beware, I speake vnto you all.
Learne Iustice, truth, and feare of God by his vnhappy fall.

Chorus.

MAns lyfe w tumbling fatal course of fortunes wheele is rowld,
To it giue place, for it doth run all swiftly vncontrowld.
And Cares & teares are spent in vayn, for it cannot be staied:
Syth hie decree of heauenly powers perforce must be obayed.
What mankind bydes or does on earth it cõmeth from aboue,
Then wayling grones powrd out in griefe do nought at all behoue.
Our life must haue her pointed course, (alas) what shall I say.
As fates decree, so things do run, no man can make them stay.
For at our byrth to Gods is known our latter dying day.
No Prayer, no Arte, not God himselfe may fatall fates resist.
But fastned all in fixed course, vnchaunged they persist.
Such ende them still ensues as they appointed were to haue,
Than fly all feare of Fortunes chaung, seeke not to lyue a slaue
Enthrald in bondage vyle to feare. For feare doth often bring
Destnies that dreaded ben and mischiefs feard vpon vs fling.
Yea many a man hath come vnto his fatall ende by feare.
Wherefore set peuish feare aside, and worthy courage beare.
And thou that subiect art to death. Regard thy latter day.
Thinke no man blest before his ende. Aduise thee well and stay.
Be sure his lyfe, and death, and all, be quight exempt from mysery:
Ere thou do once presume to say: this man is blest and happy.
But out alas, see where he coms: a wretch withouten Guide,
Bereft of sight. Halfe spoyld of lyfe: without all Pomp, and Pryde
(That vnto Kings Estate belongs.)

THE

THE FIFTE ACTE.

THE SECOND SCENE.

OEdipus. Chorus, Iocasta.

Ell, well, tis done: more yet? No, no,
no mischiefs more remaynes.
My Fathers Rytes performed are.
What God on Myfers paynes
That rues within this Cloud hath rolde,
and wrapt my wretched Pate.
Ah sir: this is a life alone.
This is a happy State.
This is a case ene fit for thee,
for thee thou wretch, for thee.
From whose accursed sight the Sun, the Stars and all doe flee,
Yet mischiefs more, who giues to doe? The dreadfull day I haue
Escapt. Thou filthy Paracide: thou vile mischieuous Slaue.
Unto thy right hand nought thou owst, all things performed bee.
O woe is mee that euer I liu'de this luckleſſe day to see.
Where am I now? Alas, alas, the light and all doth mee
Abhor: O wretched OEdipus this looke is first for thee.
CHO. See, see, where Iocasta coms, with fierce and furious moode,
Quight past her selfe. For very rage shee frets and waxeth woode.
Much like to Cadmus daughter mad, who late hir Sonne did kill.
Fayne would she speake her mynde: for feare (alas) she dares not: still
Shee stayes, and yet from out her breast these ills haue quight exilde
All shamefastnes. See how shee lookes, with coũ'naunce fierce & wilde.
IO. Fayne would I speake, I am afraide. For what should I thee call
My Son? doubt not. Thou art my Son. My Son thou art for all
These mischiefs great: alas, alas I shame my Son to see.
O cruell Son. Where dost thou turn thy Face? Why dost thou flee
From me. From me thy Mother deare? Why dost thou shun my sight?
And leaue me thus in misery, with Cares consumed quight.
OE. Who troubles me? Let me alone. I thought not to be founde:
Who now restores myne Eyes to mee, Mother? or Mothers sounde?

Our la-

Our labour all is spent in vayne, now may wee meete no more.
The Seas deuide those meetings vile that wee haue had before.
The gaping earth deuide vs both, th'one from th'other quighe.
Still let our feete repugnant bee. So shall I shun the light
That most of all me grieues. So shall I space obtaine to wayle
These bleeding woes on euery side, that doe my thoughtes assayle.
IOC. The Destenies are in fault. Blame them. Alas, alas, not wee.
OED. Spare now. Leaue of to speake in vayne, spare now O Mother (wee,
By these Reliques of my dismembred body I thee pray.
By myne vnhappy Children pledges left. What shall I say?
By all the Gods I thee beseech. By all that in my name
Is good or bad, let mee alone. Alas you are to blame
To trouble mee. You see what hell my hapleſſe heart doth payne.
You see that in my Conscience ten thousand horrors raine.
IOC. O dying heart: O sindrowned soule. Why dost thou faint alas?
Why dost thou seeke and toyle in vayne these ills to ouerpas?
What meane these sighes, & scalding teares? why dost thou death refuse?
Thou mate of all his mischiefs thou, by whose meanes onely rues
The law of nature all: by whom, Ah, Ah, confounded lies,
Both God, and man, and beast, and all that eyther liues or dies.
Die thou, dispatch at once thrust through thy vile incestuous brest:
Thou hast none other meanes (alas) to set thine heart at rest.
Not thou, if God him selfe, if he his flaming fiers should throw
On thee, or mischiefs all by heapes vpon thy body strow
Couldst once for thy deserued ills due paines or vengeaunce pay:
Some meanes therefore to wreak Gods wrath vpon thy selfe assay.
Death, death now best contenteth mee. then seeke a way to dye.
So maist thou yet at length finde end for all thy misery.
O Son lend mee thy hand: sith that thou art a Paracyde.
This labour last of all remaynes, this labour thee doth byde.
Dispatch rid mee thy mother deare from all my deadly woe
It will not be: no prayers auaile. Thy selfe this deede must doe.
Take vp this sword. Goe to, with this thy husbande late was slayne.
Husband? thou term'st him falſe: hee was thy syer: O deadly payne.
Shal I quight through my brest it driue? or through my throte it thrust?
Canst thou not choose thy wound? away: die, die, (alas) thou must.
This hateful womb then woũd (O wretch) this, this w̃ thine own hand
Strike, strike it hard: (O spare it not) sith both a husband, and
(The same a Son it bare.)
CHOR. Alas, alas, shee is slaine, shee is slayne, dispatched with a push:
Who euer sawe the like to this: see how the bloud doth gush.

O heauy

O heauy doulfull case: who can this dyrefull sight endure
Which for the hideousnesse thereof might teares of stones procure:
OED. Thou God, thou teller out of Fates. On thee, on thee, I call,
My Father onely I did owe, vnto thy Destnies all.
Now twise a Paracide, and worse than I did feare to bee:
My Mother I haue slayne. (Alas) the fault is all in mee.
O OEdipus accursed wretch, lament thine owne Calamity,
Lament thy state, thy griefe lament, thou Caitife borne to misery.
Where wilt thou now become (alas?) thy Face where wilt thou hyde:
O mysterable Slaue, canst thou such shamefull tormentes byde?
Canst thou which hast thy Parents slain? Canst thou prolong thy life?
Wilt thou not dye? deseruing Death: thou cause of all the griefe,
And Plagues, and dreadfull mischiefs all that Thebane City preasse.
Why dost thou seeke by longer life, thy sorrowes to encreasse?
Why dost thou toyle and labour thus in vayne? It will not bee.
Both God, and man: and beast, and all abhorre thy Face to see.
O Earth why gapst thou not for me: why doe you not vnfolde
You gates of hell mee to receaue? why doe you hence withholde?
The fierce Infernall Feends from me, from me so wretched wight?
Why breake not all the Furyes lose this hatefull head to smight
With Plagues: which them deserued hath (alas) I am left alone,
Both light, and sight, and comfort all from mee (O wretch) is gone.
O cursed head: O wicked wight, whom all men deadly hate.
O Beast, what meanst thou still to liue in this vnhappy state?
The Skies doe blush and are ashamd, at these thy mischiefes great
The Earth laments, & Heauens weepe, the Seas for rage doe freat.
And blustring rise, and stormes doe stir, and all thou wretch for thee.
By whose incest, and bloudy deedes all things disturbed bee.
Naught out of course, displaced quight, O cursed fatall day.
O mischiefes great, O dreadfull times, O wretch, away, away.
Exile thy selfe from all mens sight, thy life halfe spent in misery,
Goe end consume it now outright in thrise as great calamity.
O lying Phœbe thine Oracles my sin, and shame surmount:
My Mothers death amongst my deedes, thou neuer didst recount.
A meete Exploict for me that am to Nature deadly Foe.
With trembling fearefull pace goe forth, thou wretched monster goe,
Grope out thy wayes on knees in darke thou miserable Slaue.
So maist thou yet in tract of time due paynes, and vengeaunce haue,
For thy mischeuous life. Thus, thus, the Gods themselues decree.
Thus, thus, thy Fates: thus, thus, the skyes appoint it for to bee.

Then

Then headlong hence, with a mischiefe hence, thou caitife byle away.
Away, away, thou monstrous Beast. Goe, Run. Stand, stay,
Least on thy Mother thou doe fall.

All you that wearyed bodies haue, with sickenesse ourpresst,
Loe, now I fly: I fly away, the cause of your vnrest.
Lift vp your heads: a better state of Ayre shall strayght ensewe
When I am gone: for whom alone, these dreadfull myschiefs grewe.
And you that now, halfe dead yet liue in wretched misers case.
Help those whō present torments presse forth, hye you on apace.
For loe, with me I cary hence, all mischiefes vnder Skyes.
All cruell Fates, Diseases all that for my sake did ryse,
With mee they goe: with me both griefe, Plague, Pocks, Botch, & all
The ills that eyther now you presse, or euer after shall.
With me they goe, with me: these Mates bin meetst of all for mee.
Who am the most vnhappiest wretch that euer Sun did see.

FINIS.

THE SIXTE TRAGEDIE OF THE MOST GRAVE & prudēt Author LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA, entituled TROAS, vvith diuers and sundrye Additions to the same, by IASPER HEY-VVOOD.

To the Reader.

ALTHOVGH (GENTLE Reader) thou mayst perhaps thinke mee arrogant, for that I onely among so many fine wittes and towardly youth (with which Englād this day florisheth) haue enterprised to set forth in englis this present piece of the flowre of all writers, Seneca, as who say, not fearing what grauer heads might iudge of me, in attempting so hard a thing, yet vpon well pondering what next ensueth, I trust both thy selfe shalt clearе thine owne suspicion, and thy chaunged opinion shal iudge of me more rightfull sentence. For neither haue I taken this worke first in hand, as once entending it should come to light (of well doynge wherof I vtterly dispayred) and beynge done but for myne owne priuate exercise, I am in myne opinion herein blameles, thoughe I haue (to proue my selfe) priuately taken the part which pleased me best of so excellent an author, for better is tyme spent in the best then other, and at first to attempt the hardest writers, shall make a mā more prompt to translate the easier with more facility. But now since by request, & frēdship of those, to whom I could denye nothinge, this worke agaynst my will extorted is out of my hands, I needes must

craue thy pacience in reading, and facility of iudgement; when thou shalt apparantly se my witles lacke of learning, prayng thee to consider how hard a thing it is for mee to touch at ful in all poynts the authors mynd, (beyng in many places verye harde and doubtfull, and the worke much corrupt by the default of euil printed Bookes) and also how farre aboue my power to keepe that Grace and maiestye of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer hath past the reach of all imitation, and also this our English toung (as many thinke, and I here fynd) is farre vnable to compare with the Latten: but thou (good Reader) if I in any place haue swerued from the true sence, or not kept the roialty of speach, meete for a Tragedie, impute the one to my youth and lacke of iudgement: the other to my lacke of Eloquence. Now as concerninge sondrye places augmented and some altered in this my translation. First forasmuch as this worke seemed vnto mee in some places vnperfite, whether left so of the Author, or parte of it loste, as tyme deuoureth all thinges, I wot not, I haue (where I thought good) with addition of myne owne Penne supplied the wante of some thynges, as the firste Chorus, after the first acte begynninge thus. O ye to whom &c. Also in the seconde Acte I haue added the speache of Achilles Spright, ryssyng from Hell to require the Sacrifyce of Polyxena begynning in this wyse. Forsakinge now. &c. Agayne the three laste staues of the Chorus after the same Acte: and as for the thyrde Chorus which in Seneca beginneth thus, QVE VOCAT SEDES? For as much as nothing is therein but a heaped number of farre and straunge Countries, considerynge with my seife, that the names of so manye vnknowen

Coun-

Countreyes, Mountaynes, Deſertes, and VVoodes, ſhoulde haue no grace in the Engliſhe tounge, but bee a ſtraunge and vnpleaſant thinge to the Readers (excepte I should expound the Hiſtoryes of each one, which would be farre to tedious,) I haue in the place therof made another beginninge, in this manner. O Ioue that leadſt. &c. VVhich alteration may be borne withall, ſeynge that Chorus is no part of the ſubſtaunce of the matter. In the reſt I haue for my ſlender learninge endeuored to keepe touch with the Latten, not worde for woorde or verſe for verſe, as to expounde it, but neglectynge the placinge of the wordes, obſerued their ſence. Take Gentle Reader this in good woorth with all his faultes, fauour my firſt beginninges, and amende rather with good will ſuch things as herein are amiſſe, then to depraue or diſcommende my labour and paynes, for the faultes, ſeyng that I haue herein, but onelye made waye to other that canne farre better doe this or like, deſiryng them that as they can, ſo they would. Farewel gentle Reader and accept my good will.

The Argument.

THe ten yeares ſiege of Troy, who liſt to heare,
And of thaffayres that there befell in fight:
Reade ye the workes that long ſince written were,
Of all Thaſſaultes, and of that lateſt night,
When Turrets toppes in Troy they blaſed bright
Good Clerkes they were that haue it written well:
As for this worke, no word therof doth tell.

But Dares Phrygian, well can all report,
With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekiſh toung
And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes reſort
In ſcanned verſe, and Maro hath it ſong
Ech one in writ hath pend a ſtoary long,
Who doubtes of ought, and caſteth care to knowe:
Theſe antique Authors, ſhal the ſtory ſhowe,

The ruines twayne of Troy, the cauſe of each,
The glittering helmes, in fieldes the Banners ſpread,
Achilles yres, and Hectors fightes they teach.
There may the ieſtes of many a Knight be read:
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Aiax, Diomed,
With Troylus, Parys, many other more,
That day by day, there fought in field full ſore.

And how the Grekes at end an engine made:
A hugie horſe where many a warlike Knight
Encloſed was: the Troians to inuade
With Sinons craft, when Greekes had fayned flight,
While cloſe they lay at Tenedos from ſight,
Or hovv Eneas els as other ſay,
And falſe Antenor did the tovvne betray.

But as for me I naught therof endight,
Myne Author hath not all that ſtory pend:

My pen his wordes in Engliſh muſt reſight,
Of lateſt woes that fell on Troy at end,
What fnall fates the cruell God could ſend.
And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt gan wreake
Their ire on Troians, therof ſhall I ſpeake,

Not I with ſpere who pearced was in fielde,
Whoſe throate there cutte, or head ycorued was
Ne bloudſhed blowes, that rent both targe and ſhield
Shal I reſight, all that I ouerpaſſe.
The worke I wryght more woeful is alas,
For I the mothers teares muſt here complayne,
And bloud of babes, that giltles haue bene ſlayne.

And ſuch as yet could neuer weapon wreaſt,
But on the lap are wont to dandled bee,
Ne yet forgotten had the mothers breaſt,
How Greekes them ſlew (alas) here ſhal ye ſee
To make report therof ay woe is mee,
My ſong is miſchife, murder, miſery,
And hereof ſpeakes this doleful tragedy.

Thou fury fel that from the deepeſt den
Couldſt cauſe this wrath of hell on Troy to light,
That worckeſt woe guyde thou my hand and pen,
In weeping verſe of ſobbes and ſighes to wrygh̄t,
As doth myne author them bewayle aright:
Helpe woefull muſe for mee beſemeth wel
Of others teares, with weeping eye to tell.

When battered were to ground the towres of Troy
In writ as auncient authors do reſight,
And Greekes agayne repayrde to Seas with ioy,
Vpriſeth here from hel Achilles Spright,
Vengeance he craues vvith bloud his death to quight,
Whom Paris had in Phœbus temple ſlayne,
With guile betrapt for loue of Polyxeine.

And wrath of hel there is none other pryce
That may aſſwage: but bloud of her alone
Polyxena he craues for ſacrifyce,
With threatninges on the Grecians many one
Except they ſhed her bloud before they gone.
The Sprightes the hell, and depeſt pittes beneath,
O Virgin dere, (alas) do thruſt thy death.

And Hectors ſonne, Aſtyanax (alas)
Pore ſeely foole his Mothers onely ioy,
Is iudgd to die by ſentence of Calchas
Alas the whyle, to death is led the boy,
And tumbled downe from Turrets tops in Troy.
What ruthful teares may ſerue to wayle the woe
Of Hectors wyfe that doth her child forgoe.

Her pinching pange of hart who may expreſſe,
But ſuch as of like woes, haue borne a part?
Or who bewayle her ruthful heauines
That neuer yet hath felt therof the ſmart?
Ful well they wot the woes of heauy hart.
What is to leeſe a babe from mothers breaſt,
They know that are in ſuch a caſe diſtreſt.

Firſt how the Queene lamentes the fall of Troy,
As hath mine author done, I ſhall it wrygh t
Next how from Hectors wyfe they led the boy
To die, and her complayntes I ſhall reſight,
The maydens death then I muſt laſt endight.
Now who that liſte the Queenes complaint to here.
In following verſe it ſhall forthwith appeare.

The Speakers names.

HECVBA Queene of Troy.
A company of women.
TALTHYBIVS a Grecian.
AGAMEMNON King of Greeks.
ASTYANAX,
NVNCIVS.
CALCHAS.
PYRRHVS.
CHORVS.
ANDROMACHA
An old man TROIAN.
VLYSSES.
HELENA.
The Sprihgt of Achilles.

THE FIRST ACTE.

Hecuba.

WHo so in pompe of prowde estate,
or Kingdome sets delight:
Or who that toyes in Princes courte
to beare the sway of might.
Ne dreads the fates which from aboue
the wauering Gods downe flinges:
But fast affiance fixed hath,
in fraple and fickle thinges:
Let him in me both se the Face,
of Fortunes flattering toy:
And eke respect the ruthful end of thee (O ruinous Troy)
For neuer gaue shee playner proofe, then this ye present see:
How fraple and brittle is the state of pride and high degree,
The flowre of flowring Asia, loe whose fame the heauens resound,
The Worthy worke of Gods aboue, is batered downe to ground.
And whose assaultes they sought afar, from West w Banners spred
Where Tanais cold her braunches seuen, abroad the world doth shed.
With hugte host and from the East, where springes the newest day,
Where Lukewarme Tygris channell runnes, and meetes the ruddy sea.

And which frō wandring land of Scythe, the band of widowes sought:
With fire and swoorde thus battered be her Turrets downe to nought.
The walles but late of high renowme lo here their ruinous fall:
The buildinges burne, and flashing flame, swepes through the pallas al.
Thus euery house ful hie it smoakes, of old Assarackes lande:
Ne yet the flames withholdes from spoyle, the greedy Victors hand.
The surging smoake, the asure skye, and light hath hid away:
And (as with cloude beset) Tropes Ides slaynes the dusky day.
Through pearst with ire and greede of hart, the victor from a farre.
Doth view the long assaulted Troy, the gaine of ten yeares warre,
And eke the miseryes therof abhorres to looke vpon,
And though he se it yet scant himselfe, believes might be wonne,
The spoyles thereof with greedy hand, they snatch and beare awaye:
A thousand shippes would not receiue aboorde so huge a praye
The pyteful might I do protest of Gods aduerse to mee,
My countryes dust, and Troyan King I call to witnes thee,
Whom Troy nowhydes, and vnderneath the stones art ouertrode:
With al the Gods that guides the Ghost, and Troy that lately stoode.
And you also you flocking Ghostes of al my children dere:
Ye lesser Sprightes what euer ill, hath hapned to vs here.
What euer Phœbus watrish face, in fury hath foresayde:
At raging rise from seas when earst, the monsters had him frayde.
In childbed bandes I saw it yore, and wist it should be so:
And I in vayne before Cassandra told it long agoe.
Not false Vlysses kindled hath these fires, nor none of his:
Nor yet deceyptful Sinons craft, that hath bene cause of this.
My eye it is wherwith ye burne, and Parys is the brand
That smoaketh in thy towres (O Troy) the flowre of Phrygian land.
But ay (alas) vnhappy age, why dost thou yet so sore,
Bewayle thy Countries fatall fall, thou knewest it long before:
Behold thy last calamityes, and them bewayle with teares:
Account as old Troys ouerturne, and past by many yeares,
I saw the slaughter of the King, and how he lost his life:
By Th'aulter stoe (more mischiefe was) with stroake of Pyrrhus knife.
When in his hand he wound his lockes, and drew the King to ground,
And hid to hilles his wicked sword, in deepe and deadly wound.
Which when the gored King had tooke, as willing to bee slayne,
Out of the old mans throate he drew his bloudy blade agayne.
Not pitty of his yeares (alas) in mans extreamest age:
From slaughter might his hand withhold, ne yet his eye asswage:

The Gods are witnes of the same, and eake the sacrifyes,
That in his kingdome holden was, that flat on ground now lies.
The father of so many Kings Pryam of auncient name,
Entombed lieth and wants in blase of Troy his funerall flame.
Ne yet the Gods are wreakt, but for his Sonnes and daughters all,
Such Lordes they serue as doth by chance of lot to them befall.
Whom shall I follow now for prayer? where shall I be led
There is perhaps amonge the Greekes that Hectors wyfe will wed.
Some man despies Helenus spouse some would Antenors haue,
And in the Greekes their wantes not some, that would Cassandra craue
But I (alas) most woeful wight whom no man seekes to chuse,
I am the only refuge left, and me they cleane refuse
Ye careful captiue company, why stints your woful crye?
Beate on your breastes and piteously complayne with voyce so hye,
As meete may be for Troyes estate, let your complayntes rebound
In toppes of Trees: and cause the hills to ring with terrible sounde.

THE SECOND SCENE.

The VVoman, Hecuba.

NOt folke vnapt, nor nevv to vveepe (O Queene)
Thou vvilst to vvayle by practise are vvee taught,
For all these yeares in such case haue vve bene,
Since first the Troyan guest, Amiclas soughte
And saild the Seas, that led him on his vvay
With sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate
From vvhence he brought his vnrepyning pray,
The cause (alas) of all this dire debate,
Ten tymes novv hydde the hilles of Idey bee,
With snovve of Syluer hevv all ouer layd.
And bared is, for Troyan rages each tree,
Ten tymes in field, the harvest man afrayde;

The

The ſpikes of Corne hath reapt, ſince neuer day
His waylyng wantes new cauſe renewes our woe
Lift vp thy hand, (O Queene) crie well away:
We follow thee, we are wel taught thereto.
HEC. ¶ Ye faythful fellowes of your caſualty,
Vntie thattyre, that on your heads ye weare,
And as behoueth ſtate of miſery,
Let fall aboute your woeful neckes your hayre.
In duſt of Troy rub all your armes about,
In ſlacker weede, and let your breaſtes be tyed
Downe to your bellies let your limmes lye out,
For what wedlocke ſhould you your boſomes hyde?
Your garmentes looſe, and haue in readines
Your furious handes vppon your breaſt to knocke
This habite well beſeemeth our diſtreſſe,
It pleaſeth me, I know the Troyan flocke
Renew agayne your longe accuſtomde cryes,
And more then earſt lament your miſeryes.
We bewayle Hector.
W.O. ¶ Our hayre we haue vntide, now euerychone,
All rent for ſorrow of our curſed cace,
Our lockes out ſpreads, the knottes we haue vndone
And in theſe aſhes ſtayned is our face.
HEC. ¶ Fill vp your handes and make therof no ſpare,
For this yet lawful is from Troy to take
Let dovvne your garmentes from your ſhoulders bare.
And ſuffer not your clamour ſo to ſlake.
Your naked breaſtes wayte for your handes to ſmight
Now dolor deepe now ſorrow ſhevv thy might:
Make all the coaſtes that compas Troy about
Witnes the ſouude of all your careful crye
Cauſe from the Caues the eccho to caſt out:
Rebounding voyce of all your miſery:
Not as ſhe wontes, the latter word to ſound

But

But all your woe from farre let it rebound
Let al the Seas it heare, and eke the land
Spare not your breastes vvith heauy stroake to strike
Beate ye your selues, ech one vvith cruell hand
For yet your vvonted crie doth me not like
VVe bevvayle Hector.
VVO. Our naked armes, thus here vve rent for thee,
And bloudy shoulders, (Hector) thus vve teare:
Thus vvith our fistes, our heades lo beaten bee
And all for thee, behold vve hale our heare.
Our duggesalas, vvith mothers hands be torne
And vvhere the flesh is vvounded round about
VVhich for thy sake, vve rent thy death to morne
The flovving streames of bloud, they spring thereout.
Thy countres shore, and destinies delay.
And thou to vvearied Troians vvast an ayde,
A vvall thou vvast, and on thy shoulders Troy
Ten yeres it stode, on thee alone it staide,
VVith thee it fell: and fatall day alas
Of Hector both, and Troy but one there vvas.
HEC. Enough hath Hector: turne yonr plaint and mone
And shed your teares for Pryame euery chone.
VVO. Receiue our plaintes, O lord of Phrigian land
And old tvvise captiue king, receiue our feare,
VVhile thou vvert king. Troy hurtles then could stand
Though shaken tvvise, with Grecian sword it weare,
And twise did shot of Hercles quiuer beare,
At latter losse of Hecubes sonnes all
And roges for kings, that hgih on piles we reare:
Thou father shut st our latest funerall.
And beaten downe, to Ioue for sacrifies.
Like liueles blocke, in Troy thy carkas lies.
HEC. Yet turne ye once your teares, another way,
My pryams death, should not lamented be,

O Troians

O Troyans all, ful happy is Pryame say,
For free from bondage, downe descended hee,
To the lowest Ghoste: and neuer shall sustayne
His Captiue necke with Greekes to yoked bee.
Hee neuer shal behold the Atrids twayne
Nor false Vlisses euer shal he see,
Not hee a pray for Greekes to triumph at
His necke shall subiect to their conquestes beare
Ne geue his handes to tye behynde his backe,
That to the rule of Scepters wonted weare,
Nor following Agamemnons chare, in bande
Shall he bee pompe, to proude Mycenas land.

W O. ¶ Ful happy Pryame is, each one wee say
That toke vvith him his Kingdome then that stoode
Now safe in shade, he seekes the wandring way,
And treads the pathes of all Elizius wood,
And in the blessed Sprightes, ful happy hee,
Agayne there seekes to meete with Hectors Ghost.
Happy Pryam, happy who so may see,
His Kingdome all, at once with him be lost.

Chorus added to the Tragedy by the Translator.

YE to whom the Lord of Lande and Seas,
Of Life and Death hath graunted here the powre
Lay dovvne your lofty lookes, your pride appeas
The crovvned King fleeth not his fatall howre.
Who so thou be that leadst thy land alone,
Thy life vvas limite from thy mothers vvombe,
Not purple robe, not Glorious glittering throne,
Ne crovvne of Gold redeemes thee from the tombe:

A King he was that wayting for the vayle,
Of him that ſlew the Minotaure in fight:
Begilde with blacknes of the wonted ſaile
In ſeas him ſonke, and of his name they hight.
So he that wild, to vvin the golden ſpoyle
And firſt vvith ſhip, by ſeas to ſeeke renovvne,
In leſſer vvaue, at length to death gan boyle,
And thus the daughters, brought their father dovvne:
Whoſe ſonges, the vvoodes hath dravven, and riuers held,
And birdes to heare his notes, did theirs forſake,
In peece meale throvvne, amid the Thracian field,
Without returne hath ſought the Stigian lake.
They ſit aboue, that holde our life in line;
And vvhat vve ſuffer dovvne they fling from hie,
No carke, no care, that euer may vntwine
The thrids, that vvouen are aboue the ſkie,
As vvitnes he that ſometyme King of Greece,
Had Iaſon thought, in drenching ſeas to drovvne
Who ſcapt both death and gaind the Golden fleece,
Whom fates aduaunce, there may no povvre plucke dovvne
The higheſt God ſometyme that Saturne hight
His fall him taught to credite their decrees
The rule of heauens: he loſt it by their might,
And Ioue his ſonne novv turnes the rolling Skies.
Who vveneth here to vvin eternall vvelth,
Let him behold this preſent perfite proofe.
And learne the ſecrete ſtoppe of chaunces ſtelth,
Moſt nere alas, vvhen moſt it ſeemes aloofe.
In ſlipper ioy let no man put his truſt:
Let none diſpayre that heauy haps hath paſt
The ſvvete vvith ſovvre ſhe mingleth as ſhe luſt
Whoſe doubtful web pretendeth nought to laſt.
Frailtie is the thride, that Clothoes rocke hath ſponne,
Novv from the Diſtaffe dravvne novv knapt in tvvaine

With

With all the world at length his end he wonne,
Whose works haue wrought, his name should great remaine
And he whose trauels twelue, his name display,
That feared nought the force of worldly hurt,
In fine (alas) hath found his fatall daye,
And died with smart of Dianyraes shurt,
If prowes might eternity procure,
Then Priam yet should liue in lyking lust,
Ay portly pompe of pryde thou art vnsure,
Lo learne by him. O Kinges yee are but dust.
And Hecuba that wayleth now in care,
That was so late of high estate a Queene,
A mirrour is to teach you what you are
Your wauering wealth, O Princes here is seene.
Whom dawne of day hath seene in high estate
Before Sunnes set, (alas) hath had his fall
The Cradels rocke, appoyntes the life his date
From setled ioy, to sodayne funerall.

THE SECOND ACTE.

The Spright of Achilles added to the tragedy by the Translator.

The first Scene.

FOrsaking now the places tenebrouse,
And deepe dennes of thinfernall region
From all the shadowes of illusious
That wāder there the pathes ful many one
Lo, here am I returned al alone,
The same Achil whose fierce and heauy hande
Of al the world no wight might yet withstand.

What man so stout of al the Grecians host,
That hath not sometyme crau'd Achilles aide,

And

And in the Troyans, who of prowes moſt
That hath not feard to ſee my Banner ſplaide
Achilles lo, hath made them all affrayde.
And in the Greekes hath bene a piller poſt,
That ſtvrdy ſtode agaynſt their Troyan hoſt.

Where I haue lackt the Grecians went to wracke,
Troy proued hath what Achills ſword could doe
Where I haue come the Troyans fled a backe,
Retyring faſt from field their walles vnto,
No man that might Achilles ſtroke fordoe
I dealt ſuch ſtripes amid the Troian route,
That with their bloud I ſtaynd the fieldes aboute.

Mighty Memnon that with his Perſian band,
Would Pryams part with all might mayntayne,
Lo now he lyeth and knoweth Achilles hand
Amid the field is Troylus alſo ſlayne.
Ye Hector great, whom Troy accompted playne
The flowre of chiualry that might be found,
All of Achilles had theyr mortall wound.

But Paris lo, ſuch was his falſe deceipt,
Pretending maryage of Polixeine,
Behynd the aulter lay for me in wayte
Where I vnwares haue falne into the trayne
And in Appolloes church he hath me ſlayne
Wherof the Hel will now iuſt vengeance haue,
And here agayne, I come my right to craue.

The deepe Auerne my rage may not ſuſtayne,
Nor beare the angers of Achilles ſpright
From Acheront I rent the ſpoyle in twayne,
And though the ground I grate agayne to ſight:
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light,

Vengeance

Vengeance and bloud doth Orcus pit require,
To quench the furies of Achilles yre.

The hatefull land, that worse then Tartare is
And burning thrust exceedes of Tantalus,
I here beholde againe, and Troy is this
O, trauell worse, then stone of Sisyphus
And paines that passe the panges of Tityus
To light more lothsome furie hath me sent
Then hooked wheele, that Ixions flesh doth rent.

Remembred is alowe where sprites do dwell
The wicked slaughter wrought by wyly way,
Not yet reuenged hath the deepest hell,
Achilles bloud on them that did him slay
But now of vengeance come the yrefull day
And darkest dennes of Tartare from beneath
Conspire the fautes, of them that wrought my death.

Now mischiefe, murder, wrath of hell draweth nere
Aud dyre Phlegethon floud doth bloud require
Achilles death shall he reuenged here
VVith slaughter such as Stygian lakes desyre
Her daughters bloud shal slake the spirites yre,
VVhose sonne we slew, whereof doth yet remayne,
The wrath beneath, and hell shalbe their payne.

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,
And fire that nought but streames of bloud may slake
The rage of winde and seas their shippes shall beate,
And Ditis deepe on you shall vengeance take,
The sprites crie out, the earth and seas do quake
The poole of Styx, vngratefull Greekes it seath,
VVith slaughtred bloud reuenge Achilles death.

The soyle doth shake to beare my heauy foote
And fearth agayne the sceptors of my hand,
The poles with stroake of thunderclap ring out,
The doubtful starres amid their course do stand,
And fearfull Phœbus hides his blasing brande
The trembling lakes agaynst their course do flite,
For dread and terrour of Achilles spright.

Great is the raunsome ought of due to mee,
Wherwith ye must the sprightes and hell appease,
Polyxena shal sacrifysed be,
Vpon my tombe, their yreful wrath to please,
And with her bloud ye shall asswage the seas
Your ships may not returne to Greece agayne
Til on my tombe Polyxena be slayne.

And for that she should then haue bene my wyfe,
I wil that Pyrrhus render her to mee,
And in such solemne sort bereaue her life,
As ye are wont the weddinges for to see,
So shal the wrath of Hel appeased bee,
Nought els but this may satisfy our yre,
Her wil I haue and her I you require.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Talthibius, Chorus.

Las how long the lingring Greekes in hauen do make delay,
When eyther warre by seas they seeke or home to passe theyr way.
Ch. Why, shew what cause doth hold your and Grecian nauy stayes, shipes
Declare if any of the Gods haue stopt your homeward wayes.
Tal. My mynd is mas'd, my trembling ſinnewes quake and are afeard,
For straunger newes of truth then these I thinke were neuer heard.
Lo I my selfe haue playnly seene in dawning of the day,
When Phœbus first gan to approch and driue the starres away.
The earth all shaken sodaynly and from the hollow grownde:
My thought I hard with roaryng crye a deepe and dreadful sound:
That shoke the woods, and al the trees rong out with thunder stroke,
From Ida hils downe fel the stones, the mountayne toppes were broke.
And not the earth hath onely quakt, but all the Sea likewyse,
Achilles presence felt and knew, and high the surges ryse.
The clouen ground Erebus pittes then shewd and deepest dennes,
That downe to Gods that guyde beneath, the way appeard from hence.
Then shoke the tombe from whence anone in flame of fiery light,
Appeareth from the hollow caues Achilles noble spright.
As wonted he his Thracian armes and banners to display
And weild his weighty weapons wel against thassaultes of Troy,
The same Achilles seemde he than that he was wont to bee
Into the hostes and easly could I know that this was hee.
With carkasse slayne in furious fight, that stopt and fild each floude.
And who with slaughter of his hand made Xanthus runne with bloud.
As when in Chariot high he sate with lofty stomacke stoute.
Whyle Hector both and Troy at once he drew the walles aboute.
Alowd he cride, and euery coast rang with Achilles sound,
And thus with hollow voyce he spake, from bottom of the ground,

The

The Greekes shal not with litle price redeeme Achilles prize,
A princely raunsome must they geue, for so the fates require
Unto my ashes Polyxene spoused shal here be slayne
By Pyrrhus hand, and al my tombe her bloud shal ouerstayne.
This sayd, he straight sanke downe agayne to Plutoes deepe region,
The earth then closed, the hollow caues were vanished and gon
Therwith the wether waxed clere, the raging wyndes did slake,
The tombling seas began to rest and al the tempest brake.

THE THIRD SCENE.

Pyrrhus, Agamemnon, Calchas.

WHat tyme our sayles we should haue spread,
vppon Sygeon Seas,
With swift returne from long delay,
to seeke our homeward wayes.
Achilles rose whose onely hand,
hath geuen Greekes the spoyle.
Of Troia sore annoyde by him,
and leueld with the soyle,
With speede requiting his abode
and former long delay,
At Scyros yle, and Lesbos both amid the Agæon sea.
Til he came here in doubt it stoode of fell or sure estate,
Then though ye hast to graunt his will ye shall it geue to late.
Now haue the other captaynes all the price of their manhood,
What els reward for his prowesse then her al onely blood?
Are his desertes thinke you but light, that when he might haue fled,
And passing Pelyus peares in peace, a quiet life haue led,
Detected yet his mothers crafte, forsooke his womans weede,
And with his weapons prou'd himselfe a manly man indeede:
The King of Mysya, Telephus that wouldē the Greekes withstand,
Comming to Troy, forbidding us the passage of his land:

To late repenting to haue felt. Achilles heauy stroke
Was glad to craue his health agayne where he his hurt had tooke
For when his sore might not be salu'd as told Appollo playne,
Except the speare that gaue the hurte, restoared help agayne.
Achilles plasters cur'd his cuttes, and sau'd the King aliue:
His hand both might and mercy knew to slay and then reuyne.
When Thebes fel: Eetion saw it and might it not withstand,
The captiue King could nought redresse the ruin of his land.
Lyrnesus litle likewyse felt his hand and downe it fell,
With ruine ouerturned like from top of haughty hil.
And taken Brises land it is and prisoner is she caught
The cause of strife betwene the Kinges is Chryses come to naught.
Tenedos ple wel knowne by fame and fertile soyle he tooke
That fostreth fat the Thracian flockes and sacred Cilla chooke
What bootes to blase the brute of him whom trumpe of fame doth show,
Through all the coastes where Caicus floud with swelling stream doth flow?
The ruthful ruine of these realmes so many townes bet downe,
Another man would glory count and worthy great renowne.
But thus my father made his way and these his tourneyes are,
And battayles many one he fought whyleworre he doth prepare.
As wisht I may his merits more hall yet not this remayne.
Wel knowne and counted prayse enough that he hath Hector slayne
Duryng whose life the Grecians al might neuer take the towne,
Thy father onely banquist Troy, and you haue pluct it downe.
Reioyce I may your parentes prayse and brute abroade his actes,
It seemeth the sonne to follow well his noble fathers factts,
In sight of Priam Hector slayne, and. Memnon both they lay.
With heauy cheere his parentes wayld to mourne his dying day.
Himselfe abhord his handy worke in fight that had them slayne,
The Sonnes of Goddes Achilles knew were borne to die agayne
The woman queene of Amazons that greu'd the Grecians ful sore.
Is turnd to flight then ceast our feare wee dread their bowes no more.
If ye wel waigh his worthynes Achilles ought to haue
Though he from Argos or Mycenas would a Virgin craue,
Doubt ye herein? allow ye not that straight his wil be done.
And count ye cruel Pryams bloud to geue to Peleus sonne?
For Helen sake your owne childes bloud appeasd Dianas yre
A wonted thing and done ere this it is that I require.
Ag. The onely fault of youth it is not to refraine his rage
The Fathers bloud already staines in Pryams wanton age:

Some-

Somtime Achilles grieuous checkes I bare with patient hart,
The more thou mayst, the more thou oughtst to suffer in good part
Wherto would yee with slaughtred bloud a noble spirit staine?
Thinke what is meete the Greekes to do, and Troyans to sustayne.
The proude estate of tyranny may neuer long endure.
The king that rules with modest meane of safety may be sure.
The higher step of princely state that fortune hath vs signd
The more behou'th a happy man humilitie of mynd
And dread the chaunge that chaunce may bring, whose gifts so sone be lost
And chiefly then to feare the Gods, whyle they the fauour most.
In beating downe that warre hath wonne, by proofe I haue ben taught,
What pompe and pride in twinke of eye, may fall and come to naught.
Troy made me fierce & proude of mynde, Troy makes me frayd withal.
The Grekes now stand wher Troy late fel, ech thing may haue his fal.
Sometyme I graunt I did my selfe, and Sceptors proudly beare,
The thing that might aduaunce my hart makes me the more to feare
Thou Priam perfit proofe presentist thou art to mee ensones:
A cause of pride, a glasse of feare a mirrour for the nones,
Should I accoumpt the sceptors ought, but glorious vanity
Much like the borowed brayded hayre, the face to beautify.
One sodayne chaunce may turne to naught, and mayme the might of men
With fewer then a thousand shippes, and yeares in lesse then ten.
Not she that guydes the slipper wheele of fate, doth so delay:
That she to al possession graunted, of ten yeares feried stay.
With leaue of Greece I wil confesse, I would haue wonne the towne
But not with ruine thus extreme to see it beaten downe.
But loe the battel made by night and rage of feruent mynd,
Could not abyde the byrding bitte that reason had assignd.
The happy sword once staind with blood vnsatiable is,
And in the darke the feruent rage doth strike thee more amis.
Now are we wreakt on Troy so much let all that may remayne.
A Virgin borne of Princes bloud for offring to be slayne
And geuen be to slayne the tombe and ashes of the ded,
And vnder name of wedlocke see the guiltles bloud be shed,
I wil not graunt for myne should bee thereof both fault and blame,
Who when he may, forbidt eth not offence: doth wil the same.
Pyr. And shall his spyghts haue no reward their angers to appeyse?
Aga. Yes very great, for all the world shall celebrate his prayse,
And landes vnknowen that neuer saw the man so prayse by fame,
Shall heare and kepe for many yeares the glory of his name.

If bloudshed vayle his ashes ought strike of an Oxes hed,
And let no bloud that may be cause of mothers teares, be shed.
What furious franzy may this be that doth your will so leade,
This earnest carefull suite to make in trauayle for the dead?
Let not such enuy towarde your father in your heart remayne,
That for his sacrifice yee would procure an others payne,
Pyr. Proude tirant, while prosperity thy stomacke doth aduaunce,
And cowardly wretch that shrinks for feare in case of fearefull chaunce.
Is yet agayne thy breast enflamde, with brand of Venus might?
Wilt thou alone so oft deprtue Achilles of his right?
This hand shall giue the sacrifice, the which if thou withstand.
A greater slaughter shall I make, and worthy Pyrrhus hand.
And now to long from Princes slaughter doth my hand abide,
And meete it were that Polyxene were layde by Priams side.
Aga. I not deny, but Pyrrhus chiefe renowne, in warre is this,
That Pryam slaine with cruell swoorde, to your father humbled is.
Pyr. My fathers foes we haue them known, submit themselues humbly,
And Pryam presently yee wot, was glad to craue mercy.
But thou for feare not stout to rule, liest close from foes by shit:
While thou to Aiax, and Vlysses, dost thy will commit.
Aga. But needes I must, and will confesse, your father did not feare:
When burnt our fleete with Hectors brands, & Greeks they slaughtred weare.
While loytring then a loose he lay, vnmindfull of the fight.
In steede of armes with scratch of quill, his sounding harp to smight.
Pyr. Great Hector then despising thee, Achilles songes did feare:
And Thessale ships in greatest dread, in quiet peace yet weare.
Aga. For why aloofe the Thessale fleete, they lay from Troyans handes,
And well your father might haue rest, he felt not Hectors brandes.
Pir. Well seemes a noble king to giue an other king reliefe.
Aga. Why hast thou then a worthy king berieued of his life?
Pyr. A poinct of mercy sometime is, what liues in care to kill.
Aga. But now your mercy mooueth you a virgins death to will.
Pyr. Account yee cruell now her death whose sacrifice I craue.
Your own deere daughter once y.e knowe, your selfe to th'aulters gaue.
Aga. Naught els could saue the Greekes frō seas, but th'only bloud of her:
A king before his children ought, his countrey to prefer.
Pyr. The law doth spare no captiues bloud nor will'th their death to slay
Aga. That which the law doth not forbid, yet shame doth oft say nay.
Pyr. The conquerour what thing he list, may lawfully fulfill.
Aga. So much the lesse he ought to list, that may do what he will.

Pyr. Thus

PYR. Thus boast ye these as though in all ye onely bare the stroke:
When Pyrrhus loosed hath the grekes, from bond of ten yeres yoke.
A. Hath Scyros ple such stomaks bred? P. No bretherns wrath it knocs.
AG. Beset about it is with waue. PYR. The seas it do enclose.
Thyestes noble stocke I know and Atreus eke full well,
And of the bretherns dire debate, perpetuall fame doth tell.
AG. And thou a bastard of a mayde, defloured priuely.
Whom (then a boy) Achilles gat, in filthy lechery.
Pyr. The same Achill that doth possesse, the raigne of Gods aboue,
With Thetys seas: with Æacus spyghts, the starred heauen with Ioue
Aga. The same Achilles that was slaine, by stroke of Paris hande.
Pyr. The same Achilles, whom no god, durst euer yet withstand.
Aga. The stoutest man I rather would his checkes he should restraine
I could them tame. but all your bragges, I can full well sustaine.
For euen the captiues spares my sword: let Calchas called be.
If destynies require her bloud, I will thereto agree
Calchas whose counsel ruldc our ships, and nauy hither brought,
Unlookst the poale and hast by arte the secretes thereof sought,
To whome the bowelles of the beast, to whom the thunder clap,
And blasyng starre with flaming traine, betokeneth what shall hap.
Whose words with dearest price I bought, now tell vs by what meane
The will of Gods agreeth that we returne to Greece againe.
Cal. The fates apoint the Grekes to buy their waies with wonted price.
And with what coll ye came to Troy, ye shal repayre to Greece
With bloud ye came, with bloud ye must from hence returne againe,
And where Achilles ashes lieth, the virgin shal be slaine,
In seemely sort of habite, such as maydens wont ye see,
Of Thessalie, or Mycenas els, what time they wedded be.
With Pyrrhus hand she shal be slaine, of right it shalbe so
And meete it is that he the sonne, his fathers right should do.
But not this onely stayeth our shippes, our sayles may not be spred,
Before a worthier bloud then thine, (Polixena) be shed,
Which thirst thirst the fates, for Priames nephew. Hectors litle boy:
The Grekes shal tumble hedlonge down, from highest towre in Troy.
Let him there die, this onely way ye shal the gods appeas,
Then spread your thousand sayles with ioy ye neede not feare the seas.

Chorus,

MAy this be true, or doth the Fable fayne,
When corps is deade the Sprite to liue as yet?
When Death our eies with heauy hand doth ſtrain,
And fatall day our leames of light hath ſhet,
And in the Tombe our aſhes once be ſet,
Hath not the ſoule likewyſe his funerall,
But ſtil (alas) do wretches liue in thrall?

Or els doth all at once togeather die?
And may no part his fatal howre delay.
But with the breath the ſoule from hence doth flie?
And eke the Cloudes to vaniſh quite awaye,
As danky ſhade fleeth from the poale by day?
And may no iote eſcape from deſteny,
When once the brand hath burned the body?

What euer then the ryſe of Sunne may ſee,
And what the Weſt that ſets the Sunne doth know.
In all Neptunus raygne what euer bee,
That reſtles Seas do waſh and ouerflow,
With purple waues ſtil tombling to and fro.
Age ſhal conſume: each thing that liuth ſhal die,
With ſwifter race then Pegaſus doth flie.

And with what whirle, the twyſe ſixe ſignes do flie,
With courſe as ſvvift as rector of the Spheares,
Doth guide thoſe gliſtering Globes eternally.
And Hecate her chaunged hornes repeares,
So drauth on death, and life of each thing vveares,
And neuer may the man, returne to ſight,
That once hath felt the ſtroke of Parcas might.

For

For as the fume that from the fyre doth paſſe,
With tourne of hand doth vaniſh out of ſight
And ſwifter then the Northren Boreas
With whirling blaſte and ſtorme of raging might,
Driuth farre away and puttes the cloudes to flight,
So fleeth the ſprighte that rules our life away,
And nothing taryeth after dying day.

Swift is the race we ronne, at hand the marke
Lay downe your hope, that wayte here ought to win,
And who dreads ought, caſt of thy carefull carke:
Wilt thou it wot what ſtate thou ſhalt be in,
When dead thou art as thou hadſt neuer bin.
For greedy tyme it doth deuoure vs all,
The world it ſwayes to Chaos heape to fall.

Death hurtes the Corpes and ſpareth not the ſpright,
And as for all the dennes of Tænare deeepe.
With Cerberus kingdome darke that knowes no light,
And ſtreighteſt gates, that he there ſittes to keepe,
They Fancies are that follow folke by ſleepe
Such rumors vayne, but fayned lies they are,
And fables like the dreames in heauy care.

Theſe three ſtaues following are added by the tranſlatour.

O dreadful day, alas, the ſory time.
Is come of al the mothers ruthful woe,
Aſtianax (alas) thy fatal line
Of life is worne, to death ſtrayght ſhalt thou goe,
The ſiſters haue decreed it ſhould be ſo,

There

There may no force (alas) escape there hand,
There mighty Ioue their will may not withstand,

To se the mother, her tender child forsake,
What gentle hart that may from teares refrayne
Or whoso fierce that would no pity take,
To see (alas) this guiltles infant slayne,
For sory hart the teares myne eyes do stayne
To thinke what sorrow shall her hart oppresse,
Her litle child to leese remedilesse,

The double cares of Hectors wife to wayle,
Good Ladies haue your teares in readines,
And you with whom should pity most preuayle.
Rue on her griefe: bewayle her heauines.
With sobbing hart, lament her deepe distresse,
When she with teares shall take leaue of her son,
And now (good Ladies) heare what shall be done.

THE THIRD ACTE.

Andromacha. Senex. Vlisses.

Las ye careful company,
why hale ye thus your hayres?
Why beate you so your boysling brests
and stayne your eyes with teares?
The fall of Troy is new to you
but vnto me not so,
I haue foreseene this careful case
ere tl is tyme long agoe
When fierce Achilles Hector slew and drew the Troyes aboute
Then then me thought I wist it well, that Troy should come to naught:
In sorrowes sonke I senceles am and wrapt (alas) in woe,
But sone except this babe me held, to Hector would I goe
This seely foole my stomacke tames amid my misery,
And in the howre of heauiest happes permittes me not to die,

This

This onely cause constraynes me yet the gods for him to pray
With tract of tyme prolonges my payne, delayes my dying day:
He takes from me the lacke of feare the onely fruit of ill.
For while he liues yet haue I left wherof to feare me still.
No place is left for better chaunce with worst wee are oppreſt
To feare (alas) and see no hope is worſt of all the reſt.
Sen. What sodayne feare thus moues your mynd, & breeth you so sore?
And. Still still (alas) of one mishap there ryseth more and more,
Nor yet the doleful destenies of Troy be come to end.
Sen. And what more grieuous chaunces yet prepare the Gods to send?
And. The caues and dennes of hel be rent for Troyans greater feare
And from the bottoms of their tombes the hidden spryghtes appeare.
May none but Greekes alone from hel returne to life agayne?
Would God the fates would finish soone the sorrowes I sustayne.
Death thankful were, a common care the Troyans all oppresse,
But me (alas) amaseth most the feareful beauines.
That all astonied am for dreade, and horrour of the sight:
That in my sleepe appeard to mee by dreame this latter night. (feare
Sen. Declare what sightes your dream hath shewd, & tell what doth you
And. Two parts of al the silent night almost then passed were.
And then the cleare seuen clustered beams of starres: were fallen to rest
And first the sleepe so long vnknowne my wearyed eyes oppreſt.
If this be sleepe the astonied mase of mynd in heauy moode,
When sodaynly before myne eyes the spryght of Hector stoode.
Not like as he the Greekes was wont to battail to require:
Or when amid the Grecians shippes, he threw the brandes of fyre.
Nor such as raging on the Grees, with slaughtring stroake had slayne
And bare indeede the spoyles of him that did Achilles payne.
His countenaunce not now so bryght, nor of so liuely cheere,
But sad and heauy like to owres and clad with vgly hayre
It did me good to see him though when shaking then his head:
Shake of thy sleepe in haſt he sayd, and quickly leaue thy bed:
Conuay into some secrete place our sonne (O faythful wife)
This onely hope there is to helpe find meane to saue his life.
Leaue of thy piteous teares he sayd, dost thou yet waple for Troy?
Would God it lay on Ground ful flat so ye might saue the boy.
Vp stirre he sayd thy selfe in haſt conuay him priuily.
Saue if ye may the tender bloud of Hectors progeny
Then strayght in trembling feare I waket and rold myne eyes aboute
Forgetting long my child poore wretch, and after Hector sought.

But

But straight (alas) I wist not how the Spright away did passe,
And mee forsooke before I could my husband once embrasse.
O childe, O noble fathers broode and Trojans only joy,
O worthy seede of thauncient bloud, and beaten house of Troy.
O ymage of thy father loe, thou lively bearst his face,
This countnaunce to my Hector had, and euen such was his pace.
The pitch of all his body such, his handes thus would he beare.
His shoulders high his threatning browes, euen such as thine they were
O sonne: begot to late for Troy, but borne to soone for mee,
Shal euer tyme yet come agayne, and happy daye may be,
That thou mayst once reuenge and build agayne the towres of Troy,
And to the towne and Troyans both restore their name with joy?
But why do I (forgetting state of present destenye),
So great thinges wish: enough for captiues is to liue only:
Alas what privy place is left my little childe to hide?
What seate so secret may be found where thou maist safely bide?
The towre that with the walles of gods so valiaunt was of might,
Through all the world so notable, so flourishing to sight,
Is turnde to dust: and fire hath al consumd'e that was in Troy,
Of all the towne not so much now is left to hide the boy.
What place were best to choose for guile, the holy tombe is heere,
That then mies sword will spare to spoile wher lythe my husband deere.
Which costly worke his father builte, king Priame liberall:
And it vp raisde with charges great, for Hectors funerall.
Herein the bones and ashes both of Hector (loe) they lie,
Best is that I commit the sonne to his fathers custodie.
A colde and fearefull sweat doth runne, through out my members all,
Alas I carefull wretch do feare, what chaunce may thee befall,
Sen. Hide him away: this onely way hath saued many more,
To make the enmies to beleue, that they were dead before.
He wil be sought: scant any hope remaineth of safenes,
The paise of his nobility doth him so sore oppres:
Andr. What way wer best to worke: that none our doings might bewray
Sen. Let none beare witnes what ye do remoue them all away.
Andr. What if the enmies aske me: where Astianax doth remaine?
Sen. Then shall ye boldelie answere make that he in Troy was slaine.
Andr. What shal it helpe to haue him hid: at length they will him finde.
Sen. At first the enmies rage is fierce, delay doth slake his minde.
Andr. But what preuailes, since free from feare we may him neuer hide?
Sen. Let yet the wretch take his defence, me careles there to bide.

What

And. What land vnknowne out of the way what vnfrequented place
May keepe thee safe? who ayds our feare? who shall defend our case?
Hector, Hector that euermore thy friendes didst wel defend
Now chiefly ayde thy wyfe and child and vs some succour send.
Take charge to keepe and couer close the treasures of thy wyfe,
And in thy Ashes hyde thy sonne preserue in tombe his life.
Draw neare my Childe vnto the Tombe, why flyest thou backward so?
Thou takst great scorne to lurke in dens thy noble hart I know.
I see thou art asham'd to feare shake of thy princely mynd,
And beare thy breast as thee behoues as chaunce hath thee assynd.
Behold our case: and se what flocke remayneth now of Troy
The tombe: I woeful captiue wretch and thou a seely boy,
But yeeld we must to sory fates thy chaunce must breake thy breast,
Go to, creepe vnderneath thy fathers holy seats to rest.
If ought the fates may wretches helpe thou hast thy sauegard there.
If not: already then pore foole thou hast thy sepulchere.
Sen. The tombe him closely hides: but least your feare should him betray
Let him here lie and farre from hence goe ye some other way.
Andr. The lesse he feares that feares at hand, and yet if neede be so,
If ye thinke meete a little hence for safety let vs goe.
Sen. A litle whyle keepe silence now refrayne your plaint and crie,
His cursed foote now hether moues the Lord of Cephalie.
And, Now open earth, and thou my spouse frō Styx rend vp ỹ ground,
Deepe in thy bosome hyde thy sonne that he may not be found.
Vlysses comes with doubtful pace and chaunged countenaunce
He knittes in hart deceiptful craft for some more grieuous chaunce.
Vl. Though I be made the messenger of heauy newes to you,
This one thing first I shal despre that ye take this for true.
That though the wordes come from my mouth, and I my message tell
Of truth yet are they none of myne ye may beleue me wel.
It is the word of al the Greekes, and they the authors be,
Whom Hectors bloud doth yet forbid their countries for to see.
Our careful trust of peace vnsure doth stil the Greekes detayne,
And euermore our doubtful feare yet drawth vs backe agayne.
And suffreth not our wearyed handes, our weapons to forsake,
In child yet of Andromach, while Tropans comfort take.
An. And sayth your Augure Calchas so? Vli. Though Calchas nothing (sayde
Yet Hector telles it vs himselfe, of whose seede are we frayde.
The worthy bloud of noble men oft tymes we se it playne,
Doth after in their heires succede and quickly springes agayne.

For

For so the hornles yourgling pet, of high and sturdy brise,
With lofty necke and braunched brow, doth shortly rule the rest.
The tender twig that of the lopped stocke doth pet remayne,
To match the tree that bare the bough, in time starres vp again.
With equall top to former wood the rounne it doth supply,
And spreads on soyle alow the shade, to heauen his braunches hye.
Thus of one sparke by chaunce pet left it hapneth so ful oft.
The fyre hath quichly caught his foyre and flamith agayn aloft.
So feare we pet least Hectors bloud might rise er it be long,
Feare eastes in all the extremity and oft interprets wrong.
If ye respect our case ye may not blame these old soldiars
Though after years and monthes twice fiue, they feare again the wars.
And other trauails dreadyng Troy, not pet to be wel wonne,
A great thing doth the Grecyans moue, the feare of Hectors son.
Bid vs of feare, this flayeth our fleete, and pluckes vs backe agayne,
And in the hauen our nauy sticks, til Hectors bloud be slayne.
Count me not feerce for that by fates I Hectors sonne require,
For I as wel it chaunce it would Orestes should desyre.
But since that needes it must be so, beare it with pacient hart:
And Suffer that which Agamemnon suffred in good part.
And. Alas my child would God thou were pet in thy mothers hand.
And that I knew what desteanies thee held or in what land.
For neuer should the mothers fayth her tender child forsake:
Though through my breast the enmies al, their cruell weapons strake.
Nor though the Greekes with pinching bandes of pyon my handes had bound,
Or els in feruent flame of fyre befet my body rounde.
But now my little Child (poore wretch alas) where might he bee?
Alas, what cruel destenp what chaunce hath hapt to thee?
Art thou pet ranging in the fieldes and wandrest ther abroad?
Or smothred else in dusty smoake of Troy: or ouertroad?
Or haue the Greekes thee slayne (alas) and taught to see thy bloud?
Or torne art thou with tawes of beastes? or cast to foules for foode?
Vl. Dissemble not, hard is for thee Vlisses to deceaue,
I can ful wel the mothers craftes and subtilty perceaue.
The pollecy of Goddesses Vlisses hath vndone,
Set al these fayned wordes asyde, tel me where is thy sonne?
An. Wher is Hector? where al the rest that had with Troy their fall
Where Priamus? you aske for one but I require of all.
Vl. Thou shalt constrayned be to tell the thing thou dost denp.
And. A happy chaunce were Death to her that doth desyre to dye.

Vl. Who

Vli. Who most desires to die, would faynest liue when death draweth on,
These noble wordes with present feare of death would soone be gone.
And. Vlisses if ye wil constrayne Andromacha with feare,
Threaten my life for now to dye my cheeke despise it were.
Vl. With stripes with eyre tormenting death we wil the truth out wrest
And dolour shal thee force to tel the secrets of thy brest.
And what thy hart hath depest hid for payne thou shalt expresse,
Oft tymes thextremity preuayles much more then gentlenesse,
And. Set me in midst of burning flame with woundes my body rent,
Vse al the meanes of cruelty that ye may al inuent.
Proue me with thirst and hunger both, and euery torment trye,
Pearce through my liues with burning yrons in prison let me lie.
Spare not the worst ye can deuyse (if ought be worse then this)
Yet neuer get ye more of me. I wot not where he is.
Vli. It is but payne to hyde the thinge that straight ye wil detecte
No teares may moue the mothers hart, she doth them al neglect.
This tender loue ye beare your child, wherin ye stand so stoute,
So much more circumspectly warnth, the Greekes to looke about,
Least after ten yeares tract of tyme and battell borne so farre,
Some one should liue that on our children might renew the warre,
As for my selfe, what Calchas sayth, I would not feare at all
But on Telemachus I dread, the smart of warres would fall
And Now will I make Vlisses glad and all the Greekes also,
Needes must thou woeful wretch confesse declare thy hidden woe.
Betwyxe ye sonnes of Atreus there is no cause of dread.
Be glad Vlisses tell the Greekes that Hectors sonne is dead.
Vl. By what assurance proues thou that? how shal we credite thee?
And. What euer thing the enmies hand may threaten hap to me
Let speedy fates me slay forthwith, and earth me hyde at ones
And after death from tombe agayne, remoue yt Hectors bones,
Except my sonne already now, do rest among the dead.
And that except Astianax into his tomb be led.
Vlis. Then fully are the fates fulfild with Hectors childes diseace.
Now shal I beare the Grecians word, of sure and certayne peace.
Vlisses why what dost thou now? the Greekes wil euery chone,
Beleeue thy wordes, whom credits thou? the mothers tale alone.
Thinkst thou for sauegard of her child the mother wil not lye?
And dread the more the worse mischaunce to geue her sonne to die?
Her sayth she bindes with bond of oth, the truth to verify,
What thing is more of weight to feare, then so to sweare and lye?

Now

Now call thy crafftes togeather al, bestirre thy wittes and mynd,
And shew thy selfe Vlisses now, the truth herein to find.
Search wel thy mothers mynd: behold shee weepes and wayleth out,
And here and ther with doubtful pace, she raungeth al aboute,
Her careful ears she doth apply to harken what I say,
Moze frayd shee seemes then sozrowful. Now wozke some wily way.
Foz now most neede of wit there is and crafty pollecy,
Yet onze agayne by other meanes I wil the mother trye.
Thou wzetched woman maist reioyce, that dead he is: (alas)
Moze doleful death by destenie foz him decreed ther was.
From Turrets top to haue bene cast and cruelly bene slayne.
Which onely towze of all the rest doth yet in Troy remayne. (founde
And. My spzight faith me, my limmes do quake, fear doth my wits cõ-
And as the Isle congeals with frost, my bloud with could is bound.
Vl. She trẽbleth loe: this way, this way I wil the truth out wzeast,
The mothers fear detecteth all the secrets of her bzast:
I wil renew her feare goe sirs bestir ye spedely
To seeke this enmye of the Greekes where euer that he lie.
Wel done he wil be found at length, goe to stil seke him out,
Now shal he dye. what dost thou feare why dost thou looke about?
And Would God that any cause there were yet left that might me fray,
My hart at last now all is lost hath layd all feare away.
Vliss. Sins that your child now hath ye say already suffred death,
And with his bloud we may not purge the hostes as Calchas sayth.
Our fleete passe not (as wel inspired doth Calchas pzophecy)
Till Hectors ashes cast abzoad the wanes may pacify,
And tombe be rent now sins the boy hath scapt his destenie.
Needes must we breake this holy tombe wher Hectors ashes lie.
An. What shal I do? my mynd distracted is with double feare.
On thone my sonne, on thother syde my husbandes ashes deare,
Alas which part should moue me most, the cruel Goddes I call
To witnes with me in the truth, and Ghostes that guide thee all
Hector that nothing in my sonne is else that pleaseth me.
But thou alone God graunt him like he might resemble thee:
Shal Hectors ashes dzowned beeshide I such cruelty,
To see his bones cast in the Seas? yet let Astyanax die,
And canst thou wzetched mother bide, thyne owne childes death to see?
And suffer from the hie towzes top that headlong thzowne he be?
I can and wil take in good part, his death and cruel payne,
So that my Hector after death be not remou'd agayne.

The

The boy that life and sences hath may feele his payne and dre,
But Hector lo his death hath plast at rest in tombe to lie
What dost thou stay? determine which thou wilt preserue of twayne.
Art thou in doubt? saue this: lee here thy Hector doth remayne,
Both Hectors be, thone quicke of spright & drawing toward his stregth
And one that may perhaps reuenge his fathers death at length.
Alas I cannot saue them both: I thinke that best it were,
That of the twayne I saued him that doth the Grecians feare.
Vl. It shalbe done that Calchas words to vs doth prophecye,
And now shal all the sumptuous worke be throwne downe vtterly
An That once ye sold? Vl. I wil it all from toppe to bottome rend.
An. The fayth of Goddes I call vppon Achilles vs defend,
And Pyrrhus and thy fathers right. Vl. This tombe abroad shall lye:
An. O mischiefe, neuer durst the Greekes show yet such cruelty.
Ye straine the temples and the Gods that most haue fauourd you,
The dead ye spare not, on their tombes your fury rageth now.
I wil their weapons all resist my selfe with naked hand,
The rye of hart shal geue me strength their armour to withstand.
As fierce as did the Amazones beate down the Greekes in fight,
And Menas once ensperd with God, in sacrifyce doth smyght,
With speare in hand, and while with furyous pace she treads the groũd
And wood as one in rage she strykes, and feeleth not the wound:
So wil I runne on midst of them and on their weapons dye,
And in defence of Hectors tombe among his ashes lie.
Vl. Cease ye: doth rage and fury vayne of women moue ye ought?
Dispatch with speede what I commaund, & plucke downe al to naught.
An. O slay me rather here with sword rid me out the way,
Breake vp the deepe Auern, and rid my dessenies delay.
Rise Hector and beset thy foes, breake thou Vlisses rye,
A spright art good enough for him, behold he casteth fire,
And weapon shakes with mighty hand do ye not Greekes him see?
Or els doth Hectors spright appear but onely vnto me
Vl. Downe quight withal. An. What wilt thou suffer both thy sonnes be
And after death thy husbandes bones to be remou'd agayne? (slayne,
Perhaps thou mayst with prayer yet appease the Grecians all.
Els downe to ground the holy tombe of Hector, streight shall fal.
Let rather die the childe poore wretch and let the Greekes him kil,
Then father and the sonne should cause the tone the others yll.
Vlisses, at thy knees I fal, and hmmbly aske mercie,
These handes that no mans feete els knew, first at thy feete they lye.

Take pitty on the mothers case and sorrowes of my breast,
Vouchsafe my prayers to receiue and graunt me my request.
And by how much the more the Goddes haue thee aduaunced hie,
More easely stryke the pore estate of wretched misery.
God graunt the chast bed of thy godly wyfe Penelope,
May thee receiue, and so againe Laerta may thee see,
And that thy sonne Telemachus may meete thee ioyfully,
His graundsires yeares, and fathers wife, to passe ful happely.
Take pity on the mothers teares, her little child to saue,
He is my onely comfort left, and th'onely ioy I haue.

VI. Bring forth thy sonne and aske.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Andromacha,

COme hither child out of the dennes to mee,
Thy wretched mothers lamentable store,
This Babe Vlisses (loe) this Babe is hee,
That stayeth your ships and feareth you so sore.
Submit thy selfe my sonne with humble hand,
And worship flat on ground thy maysters feete,
Thinke it no shame as now the case doth stand:
The thing that Fortune wilth a wretche is meete,
Forget thy worthy stocke of Kingly kynd,
Thinke not on Priams great nobility,
And put thy father Hector from thy mynde,
Such as thy Fortune let thy stomacke bee,
Behaue thy selfe as captiue bend thy Knee,
And though thy griefe pearce not thy tender yeares,
Yet learne to wayle thy wretched state by mee,
And take ensample at thy mothers teares.

Once

Once Troy hath ſeene the weeping of a child,
When litle Priam turnde Alcides threats,
And he to whom all beaſtes in ſtrength did yelde,
That made his way from hel, and brake their gates
His litle enmies teares yet ouercame,
Priam he ſayd receiue thy liberty,
In ſeat of honor kepe thy Kingly name.
But yet thy Sceptors rule more faythfully.
Lo ſuch the conqueſt was of Hercules.
Of him yet learne your hartes to mollify,
Do onely Hercles cruel weapons pleaſe,
And may no end be of your cruelty?
No leſſe then Pryam, kneeles to thee this boy,
That lieth and aſketh onely life of thee.
As for the rule and gouernaunce of Troy
Where euer Fortune wil ther let it bee.
Take mercy on the mothers ruthful teares
That with their ſtreames my cheekes do ouerflow,
And ſpare this guiltles infantes tender yeares
That humbly falleth at thy feete ſo lowe.

THE THIRD SCENE.

Vliſſes, Andromacha, Aſtianax,

F truth the mothers greate ſorow,
doth moue my hart full ſore.
But yet the mothers of the Greekes,
of neede muſt moue me more,
To whom this boy may cauſe in time
a great calamtie.
Andr. May euer be the burnt ruines
of Troy reedified?
And ſhall theſe handes in time to come, erect the towne againe?
If this be the onely helpe we haue, there doth no hope remain
For Troy, we ſtand not now in caſe to cauſe your feare of mynde,
Doth ought auayle his fathers force, or ſtocke of noble kinde?
His fathers heart abated was, he drawen the walles abought.
Thus euill haps, the haughtieſt heart at length they bring to nought,
If ye wil needes oppreſſe a wretch what thing more grieuous were
Then on his noble neck he ſhould the yoke of bondage bere?
To ſerue in life doth any man this to a King denye?
Vl. Not Vliſſes with his death, but Calchas prophecy.
An. O falſe inuentor of deceipt and hainous cruelty,
By manhode of whoſe hand in warre no man did euer dye.
But by diſceipt and crafty trayne of mynd that miſchiefe ſeekes,
Before this tyme ful many one dead is, yea of the Greekes,
The Prophets wordes and guiltles Gods ſaith thou my ſonne require,
Nay: miſchiefe of thy breaſt it is, thou doſt his death deſyre.
Thou might ſouldier, and ſtout of hart a litle child to ſlay.
This enterprife thou takſte alone and that by open day.
Vl. Vliſſes manhood wel to Greekes to much to you is knowne,
I may not ſpend the tyme in wordes, our Nauy wil be gone

Andr.

And. A little stay, while I my last farewel geue to my child,
And haue with oft embracing him my greedy sorrowes fild.
Vli. Thy grieuous sorrowes to redresse, would God it lay in mee,
But at thy wil to take delay of tyme I graunt it thee.
Now take thy last leaue of thy Sonne, and fil thy selfe with teares,
Oft tymes the weeping of the eyes, the inward griefe out weares.
An. O deere, O sweete, thy mothers pledge, farewel my onely ioy,
Farewel the flowre of honor left of beaten howse of Troy.
O Troyans last calamity and feare to Grecians part
Farewel thy mothers onely hope, and payne comfort of hart.
Oft wisht I thee thy fathers strength and halfe thy graundsires yeares
But all for naught the Gods haue all disporuted our desires.
Thou neuer shalt in regal court thy sceptors take in hand,
Nor to thy people geue decrees nor leade with law thy land.
Nor yet thine enmies ouercome by might of handy stroke,
Nor sende the conquerde nations all vnder thy seruile yoke.
Thou neuer shalt beat downe in fight, and Greekes with sword pursew,
Nor at thy Charyot Pyrrhus plucke, as Achill Hector drew
And neuer shal these tender handes thy weapons weild and wrest,
Thou neuer shalt in woods pursue the wyld and mighty beast.
Nor as accustom'd is by gypse and sacrifice in Troy,
With measure swift: betweene the aulters shalt thou daunce with ioy.
O grieuous kind of cruel death that doth remayne for thee,
More woeful thinges then Hectors death the walles of Troy shall see.
Vlis. Now breake of al thy mothers tears I may no more tyme spende.
The grieuous sorrowes of thy hart wil neuer make an end.
An. Vlisses spare as yet my teares and graunt a whyle delay,
To close his eyes yet with my handes er he depart away.
Thou diest but young: yet feard thou art thy Troy doth wayte for thee,
Goe noble hart thou shalt againe the noble Troyans see.
Ast. Helpe me mother? An. Alas my child why tak'st thou holde by me?
In vayne thou call'st where helpe none is I can not succour thee.
As when the litle tender beast that heares the Lyon crye,
Straight for defence he seekes his damme, & crouching downe doth lye,
The cruel beast when once remoued to the damme away,
In greedy raw with rauening bit doth snatch the tender pray
So straight the enmies wil thee take, and from my side thee beare.
Receiue my kisse and teares poore childe, receiue my rented hayre.
Depart thou hence now ful of mee, and to thy father goe,
Salute my Hector in my name and tel him of my woe

Complayne thy mothers griefe to him if former cares may moue,
The spightes: and that in funerall flame they leese not all their loue.
O cruel Hector suffrest thou thy wyfe to be oppresst?
With bond of Grecians heauy yoke and liest thou still at rest?
Achilles rose: take here agayne my teares and reated heare,
And (al that I haue left to send) this kisse thy father beare.
Thy coat yet for my comfort leaue, the tomb hath touched it
If of his ashes ought here lye I'le seeke it euery whit.
VI. There is no measure of thy teares I may no lenger stay,
Deferre no further our returne breake of our shippes delay.

Chorus altered by the translatour.

Ioue that leadst the lampes of fire,
and deckst vvith flaming starres the skye.
VVhy is it euer thy desyre
to care their course so orderly?
That novve the frost the leaues hath vvorne,
& novv the sprig doth close the tree.
Novv fiery Leo rypes the corne,
and stil the soyle should chaunged be?
But vvhy art thou that all dost guide,
betvvene vvhose hands the poale doth svvay,
And at vvhose vvil the Orbs do slyde, careles of mans estate alvvay?
Regarding not the goodmans ease, nor caryng hovv to hurt the yll.
Chaunce beareth rule in euery place and turneth mans estate at vvill.
She geues the vvronge the vpper hand the better part she doth oppresse,
She makes the highest lovv to stand, her Kingdome all is orderlesse.
O parsite prose of her frailty, the princely tovvres of Troy beat dovvne,
The flovvre of Asia here ye see vvith turne of hand quight ouerthrovvne.
The ruthful ende of Hectors son, vvho to his death the Greekes haue led,
His fatall hovvre is come and gone, and by this tyme the Child is ded:
Yet still (alas) more cares encrease, O Troyans doleful destenie,
Fast doth approach the maydes decease, and novv Polixena shall die.

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

Helena, Andromacha, Hecuba

Hat euer woeful wedding yet,
were cause of funerall,
Of wayling, teares, bloud, slaughter els
or other mischiefes all,
A worthy match for Helena,
and meete for me it ware,
My wedding torch hath bene the cause
of al The Troyans care.
I am constrayned to hurt them yet,
after their ouerthrow,
The false and fayned mariages of Pyrrhus must I showe.
And geue the mayde the Greekes attyre and by my pollecy:
Shal Parys sister be betrayd and by disceypt shal die.
But let her be beguiled thus, the lesse should be her payne
If that shee ware without the feare of death: she might be slayne.
What ceasest thou the will of Greekes, and message to fulfill?
Of hurt constrayned the fault returneth to th'auter of the ill.
O noble Virgin of the famous house and stocke of Troy,
To thee the Grecians haue me sent I bring thee newes of ioy,
The Gods rue on thy afflicted state more mercifull they bee,
A greate and happy marryage loe, they haue prepard for thee.
Thou neuer should if Troy had stoode, so nobly wedded be,
Nor Priam neuer could prefer thee to so hie degree.
Whom flowre of all the Grecians name the prince of honour hie,
That beares the Scepters ouer all, the lande of Thessaly
Doth in the law of wedlocke chose, and for his wyfe require.

To sacred

To sacred rightes of lawful bed, doth Pyrrhus thee despise:
Loe Thetis great with al the rest, of Gods that guide by sea.
Each one shall thee accompt as theirs and toy by wedding day.
And Peleus shal thee daughter call when thou art Pirrhus wyfe,
And Nereus shall accompt thee his the space of all thy life.
Put of thy mourning garment now, this regall vesture weare
Forget henceforth thy captiue state and seemly beyond thy hayre.
Thy fall hath lift thee higher vp, and doth thee more aduaunce
Oft to be taken in the warre doth bring the better chaunce
An. This ill the Troyans neuer knew in all their griefs and payne
Before this tyme ye neuer made vs to reioyce in vayne.
Troy towres geue light, O seemely tyme for mariage to be made,
Who would refuse the wedding day that Helayne doth perswade?
The Plague and ruine of each parte behold dost thou not see,
These tombes of noble men, and how their bones here scattered bee?
Thy bryde bed hath bene cause of this for thee all these be ded
For thee the bloud of Asia both and Europe hath bene shed.
When thou in toy and pleasure both the fighting folke from farre,
Hast viewde: in doubt to whom to wish the glory of the warre.
Goe to, prepare the mariages, what needs the Torches light?
Behold the Towres of Troy do shine with brands that blasefull bright.
O Troyans all set to your handes, this wedlocke celebrate:
Lament this day with woeful cry and teares in seemly rate.
Hel. Though care do cause the want of wit, and reasons rule denye,
And heauy hap doth oftymes hate his mates in misery
Yet I before most hateful iudge dare wel defend my part;
That I of all your greuous cares sustayne the greatest smart.
Andromacha for Hector weepes, for Priam Hecuba,
For onely Paris pytuily bewayleth Helena.
A hard and grieuous thing it is captiuity to beare,
In Troy that yoke I suffred long a prisoner whole ten yeare.
Turnd are the fates, Troy beaten downe, to Greece I must repeare,
The native countrey to haue lost is ill, but worse to feare.
For dread therof you needs not care your euilles all be past,
On me both partes wil vengeance take al lightes to me at last.
Whom each man prisoner takes God wot thee standes in slipper stay,
And me not captiue made by lot yet Paris led away,
I haue bene cause of all these wars, and then your woes were wrought,
When first your shippes the Spartayn Seas & land of Grecia sought.

But

But if the Goddesse wild it so that I their pray should be,
And for reward to her beautyes iudge shee had appoynted me,
Then pardon Paris: thinke this thing in wrathful iudge doth lie,
The sentence Menelaus geues, and he this case shall trye.
Now turne thy playntes Andromacha, and weepe for Polyxeyne
Mine eyes for sorrowes of my hart theyr teares may not refrayne.
An. Alas, what care makes Heleyn weepe? what griefe doth she lament?
Declare what crafte Vlisses casts, what mischiefe hath he sent?
Shall shee from height of Idey hil be hedlong tombled downe?
Or else out of the turrets toppe in Troy shal she be throwne?
Or wil they cast her from the cliues into Sygeon seas?
In bottom of the surging waues to end her ruthful days?
Show what thy countnaunce hides and tell the secrets of thy breast:
Some woes in Pyrhus wedding are farre worse then all the rest.
Go to, geue sentence on the mayd, pronounce her destenye:
Delude no longer our mishappes, we are prepard to die.
H. Would God the'xpoūder of the Gods would geue his dome so right
That I also on poynt of sword might leese the lothsome light,
Or at Achilles tombe with stroake of Pyrrhus hand be slayne:
And beare a part of al thy fates O wretched Polixeyne.
Whom yet Achilles woeth to wed, and where his ashes lie,
Requireth that thy bloud be shed, and at his tombe to die.
An. Behold loe how her noble mynd of Death doth gladly heare,
She deckes her selfe: her regal weede in seemely wyse to weare,
And to her head she settes her hand the broyded hayre to lay,
To wed she thought it Death, to die she thinkes a wedding day
But helpe (alas) my mother sounds to heare her daughters death,
Aryse pluckе vp your heart and take agayne the panting breath.
Alacke good mother how slender stay, that doth thy life sustayne?
A little thinge shall happy thee thou art almost past payne.
Her breath returnes: she doth reuyue, her lims their life do take.
So see when wretches fayne would die, how death doth them forsake.
Hec. Doth yet Achilles liue (alas) to work the Troyans spight?
Doth he rebell agaynst vs yet? O hand of Paris light.
The very tombe and ashes loe, yet thirsteth for our bloud,
A happy heape of children late on euery syde mee stoode.
It wearied me to deale the mothers kisse among them al,
The rest are lost, and this alone now doth me mother call.
Thou onely child of Hecuba, a comfort left to me.

A Nayer

I slayer of my sory state and shall I now leese thee?
Depart O wretched soule, and from this carefull carcas flie,
And ease me of such ruthfull fates, to see my daughter die.
My weeping wets (alas) my eyes, and staines them euer al,
And downe my cheekes the sodeine streames and showres of teares do fal.
But thou deare daughter maist be glad, Cassandra would reioyse,
Of Hectors wife thus wed to be if they might haue their choyse.
And. We are the wretches Hecuba in cursed case we stande.
Whom straight the shippe shal tosse by seas into a forraine land.
But as for Helens grieues be gone and turned to the best,
She shall againe her natiue countrey se and liue at rest.
Hele. Ye would the more enuy my state if ye might know your owne,
Andr. And grouth there yet more griefe to me that erst I haue not known?
Hele Such masters must ye serue as doth by chaunce of lots befal.
Andr. Whose seruaunt am I then become whom shall I maister call?
Hele. By lot ye fall to Pyrrhus hands you are his prisoner.
Andr Cassandra is happy, fury saues perhaps and Phœbus her.
Hele. Chiefe kinge of Greekes Cassandra keepes and his captiue is shee.
Hec. Is any one amonge them all that prysoner would haue me?
Hele You chaunsed to Vlysses are his prey ye are become.
Hec. Alas what cruell, dyre and prefull dealer of the dome.
What god vntust doth so deuide, the captiues to their lordes?
What grieuous arbiter is he that to such choyce accordes,
What cruel hand to wretched folke, so euil fates hath caste?
Who hath amonge Achilles armour, Hectors mothers plaste?
Now am I captiue, and beset with all calamitie.
My bondage grieues me not, but him to serue it shameth mee.
He that Achilles spoyles hath won, shall Hectors also haue:
Shall barraine lande enclosde with seas receiue my boanes in graue?
Leade me Vlysses where thou wylt, leade me. I make no stay,
My master I, and me my fates, shall follow euery way.
Let neuer calme come to the seas, but let them rage with winde,
Come fire and swoord, mine owne mischaunce and Priams let me finde.
In meane time hope this deepe distres my cares can know no calme:
I ran the race with Priamus, but he hath won the Palme,
But Pyrrhus comes with swiftned pace & threatning browes doth wrest.
What sayste thou Pyrrhus: strike thy swoord now through this woful (brest.
And both at ones the parents of thy fathers wife now slay,
Murderer of age, lykes thee her bloud: he draw my daughter away
Defile the gods and staine the spyrights, of hel with slaughtred bloud,

To

To aſke your mercy what auayles your prayers do no good.
The vengeance aſke I on your ſhips, that it the gods may pleas,
According to this ſacrifice, to guide you on the ſeas.
This wiſhe I to your thouſand ſayles, Gods wrath light on them all,
Euen to the ſhip that beareth me, what euer may befall.

Chorus.

A Comfort is to mans calamity
A dolefull flocke of felowes in diſtres.
And ſweete to him that mournes in miſerie
To here them wayle whom ſorowes like oppres
In deepeſt care his griefe him bites the les,
That his eſtate bewayles not all alone,
But ſeeth with him the teares of many one.

For ſtill it is the chiefe delight in woe,
And ioy of them that ſonke in ſorrowes are,
To ſee like fates by fall to many moe,
That may take part of all their wofull fare,
And not alone to be oppreſt with care.
There is no wight of woe that doth complayne,
When all the reſt do like miſchaunce ſuſtayne.

In all this world if happy man were none,
None (though he were) would thinke himſelfe awretch,
Let once the ritch with heapes of Gold be gone,
Whoſe hundred head his paſtours ouerretch,
Then would the poore mans hart begin to ſtretch.
There is no wretch whoſe life him doth diſpleaſe,
But in reſpect of thoſe that liue at eaſe.

Sweete

Sweete is to him that ſtandes in deepe diſtreſſe,
To ſee no man in ioyful plight to bee,
Whoſe onely veſſel wind and waue oppreſſe,
Ful ſore his chaunce bewayles and weepeth hee,
That with his owne none others wracke doth ſee
When he alone makes ſhipwracke one the ſand,
And naked falles to long deſyred land.

A thouſande ſayle who ſeeth to drench in Seas,
With better will the ſtorme hath ouerpaſt
His heauy hap doth him the leſſe diſpleaſe
When broaken boardes abroade be many caſt,
And ſhipwrackt ſhippes to ſhore they flit ful faſt,
With doubled waues when ſtopped is the floud,
With heaps of them that there haue loſt theyr good.

Ful ſore did Pirrhus Helens loſſe complayne,
What time the leader of his flocke of ſhepe,
Vppon his backe alone he bare them twayne,
And wet his Golden lockes amid the deepe,
In piteons playnt(alas) he gan to weepe.
The death of her it did him deepe diſpleaſe,
That ſhipwracke made amid the drenching ſeas,

And piteous was the playnt and heauy moode
Of woful Pyrrha and eke Deucalion
That nought beheld aboute them but the flould,
When they of all mankynd were left alone
Amid the ſeas ful ſore they made their mone
To ſee themſelues thus left aliue in woe
When neyther land they ſaw, nor fellowes moe.

Anone theſe playnts and Troyans teares ſhall quaile,
And here and there the ſhip them toſſe by ſeas:
When trompets ſound ſhal warne to hoyſe vp ſayle,
And through the waues with wind to ſeeke their waies

Then

Then shall these captiues goe to ende their dayes
In land vnknowne: when once with hasty ore
The drenching deepe they take and shunne the shore.

What state of mynd shal then in wretches bee?
When shore shall sinke from sight and seas arise?
When Idey hill to lurke aloofe they see?
Then poynt with hand from farre wher Troia lies,
Shall child and mother: talking in this wyse:
Loe yonder Troy, where smoke it fumeth hie,
By this the Troyans shal their countrey spie.

THE FIFTH ACTE.

Nuncius, Andromacha. Hecuba.

O Dyre, fierce, wretched, horrible,
O cruell fates accurste,
Of Mars his ten yeares bloudshed blows
the wofullst and the worst.
Alas which should I first bewayle?
thy cares Andromacha?
Or els lament the wretched age
of woful Hecuba?
Hec. What euer mans calamitye
ye wayle for myne it is.
I beare the smart of al their woes each other sceles but his
Who euer he, I am the wretch all happes to me at last.
Nun Slayne is the mayd, and from the walles of Troy the child is cast.
But both (as them became) they toke their death with stomacke stout.
And Declare the double slaughters then, & tell the whole throughout.
Nun. One towre of all the rest ye know doth yet in Troy remayne,
Where Pryam wonted was to sit, and view the armies twayne.
His litle Nephew eke with him to lead. and from a farre,
His fathers fightes with fire and sword to show on feats of war.
This towre, sometyme wel knowne by fame, and Troyans honor most.

Is

Is now with captaynes of the Greeckes, beſet on euery coaſt.
With ſwift recourſe and from the ſhippes, in cluſtred heaps anone.
Both tagge and ragge they runne to gaſe what thing ſhould ther be done.
Some clime the hilles to ſeeke a place where they might ſee it beſt,
Some one the rockes a tiptoe ſtande to ouerlooke the reſt.
Some on their tẽples weare the pine, ſome beech, ſome crownes of bay,
For garlandes toyne is euery tree, that ſtandeth in theyr way,
Some from the higheſt mountaynes top aloofe beholdeth all.
Some ſcale the buildinges halfe ibuirne, and ſome the ruinous wall.
Yea ſome there were (O mirchiee loe) that for the more deſpyghte.
The toombe of Hector ſtis vppon beholders of the ſight.
With princely pace Vliſſes then paſt through the preaſed band
Of Greckes, King Priams litle nephew leading by the hand.
The Child with vnreppyning gate paſt through his enmies handes,
Vp toward the walles, and as anone in turrets top he ſtandes,
From thence adowne his lofty lookes he caſt on euery part,
The neerer death more free from care he ſeemd, and feare of hart.
Amid his foes his ſtomacke ſwelles, and fierce he was to fight,
Like Tygers whelpe, that thearts in vayne vnto les chap to bight.
Alas, for pitty then each one, rew on his tender yeares,
And al the route that preſent were, for him they ſhed their teares,
Yea not Vliſſes them reſtrayned, but trickling downe they tal,
And onely he, wept not (poore ſoole) whom they bewayled al.
But whyle on Gods Vliſſes caſt, and Calchas wordes expound,
In midſt of Pryams land (alas) the child leapt downe to ground.
And. What cruel Calchas could or ſuch ſuch ſlaughter take in hande
Or by the ſhore of Caſpyan Sea, what barbarous lawles land.
Buſyridis to th'aultars yet no infantes blood hath ſhed,
Nor neuer yet were children ſlayne for feaſt of Diomed.
Who ſhal alas in tombe thee lay, or hyde thy limmes agayne?
Nu. What limmes from ſuch a headlong fall could in a child remayne,
His bodies payſe throwne downe to ground, hath batred al his bones.
His face, his noble fathers markes are ſpoyld againſt the ſtones.
His neckbe vntoynted is: his head ſo daſht with flint ſtoane ſtroake,
That ſcattered is the brayne about, the ſcul is al to breake.
Thus lieth he now diſmembred corpes, deformd and all to rent.
An Loe herein doth he yet reſemble, his father repreſent.
Nun. What time the Child hath headlong faine thus from the walls of
And al the Greckes thẽſelues bewaild ſ ſlaughter of the Boy, (Troy,
Yet ſtrayght returne they backe, and at Achilles tombe agayne

The

The second mischiefe goe to worke the death of Polixeine.
This tombe the waues of surging seas, beset the inner side,
The other part the fields enclosde aboute, and pastors wide.
In vale enuironed with hils, that round aboute do rise,
A theatre on height erected are the bankes in Theatre wise.
Vp al the shore then swarme the Greekes, a thicke on heaps they preasse
Some hope that by her death they shall their shippes delay release.
Some other top their enmies locke thus beaten downe to bee:
A greate part of the people, both the slaughter hate, and see.
The Troyans ebe no lesse frequent their owne calamities
And all affrayd, beheld the last of all their miseries
When first proceeded torches bright as guise of wedlockeis.
And author therof led the way the Lady Tindaris.
Such wedlocke may the Troyans then, God send Hermiona
And would God to her husband so, restored were Helena.
Feare maid each part, but Polixeine her bashful locke downe caste
And most then earst her glittring eyes and beauty shyn'd at last.
As sweetest seems then Phœbus light, when downe his beams do sway,
When starres against with night at hand oppresst the doubtful day.
Astonnied much the people were, and all they her commende,
And now much more then euer earst, they prayse'd her at her end.
Some with her beauty moued were, some with her tender yeares:
Some to behold the turnes of chaunce, and how each thing thus wears.
But most them moues her valiant minde, and lofty stomacke hie,
So strong, so stout, so ready of hart and wel prepard to dye.
Thus passe they forth and bold before King Pirrhus goeth the mayde,
They pitty her, they marueil her, their hartes were all affrayde.
As sone as then the hard hil top (where die she should) they trode,
And die vppon his fathers tombe the youthful Pyrrhus loode.
The manly mayd she neuer shronke one foote, nor backward drew,
But boldely turnes to meete the stroke, with stoute vnchanged hew,
Her corage moues eche one, and loe a strange thing monstrous like.
That Pyrhus euen himselfe stoode stil, or dread, and durst not strike.
But as he had, his glittring sword in her to hilts vp doon,
The purple bloud, at mortall wound, then gushing out it spoon.
Yet yet her corage her forsooke, when dieng in that stounde,
She fell as the'eth should her reuenge with treful rage to ground.
Each people wept the Troyans first with pitty fearful eye,
The Grecians eake, each one bewayld her death apparantly.

This

This order had the sacrifyce, her bloud the tombe vp dronke,
No drop remaynth aboue the ground, but downe forthwith it sonke.
Hec Now go, now goe ye Greekes, and now repayre ye safely home.
With carcles shippes and hoised sailes now cut the salt sea fome.
The Child and Virgin both be slaine, your battels finisht are.
Alas where shal I end my age? or whether beare my care?
Shal I my daughter, or my nephew, or my husband mone?
My countrey cls, or all at once? or else my selfe alone?
My wish is death that children both and virgins fiercely takes
Where ever cruel death doth hast to strike, it me forsakes,
Amid the enmies weapons all, amid both sword and fyre,
All night sought for, thou fleest from me, that do thee most desyre.
Not flame of fyre, not fall of towre, not cruel enmies hand
Hath rid my life, how neere (alas) could death to Priam stand?
Nun. Now captiues all with swift recourse repayre ye to the sales,
Now spread the ships their sayls abroad, & forth they seeke their wales.

FINIS.

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDYE OF L. ANNAEVS SENECA,

Entituled MEDEA: Translated out of Latin into Englishe, by

IOHN STVDLEY.

The Argument, To the Tragedy, by the Translator.

Are sore did grype *Medeas* heart to see
Her *Iason*, whom shee tendred as her lyfe,
And rescued had from plunge of perills free,
Renouncing her, to take another wyfe.
Loue spent in vayne breedes hate & malice rife
Enkindling coales, whose heate and greedy flame
(Saue streames of bloud,) nought els can quench the same.

Medea mad in troubled mynde doth muse,
On vengeaunce fell, to quit her grieuous wrong.
Rough plagues at length entendeth shee to vse:
Yll venemous thinges shee charmes, with charming song
Seekes out a Bane made of their poyson strong,
In Trayterous gifts a Robe, and chayne of Golde,
Nycely shee doth the hidden poyson folde.

Sent are the Gyfts to *Creuse* and her Syre,
They taking them that brought their dole to passe,
Vnware are burnt by meanes of charmed fyre,
Due vengeaunce yet for *Iason* greater was,
Lyfe first on chylde by Mothers hande (alas)
Expired hath, which though it him aggryse,
Yet his other chylde shee slayes before his eyes.

The Speakers names.

MEDEA.	*CREON.*
CHORVS.	*IASON.*
NVTRIX.	*NVNTIVS.*

THE FIRST ACTE.

Medea,

Gods whose grace doth guide their ghostes
that ioy in wedlocke pure,
O Iuno thou Lucina hight,
on whom the chary cure
Allotted is of those, that grone
in paynfull childbed bandes,
O Pallas by whose heauenly arte,
Sir Typhis cunning handes
Haue learnde to bridle with his helme his newly framed boate,
Wherewith the force of fighting fluds hee breaking rides a floate.
O God whose forked Mace doth stormes in rigour rough appeas,
And cause the ruffling surges couch amid the rampinge Seas:
O Titan who vpon the swift and werling Hemisphær
Deuides the chearefull day and night by egall turnes t'appere,
O threefolde shapen Hecate that sendest forth thy light,
Vnto thy silent Sacrifice that offered is by night,
By whom my Iason sware to mee O heauenly powers all,
And yee on whom Medea may with safer conscience call,
O Dungeon darke, most dreadfull den of euerlasting night,
O dampned Ghosts: O kingdome set against the Gods aright:
O Lord of sad and lowring lakes, O Lady dyre of Hell,
(Whom though that Pluto stale by force yet did his troth excell
The sicle fayth of Iasons loue, that hee to mee doth beare,)
With cursed throate I conture you, O grisly Ghostes appeare.

Come out,

Come out, come out, yee hellish hagges, reuenge this deede so dyre,
Bring in your scratting pawes a burning brand of deadly fyre.
Rise vp yee hiddeous diuelish Feendes, as dreadfull as yee weare,
When vnto me in wedlocke state yee did sometime appeare.
Worke yee, worke yee, the dolefull death of this new wedded Wyfe.
And martir yee this Father in lawe: depryue of breath and lyfe
King Creons ruthfull family: in plunge of passing payne
Torment yee mee, that on my spouse doe wysshe this woe to raygne:
Preserue my Iasons life, but yet let him be bayted out
A myching, roging, rũnagate, in forren townes about.
To passe from doze to doze, with care to begge his needy bread,
Not knowing in what harbring place to couch his cursted head:
A banisht wretch, disdaynde of all, and still in feare of lyfe,
Then let him wish ten thousand times for me agayne his Wyfe:
This famous gest whom euery man will entertayne and haue,
Let him be driuẽ at straungers gates the table crũmes to craue.
And that my bytter bannings may with mischiefe most abounde,
God graunt in gulph of like distresse his chyldren may be drounde,
To synke in sorrowes stormes, that doe their mother ouerflowe:
Now, now, I haue, I haue the full reuenge of all my woe,
I haue dispatcht: my pytteous playnt and wordes in vayne I lose:
What shall not I with byolence get vp agaynst my foes?
And wring out of theyr wrested hands the wedding torch so bryght?
Shall I not force the firmament to lose his shrinking lyght?
What doth my Graundsire Phœbus face this heauy hap beholde?
And standyng gasyng at this geare, yet westwarde is he rolde,
On glystring chariot hoysted hyghe, and keepes his beaten Race,
Amid the chrystall colourde skye, why turnes hee not his Face,
Retyring fast into the East backe vp the day to twyne?
O Father Phœbe to me, to me, thy Chariot reynes resigne,
That I aduaunced vp, about the marble skyes may ryde,
Bequeath thy brydle vnto mee, and giue me grace to guide
Thy poked prauncing teame, with yerking lasshe of burning whip,
That with thy feruent fyry beames on purple poale doe skip.
Let Corynth countrey burnt to dust by force of flame and fyre
Gyue place, that both the tumbled seas may ioyne: whom to retyre
It doth compell, and dasheth of from banke on eyther syde,
Least meete in one their chanels might, whose streames hee doth deuide.
No way to worke theyr deadly woe I haue but this at hande,
That to the wedding I should beare a ruthfull brydall brande,

Knoping Creons careleſſe Court: when finiſhed I haue
Such ſolemne ſeruice, as that ryght of ſacrafice doth craue,
Then at the Aulters of the Gods my chyldren ſhalbe ſlayne,
With crimſen colourde bloud of Babes their Aulters will I ſtayne.
Through Lyuers, Lungs, the Lights & Heart, through euery gut, & gal,
For vengeaunce breake away perforce, and ſpare no bloude at all:
If any luſty lyfe as yet within thy ſoule doe reſt,
If ought of auncient corage ſtill doe dwell within my breſt,
Exile all foolyſh Female feare, and pity from thy mynde,
And as th'untamed Tygers vſe to rage and raue vnkynde,
That haunt the crooking combrous Caues, and clumpred froſen cliues,
And craggy Rockes of Caucaſus, whoſe bitter colde depryues
The ſoyle of all Inhabitours, permit to lodge and reſt,
Such ſaluage brutiſh tyrannye within thy braſen breſt.
What euer burly burly wrought doth Phaſis vnderſtand,
What mighty monſtrous bloudy feate I wrought by Sea or Land:
The like in Corynth ſhalbe ſeene in moſt outragious guiſe,
Moſt hyddious, hatefull, horrible, to heare, or ſee wyth eyes,
Moſt diueliſh, deſperate, dreadfull deede, yet neuer knowne before,
Whoſe rage ſhall force heauen, earth, and hell to quake and tremble ſore.
My burning breaſt that rowles in wrath, and doth in rancour boyle,
Sore thrylleth after bloud, and wounds with ſlaughter, death, & ſpoyle,
By renting racked lyms from lyms to driue them downe to graue:
Tuſh, theſe be but as Fleabytings, that mentioned I haue:
As weyghty things as theſe I did in greener girliſhe age,
Now ſorrowes ſmart doth rub the gall and frets with ſharper rage.
But ſith my wombe hath yeelded fruict, it doth mee well behoue,
The ſtrength and parlous puiſſaunce of weightier illes to proue.
Be ready wrath, with all thy might that fury kindle may,
Thy foes to their deſtruction bee ready to aſſay:
Of thy deuorſement let the Pryce to match, and counterpayſe
The proude & precious pryncely pomp of theſe new wedding dayes.
How wilt thou from thy ſpouſe depart? as him thou followed haſt
In bloud to bath thy bloudy handes and traytrous lyues to waſt.
Breake of in time theſe long delayes, abanden now agayne,
This lewd alliaunce, got by guilt, with greater guilt refrayne.

Chorus.

Chorus altered by the Translatour.

WHo hath not wist that windy words be vayne,
And that in talke of trust is not the grounde,
Heere in a mirrour may hee see it playne,
Medea so by proofe the same hath founde.
Who being blind by blinded *Venus* Boy,
Her bleared Eyes could not beholde her blisse:
Nor spy the present poyson of her Ioy,
While in the grasse the Serpent lurked is,
The shaft that flew from *Cupids* golden bowe,
With feathers so hath dimd her dasseld Eyes,
That cannot see to shun the way of woe:
The ranckling head in dented heart that lyes,
So dulles the same, that can not vnderstand
The cause that brought false *Iason* out of Greece,
To come vnto her fathers fertile Land,
Is not her loue, but loue of golden Fleece.
Yet was his speache so pleasaunt and so milde,
His tongue so filde, his promises so fayre,
Sweete was the fowlers Song that hath beguilde
The seely byrd, brought to the limed snare.
Faith, in his Face, trust shined in his Eyes,
The blushing brow playne meaning seemde to showe,
In double hearte blacke treason hydden lies,
Dissembling thoughts that weaue the webbe of woe.
The henyed Lyppes, the tongue in suger dept
Doe sweete the poyson rancke within the breast,
In subtle shew of paynted sheath is kept,
The rusty knife of treason deemed least:
Lyfe seemes the bayte to sight that lyeth brim,
Death is the hooke that vnderlies the same,
The Candell blase delights with burning trim,
The Fly, till shee bee burned in the flame.

Who in ſuch ſhowes leaſt deemed any ills.
The hungry fyſhe feares not the bayte to Brooke,
Till vp the lyne doe pluck him by the gylls,
And faſt in throate hee feeles the deadly hooke.
Woe *Iaſon*, woe to thee moſt wretched man,
Or rather wretch *Medea* woe to thee,
Woe to the one that thus diſſemble can,
Woe to the other that trayned ſo might bee.
Thoughtſt thou *Medea* his eyes to bee the glaſſe,
Wherein thou might the Face of thoughts beholde?
That in his breaſt with wordes ſo couered was,
As cancred braſſe with gloſſe of yealow golde?
Did thou ſuppoſe that nature (more then kinde)
Had placde his heart his lying lyppes betweene,
His lookes to be the mirrour of his minde?
Fayth in fayre Face hath ſildome yet ben ſeene.
Who liſtneth to the flatering *Maremaides* note,
Muſt needes commit his tyred eyes to ſleepe,
Yeelding to her the taking of his boate,
That meanes vnware to drowne him in the deepe.
What booteth thee *Medea* to betray
The golden Fleece, to fawning *Iaſons* hande,
From Dragons teeth him ſafely to conuay,
And fyry Bulles the warders of the lande?
Why for his ſake from father haſt thou fled,
And thruſt thy ſelfe out from thy natiue ſoyle?
Thy brothers bloud what ayled thee to ſhed,
With *Iaſon* thus to trauell and to toyle?
Beholde the meede of this thy good deſarte,
The recompence that hee to thee doth gyue.
For pleaſure, payne, for ioy, moſt eger ſmarte,
With clogging cares in baniſhment to liue.
Thou, and thy Babes, are like to begge and ſtarue.
In Nation ſtraunge, (O myſerable lyfe)
Whyle *Iaſon* from his promyſes doe ſwarue,

And takes

And takes delight in his new wedded Wyfe,
O Ground vngrate, that when the husband man
Hath tilled it, to recompence his toyle
No Corne, but Weedes, and Thystles render can,
To stinge his handes, that Fruict seekes of his Soyle.
Such venome growes of pleasaunt coloured flower:
Loe, Princes loe, what deadly poyson sup
Of Bane, erst sweete, now turned into sower,
Medea dranke out of a goulden Cup.

THE SECOND ACTE.

Medea. Nutrix.

Ye mee, (alas) I am vndone,
For at the Bridall cheare,
The warble note of wedding songe
resounded in mine eare.
Yet for all this scant I my selfe,
yet scant beleue I can,
That Iason would play such a prancke,
as most vnthãcksfull man,
Both of my Countrey, and my Syre, and kingdome me to spoyle,
And yet forsake mee wretch forlorne, to stray in forrein soyle.
O hath he such a stony heart, that doth no more esteeme,
The great good turnes, and benefits that I imployde on him?
Who knowes, that I haue lewdly vsed enchauntments for his sake,
The rigour rough, and stormy rage, of swelling Seas to slake.
The grunting firy foming Bulles, whose smoking guts were stuft,
With smoltring fumes, that frõ theyr Iawes, & nosthrils out they puft.
I stopt their gnashig mouthing mouths, I quẽcht their burning breath,
And vapors hot of stewing paunch, that els had wrought his death,
Or feedes hee thus his fansy fond, to thinke my skill of charme
I bated is, and that I haue no power to doe him harme?

Bestract of wits, with wauering minde perplext on euery part,
I tossed, and turmoyled am, with wayward crasy hart.
Now this, now that, and neyther now, but now another way,
By diuers meanes I toyle, that so my wrong reueng I may.
I would the wretch a brother had: but what? he hath a Wyfe.
Goe cut her throate, with gastly wounds bereue her of her lyfe.
On her ile worke my deadly spight: her, her alone I craue,
To quit such bitter sowsing stormes, as I sustayned haue.
If any graund notorious guilt in all Pelasga Land
Be put in practise, yet vnknowne vnto thy harming hand,
Thereof to get experience the time doth now begin:
Thy former feates doe byd thee take good hope, to thryue herein:
Let all thy guilts with thronging thick assemble thee to ayde,
The golden Fleece (the chiefe Mouell) of Colchis Ile betrayde.
My tender Brother eke, that with my Syer did mee pursue,
Whom with his secret partes cut of, I wicked Virgin slewe,
Whose shreaded and dismembred corps, with sword in gobbits hewd,
(A wofull Coarse toth' Fathers heart) on Pontus ground I strewd.
How hory headded Pelias his wythred age to shyft
To greener yeares, for longer lyfe: his daughters by my dryft
His members all and mangled flesh with licour scalding hot
Sodden, and perboyled haue, in seething brasen pot.
How oft in haynous bloud haue these my cruell handes bene dyed?
And neuer any guilt as yet by wrath inflamde I tryed.
But now the parlous poysning wound of Cupids percing dart,
Doth boyle and rage within my breast, it ranckles at my hart.
But how could Iason it redresse, whom fortunes froward wyll
Hath yeelde vnto anothers hande, at lust to saue or spill?
O rage of rusty cancred minde, this sclaunderous talke amende,
If Fortunes grace will graunt it thus, let him vnto his ende
Lyue still my Iason as he was: but if not Iason myne,
Yet caytife sucker Iason liue, though Iason none of thyne:
Who being mindefull still of vs some fauour let him showe,
For these good turnes that our good will could earst on him bestowe:
King Creon is in all the fault, and onely worthy blame,
Who puffed vp with Scepter proude, vnable for to frame
His tickle minde to modesty, made breach twixt vs agayne,
Whom Hymens bands, and link of loue had made but one of twayne,
By whom eke from her tender brats the mother (wretch) is drawne,
Hee breakes the vowe, that gaged is with such a precious pawne.

Seeke al-

Seeke after such a villaynes bloud, in daunting pangs of smart,
Let him alone bee surely dowst, such is his due desart,
A dungell hept of Cinders burnt his Pallayce make I shall,
That Malea where in winding strights, the lingring ships doe crall,
Shall gase on smolthring turrets tops turmoyde in crackling flame.
NV. For godsake (Madame) I you pray your tongue to silence frame.
Eke hyde your priuy languishing and greefe in secret payne:
Who with a modest minde abides the Spurs of pricking payne,
And suffereth sorrowes patiently, may it repay agayne.
Who beares a priuy grudge in breast, and keepes his malyce close,
When least suspection is thereof, may most annoy his Foes.
He leeseth opportunity who vengeaunce doth requyre,
That shewes by open sparkes the flame the heate of kindled fyre.
ME. Small is the grype of griefe that can to reasons lore obay,
And sneking downe with stealing steps can slyly slip away.
But they that throughly sowsed are with showers of greater payne,
Can not digest such corsyes sharpe, but cast it vp agayne: (asswage
Fayne would I giue them trouncing girds. NV. Good daughter deare
Th'unbridled sway, and boyling heate of this thy giddy rage:
Scant matst thou purchase quietnesse, although thou hold thy tongue.
ME. The valiaunt heart dame Fortune yet durst neuer harme w̄ wrōg,
But dreading dastards downe she driues. NV. If any corage dure,
And harbred be in noble breast, now put the same in vre.
ME. The show of sturdy valiant heart, at any time doth shyne.
NV. No hope doth in aduersity thy wey to scape assygne.
ME. Hee that hath none affiaunce left, nor any hope at all,
Yet let him not mystrust the luck of ought that may befall.
NV. Thy Countrey cleane hath cast thee of, to let thee sinke or swim,
As for thy husband Iason bee, there is no trust in him:
Of all the wealth, and worldly mucke wherewith thou didst abounde:
No portion remaynes at all, whereby some helpe is founde.
ME. Medea yet is left, (to much) and here thou mayst espy
The Seas to succour vs in flyght, and landes aloofe that ly:
Yea yron tooles, with burning brands we haue to worke them woe,
And Gods that with the thunder dint shall ouerquell our foe:
NV. Who weares ỹ goldēcrested crowne him dred with awe yee should.
ME My Father was a King, yet I betraped his Fleece of gould.
NV. Can not the deadly violence of weapons make thee feare?
ME. No, though such grisly Lads they were, as whilom did appeare,

That

That bred of gargell Dragons teeth in holow gaping grounde,
When mutually in bloudy fight eche other did confounde.
N. Thē wilt thou cast thy self to death. M. Would God ỹ I were dead.
NV. Fly, fly to saue thy life. ME. Woe worth the time that once I fled.
N. What O Medea. M. Why shall I fly? N. A mother deere art thou,
Fly therefore for thy childrens sake. ME. Yee see by whom, and how,
A wretched Mother I am made. NV. Thy lyfe by flight to saue
Dost thou mistrust? ME. Nay, fly I will, but vengeaunce first ile haue.
NV. Then some shall thee at heeles pursue, to wreake the same agayne.
ME. Perhap ile make his cōming short. NV. Be still, and now refrayne
O desperat dame thy thundring threates, and slake your raging ire.
Apply, and frame thy froward will as time and tides requyre.
ME. Full well may fortunes welting wheele to begging bring my state,
As for my worthy corage, that shee, neuer shall abate.
Who bouncing at the Gates, doth cause the creaking dores to Iar?
It is the wretch (Creon his selfe,) whom princely power far
Hath lift aloft, with lordly looke, puft vp with pouncing pryde,
That hee may Corinth countrey, with the sway of Scepter guide.

Creon. Medea.

NEdea that vngracious Imp, king Æas wicked chylde,
Yet hath not frō our careful realme her lingring foote exilde.
Som naughty drift she goes about, her knacks of old we kno
Her tugling arts, her harming hāds are known wel long ago.
From whō will shee withhold her harme? whom will this cruell beast
Permit to liue, from perrill free, in quietnesse and rest?
Cleane to cut of this parlous plague it was our purpose bent,
But Iason by entreting hard, did cause vs to relent.
At his request we graunted haue, her life she shall enioy,
Let her acquit our countrey free from feare of all annoy:
Yea saufely let her pack her hence, in eger giddy fit,
With lumpish lowring looke shee comes in talke with me to knit:
Sirs keepe her of and set her hence, least vs she touch perhap,
And driue her backe from cōming nigh commaunde her keepe her clap.
And let her learne at length, how that her selfe submit she may,

The puis-

The puissaunt payse and maiesty of Princes to obay.
Run, hie thee quickly, trudge apace, haue hence out of my sight
This horrible, most odious queen, this monstrous wicked wight.
ME. My soueraygne liege, what greater crime haue I or lesse offence
Commit against thy maiesty, to be exiled hence?
CR. Alas, the guiltlesse woman doth demaunde a reason why:
ME. If thou be Iudge indifferent, or daynde my cause to try,
Consider then my doubtfull case, and wey the ground of it:
If thou be king, cõmaund a Iudge for such a matter fit.
CR. The princes powre thou shalt obey, b'it eyther right or wrong.
M. The prosperous pryde of wronging crownes cannot endeuer long.
CR. Auaunt, & yell out thy complaynts at Colchis, get thee hence.
ME. Full gladly will I get mee home, if he that brought me thence,
Vouchsafe to beare me back agayne. CR. Alas, to late aryse
Entreating wordes, when as decree is taken otherwise.
ME. He that not hearing eyther part, pronounceth his decree,
Unrighteous man accoumpted is, though ryght his sentence bee.
CR. Whyle Pelias trusted to thy talke, from lyfe to death hee fell.
Go to, begyn, we gyue you leaue your goodly tale to tell.
ME. That type of Regall maiesty, that erst by Fortunes hand,
Aduaunced to I dyd attayne, hath taught mee vnderstand,
How hard a thing it is of wrath the rygour to asswage,
When burning heate of boyling breast in flames begins to rage.
Eke for th'aduaũcement of their power more to display in sight
Theyr kingly corage bolstred out with maiesty of might.
They deeme it doth import aswayn, and hath a greater grace,
Whome lately scepter causde to climbe aloft to prouder place.
To perseuer with fansye fonde, in that to reasons spyght,
Whose greedy choyce attaynted fyrst his minde with vayne delight.
For though in piteous plyght I lye, throwne downe to great decay,
With heauy hap, and ruthfull chaunce, to myserable slay,
Thus hunted out from place to place, forsoke and left alone,
A wyddow while my husband liue, with cause to waple and mone,
Perplext in maze of misery, with cloying cares so ryfe,
Yet whylom I in golden trone haue led in happy lyfe.
By high and noble parentage my bryght renowne doth shyne.
From Phœbus eake my Graundsire great deryued is my lygne.
Whear syluer streamed Phasis flood his washing waues doth shed,
Or with contrary croking wayes his bathing channell spred,

What e-

What euer wandring coast stretcht out is left aloofe behynde,
From whence the roaming Scithyan Sea his channell forth doth fynde,
Where as Mæotis fenny plashe with pure fresh water sprynges,
Doth season sweete the briny Sea, that tyde in thyther brynges.
Eke all the coastes enuyroned and kept within the bankes
Of Thermodon, where warlike troupes, & armed wyddowes rankes,
With paynted bucklers on their armes holde all the land in feare,
With rigour rough of threatning swoord, with force of denting speare.
So farre to all these wandring coastes and countreyes round about,
My Fathers ample regiment at large is stretched out.
I being thus of noble Race, and in an happy plight,
With glorious glosse of pryncely pomp in honour shining bright,
Then peareleste Peares my Spousall bed did seeke and sue to haue,
But those to be theyr louing Feeres, now other Ladyes craue:
Rashe, ticle, peuish, vndiscreete, and wauering Fortunes wheele,
Hath cast me out, the crushing cares of banishment to feele.
In Scepter proude and hauty Crowne fix thine affyaunce fast.
Sith vpsidowne with welkin wheele, whole mounts of wealth is cast.
This Prynces doe possesse, that should theyr royalty display,
Whose fame shall neuer razed be, with storme of lowring day,
To succour those whom misery in pit of paynes doth souse,
To shield and harber suppliaunts in roofe of loyall house.
This onely brought I from my Realme, the precious golden Fleece,
That Jewell chiefe, and eke the flower of Chyualry in Greece,
The sturdy prop, the Rampter strong the bulwarke of your wealth,
And Hercules the boystrous Imp of Ioue I kept in health.
It was by meanes of my good will that Orpheus did escape,
Whose harmony the liueleste Rocks with such delight did rape,
That forced euen the clottred lumpes with hobling prickt to praunce,
And eke the iocond nodding woods with footing fine to daunce.
And that those heauenly twins Castor, and Pollux did not dy,
My dew desart is doubled twise, sith them preserued I.
Of Boreas blustring out with puffed Cheekes, his blasting Breath,
His wynged Sons I kept aliue both Calais, and Zeath.
And Linceus that with pearcing beames, and sharper sight of Eye,
Could Nauies on the farther banke of Sicill shore espy.
And all the Mynians that did come the golden Fleece to win.
As for the Prince of Princes all, I will not bring him in.
With silence Iason will I passe, for whom though him I saue,
Yet is not Greece in debt to mee, no recompence I craue.

To no

To no man him I doe impute, the rest I brought agayne
For your auayle, that you thereby some profit might attayne.
But onely on my Iason deare, him for my owne loues sake
I kept in store, that hee of mee his wedded Wyfe should make.
None other fault (God wot) yee haue to charge mee with but this,
That Argo Ship by meanes of mee returned saufely is.
If I a shamefast mayde had not with Cupids bayte bene caught,
If more my Fathers health to haue then Iasons I had sought,
Pelasga land had bene vndone, and faine to great decay,
The lusty valiaunt Capitaynes, had cleane bene cast away:
And loly Iason first of all this now thy sonne in lawe,
The Buls had rent his swalowed limbs in fiery chomping sawe.
Let Fortune fight agaynst my case as list her cruell will,
Yet neuer shall it grieue my heart, repent my deede I will,
That I should for so many kings their reling honour saue,
The guerden due that I for this my crime commit must haue,
It lyeth Creon in thy hande, it thus it lyeth thee,
Condemne my guilty ghost to death, but render first to mee,
My fault that forced me offend, then Creon graunt I this,
Reccauing Iason (cause of cryme) I guilty did amisse.
Thou knowst that I was such an one when couring low I lay,
Before thy feete in humble wise and did entreating pray,
Thy gracious goodnes mee to graunt some succour at thy hande.
For me a wretch and wreatched Babes I sake within this lande
Some cotage base, in outcast hole, some couchlag corner vile,
If from the towne thou driue vs out to wander in exile,
Then some by place aloofe within this realme let vs obtayne.
CR. How I am none that tyrant like with churlish Scepter raygne,
Nor proudly or disdaynfully, with hawty corage hie,
With vaunting foote doe stamp them downe that vndertroden lye,
And daunted are in carefull bale, thys playnly doth disclose,
In that to mee of late I such a sonne in lawe haue chose,
Who was a wandring pilgrim poore, with sore afflictions fraight,
Dismayde with terrour of his foe, that lay for him in wayght.
Because Aeastus hauing got the crowne of Thessail lande,
Requyreth in thy guilty bloude to bath his wreackfull hande.
He doth bewayle that good olde man his feeble father flayne,
Whom waight of yeres with bowing back to stoupe alow constrayne
The godly mynded systers, all yblinde with mysty vale
And cloking colour of thy craft durst ventrusly assayle.

That

That mount of myschiefe marueylous, to mangle heaw, and cut
Theyr Fathers dere vnioynted limmes in boyling Caldron put:
But for thy open guiltynesse if thou can purge the same,
Strayght Iason can discharge him selfe from blot of guilty blame.
His gentle handes were neuer stayned with geare of any bloude.
Aloofe from yout conspyracie refrayning farre hee stoode.
His harmelesse handes put not in vre with goary tooles to mell.
But thou that fetst on fyre fyrst these mighty mischiefes fell,
Whom shameleste womans wily braine and manly stomack stout
Doe set a Gog for to attempt to bring all ils about.
And no regarde at all thou hast, how sounding trumpe of fame
With ringing blast of good or ill doe blowe abrode thy name:
Get out and clense my fyled realme, away together beare
Thyne herbes vnmilde of sorcery, my Lyeges ryd fro feare.
Transporte thee to some other lande, whereas thou may at ease
With odious noyse of diuelish charme, the troubled Gods disease.
ME. If needes thou wylt haue me auoyde, my shyp to mee restore,
Or els my mate with whom I fyrst aryued on this shore:
Why dost thou bid that by my selfe I onely should be gone?
I came not hether at fyrst wythout my company alone.
If this do thee aggryse, that brunt of warres thou shalt sustayne,
Commaund vs both the cause thereof to shun thy realme agayne:
Sith both are guilty of one art, why dost thou part vs twayne?
For Iasons sake not for myne owne, poore Pelias was slayne.
Annex vnto my traytrous slight the conquerde booty braue,
My hoary headded naturall sier, whom I forsaken haue,
With brothers bloudy flesh that mangled was with caruing knife,
Or ought of Iasons forged lies he gabbes vnto his wyfe.
These dreary deedes are none of myne, so oft as I offend,
Not for myne owne cõmodity, to come therby in thende.
CR. Time is expierd, by which thou ought to haue bene gone away,
Wyth keeping such a chat, why dost thou make so long delay?
ME. Yet of thy bounty ere I goe, this one boone will I creue.
Although the mother banished, so sore offended haue,
Let not the vengeaunce of my fault through wrathfull deadly hate,
Myne innocent and guiltlesse Babes torment in wretched state.
CR. Away: with louing friendly grype thy children I embrace,
And as a father naturall take pity on they re case.
ME. Euen for the prosperous good encrease of fertill spousall bed,
Of Glauce bright thy Daughter deare, whom Iason late hath wed.

And by

And by the hope of fruictfull seede, whose flowre in time shall bloome.
By th'onour of thy gipstring crowne, ythralde to fortunes doome,
Whych shee so full of chop and chaunge, with ticle turning wheele
Whirls vp and downe, in staggring state makes to and fro to reele.
I thee beseech, sith to exile I am departing now
O Creon but a litle pawse for mercy mee alow,
Whyle of my mourning brats with kysse, my last farewell I take.
Whyle gaspe of kayling breath perhap my shyuering lyms forsake.
CR. With craft entending some deceipt thou crauest this delay.
ME. What falshode for so litle time be cause of terrour may?
CR. No tot of time is shorte ynough displeasure to preuent.
ME. Can not one tot to weeping Eyes, and trylling teares be lent?
CR. Although agaynst thy erneste fate vnlucky dread do strpue,
One day to settle thee away, content I am to gpue.
ME. This is to much, and of the same somwhat abrydge yee may.
CR. Make speede apace if from our land thou get thee not away,
Ere Phœbus horse with golden gleede theyr streaming beames doe shed,
Of dawning lampe, thou art condemde to leese thy wretched hed.
The holy day, and brydall both doe call me hence away:
And wils mee at the sacred aare of Hymeneus to pray.

Chorus.

LAuish of life and dreadlesse was the wyght,
Attempting fyrst in slender tottring Barge
Wyth sliuing Ore the slyced waue to smyte,
And durst commit the dainty tender charge
Of hazered life to inconstant course of wynde,
That turnes with chaunge of chaunces euermore,
To vew the land forsooke aloofe behynde,
And shoouing forthe the Ship fro safer shore,
And glauncing through the fomy Channell deepe
On sunder cut with slender Stemme the waue,

Twyxt hope

Twixt hope of lyfe, and dread of death to ſweepe,
In narrow gut him ſelfe to ſpill or ſaue:
Experience yet of Planets no man had,
They needed not the wandring courſe to knowe
Of Starres, (wherewith the paynted ſky is clad,)
Not *Pleiads*, (which returne of ſayling ſhow)
Nor *Hyads* (that with ſhowrs the Seas doe beate)
No nor the ſterne *Amaltheas* horned head
(Who gaue the lyppes of ſucking *Ioue* the Teate)
Were wont to put the blundering ſhips in dread.
They feared not the northerne Iſy wayne,
Whych lazy olde bootes wieldes behinde,
And twynes about, no name yet could they fayne
For *Boreas* rough, nor ſmother weſtern wynde.
Yet *Typhys* bould on open ſeas durſt ſhow
His hoyſted ſayles, and for the wyndes decree
New lawes: as now full gale aloofe to blow,
Now tackle turnde to take ſyde wynde alee,
Now vp to farle the croſſayle on the maſt,
There ſafe to hang, the topſayle now to ſpred,
Now miſſel ſayle, and drabler out to caſt,
VVhen dagling hanges his ſhottring tackle red
VVhyle ſtearſman ſtur, and buſye neuer blin,
VVith pyth to pull all ſayles eke to diſplay,
VVith tooth and nayle all force of winde to wyn,
To ſheare the ſeas, and quick to ſcud awaye.
The golden worlde our fathers haue poſſeſt,
VVhere banyſht fraude durſt neuer come in place,
All were content to liue at home in reſt,
VVith horye head, gray beard, and ſurrowed face.
VVhych tract of time within his countrey brought.
Riche hauing lytle, for more they did not toyle,
No vente for wares, nor Traficque far they ſought,
No wealth that ſprange beyond theyr natiue ſoyle,
The Theſſail ſhyp together now hath ſet,

The Thessail ship together now hath set,
The Worlde that well with Seas dissеuered lay,
It biddes the floods with Oares to be bet,
And streames vnknowen with shipwrack vs to fray
That wicked Keele was lost by ruthfull wrack
Ytossed through such perylles passing great,
Where *Cyanei* Rocks gan rore as thunder crack,
Whose bouncing boult the shaken soyle doth beat.
The sowsing Surges dasshed euery starre,
The pesterd seas the cloudes aloft berayde,
This scuffling did bould *TYPHIS* minde detarre,
Hys helme did slip from trembling hande dismayde.
Then *ORPHEVS* with his drowping Harp was mum
Dead in her dumpes the flaunting *ARGOS* glee,
All husht in rest with silence wexed dum,
What hardy heart astound heere would not bee?
To see at once eche yawning mouth to gape,
Of *Syllas* gulph compact in wallowing paunch,
Of dogges, who doth not loth her mongrell shape,
Her visage, breast, and hyddeous vgly haunch:
Whom erketh not the scoulde with barking still?
To here the Mermaydes dyre who doth not quayle,
That lure the Eares with pleasaunt singing shrill
Of such as on *Ausonius* Sea doe sayle:
When *ORPHEVS* on his twanckling Harpe did play,
That earst the Muse *Callion* gaue to him
Almost those Nymphes that wonted was to stay
The shyps, he causd fast following him to swim.
How deerely was that wicked iourney bought?
MEDEA accurst, and eke the golden Fleece,
That greater harme then storme of seas hath wrought
Rewarded well that voyage first of Greece.
Now seas controulde doe suffer passage free,
The *Argo* proude erected by the hand
Of *PALLAS* first doth not complayne that shee,
Conueyde hath back, the kynges vnto theyr land.

Eche whirry boate now ſcudles aboute the deepe,
All ſtynts and warres are taken cleane away,
The Cities frame new walles themſelues to keepe,
The open worlde lettes nought reſt where it lay:
The Hoyes of Ind Arexis lukewarme leake,
The Perſeans ſtout in Rhene and Albis ſtreame
Doth bath their Barkes, time ſhall in fine out breake
When Ocean waue ſhall open euery Realme.
The wandring World at will ſhall open lye.
And *TYPHIS* vvill ſome nevve founde Land ſuruay
Some trauelers ſhall the Countreys farre eſcrye,
Beyonde ſmall Thule, knovven furtheſt at this day.

THE THIRD ACTE.

Nutrix, Medea.

WHy trotſt thou ſtaking in and out
ſo raſh from place to place?
Stand ſtyll, and of thyne eger wrath
ſuppreſſe the ruthfull race,
The rigour rough of ramping rage
from burning breaſt out caſt,
As Bacchus bedlem prieſtes that of
his ſpyte haue felt the blaſt,
Run frantick, hopting vp and downe
with ſcitiſh wayward wits,
Not knowing any place of reſt, ſo prickt with frowarde fits,
On cloudy top of Pindus Mounte all hyd with Snow ſo chyll:
Or els vpon the lofty ridge of braunched Niſa hyll:
Thus ſtarting ſtill with frounced mynde ſhe walters to and froe,
The ſignes pronouncing proofe of pangues her frenſy Face doth ſhow
With glowing cheekes, and bloud red Face with ſhort & gaſping breath,
Shee fetcheth deepe aſcending ſighes from ſobbing heart beneath,
Now bleth ſhe ſmiles, ech tũbled thought in pondring braine ſhe beats,
Now dandes ſhe in a mammering, now myſchiefe ſore ſhe threats.

With chaf-

With chasing fume she burnes in wrath, and nowe she doth cõplayne,
With blubbering teares a fresh bylme shee weepes a waples agayne.
Where will this lumpish loade of cares with headlong sway allight?
On whom entendeth shee to worke the threates of her despight?
Where will this huge tempestious surge flake downe it selfe agayne?
Enkindled fury new in breast begins to boyle a mayne.
Shee secretly entendes no mischiefe small nor meane of syse
To passe her selfe in wickednes her busy braynes deuise.
The token olde of pinching ire full well ere this know I:
Some haynous, huge, outragious great, and direfull storme is nye:
Her firy, scowling, steaming Eyes, her hanging Groyne I see,
Her powting, puffed, frowning Face, that signes of freating bee.
O myghty Ioue beguile my feare. ME. O wretch if thou desire,
What measure ought to payse thy wrath then learne by Cupids fire,
To hate as sore as thou didst loue, shall I not them anoy
That doe vnite in spousall bed, theyr wanton lust t'enioy?
Shall Phœbus fiery footed horse goe lodge in western waue
The drowping day, that late I did with humble crowching craue,
And with such ernest busie suite so hardly graunted was?
Shall it depart ere I can bring my deuplish dyght to passe?
Whyle houering heauen doth counterpaysed hang with egall space,
Amid the marble Hemispheares, whyle round with stinted race,
The gorgeous Sky aboue the Earth doth spinning roll about,
Whyles that the number of the sandes, lyes hid vnserched out,
While dawning day doth keepe his course with Phœbus blase so bright,
While twinkling starres in golden traynes doe gerde the cũbry night,
While Isle vnder propping poale with whyrling swyng so swift,
The tyming Beares vnbate do about the frosen Sky doe lift,
While flushing floudes the frothy streames to rustling Seas doe send,
To gird them gript with plonging pangues my rage shall neuer end.
With greater heate it shall reboyle, lyke as the bruttshe beast,
Whose tyranny most horrible, exceedeth all the rest,
What greedy gaping whyrle poole wide what perlous gulph vnmilde,
What Sylla coucht in roring Rockes, or what Charybdes wylde,
(That Sicill, and Ionium Sea by frothy waues doth sup)
What Ætna boiling flasing flames, and dusky vapours vp,
(Whose heauy payse & stewing heate doth smoldring crush beneath
Encelades, that fiery flakes from thobed throte doth breath)
Can with such dreadfull menaces in sweeting fury fly?
No ryuer swift no troubled surge of stormy Sea so hye,

Nor sturdy seas (whom ruffling winds with raging force to rore)
Nor puissaunt flash of fyre, whose might by boystrous blast is more,
May bride my angers violence: my fury shall it foyle:
His court Ile ouer hourle, and lay it leauell with the soyle.
My Iasons heart did quake for feare of Creon cruell king.
And least the king of Thessaly would warre vpon him bring.
But loyall loue that hardens hearts makes no man be afright.
But beete, that he conuict hath yeelde himselfe to Creons might.
Yet once hee might haue visited, and come to me his wyfe,
To talke, and take his last farewell, if daunger of his life
In doing this (hard harted wretch most cruell) he should feare,
He being Creons sonne in law, for him it lefull were,
To haue proroged somwhat yet my heauy banishment,
To take my leaue of chyldren twayne one onely day is lent:
Yet doe I not complayne, as though the time to short I thought,
As proofe shall playne pronounce, to day, to day, it shall bee wrought,
The memory whereof no tract of time shall wype away.
With malice bent agaynst the Gods my wrath shall them assay:
And rifling euery thing, both good, and bad, I will turmoyle.
NV. Mydame thy minde that troubled is, and tost with such aboyle
Of swarming ills, thy vexed breast now set at rest agayne,
The peuish fond affections all of troubled mynde refrayne.
ME. Then onely can I be at rest, when euery thing I see
Throwne headlong topsie turuey downe to ruthfull ende with mee.
With mee let all things cleane decay: thy selfe if thou doe spill,
Thou maist driue to destruction what els with thee thou will:
NV. If in this folly sticke thou stand, beholde what after clappes
Are to bee feared, none dare contriue for Princes trayning trappes.

Iason. Medea.

O Luckelesse lot of frowarde Fates, O cruell Fortunes hap,
Both whē she list to smite, or spare, in woe she doth vs wrap
Alike, the salue ỳ God hath geuen so oft, to cure our griefe,
More hopeth then the sore it selfe, and sendeth lesse releefe:
If for her good deserts to me, amendment I should make,
I hazard should my dentrous life to leese it for her sake.
If I will shun my dismall day, and will not for her dy,
Then want the loue of loyalty, O wretched man must I.

No dast-

For daſtards dread my ſtomacke ſtout can cauſe to daunte a ſtrake,
Euen ere remorſe appalleth me, wherein my babes I thinke.
For why? when carefull parents are once reft of life and breath,
Sone after them their wretched ſeede are drawne to doleful death.
O Sacred righteouſneſſe (if thou entope thy worthy place
In perfect bliſſe of happy heauen) I call vpon thy grace,
And thee for witneſſe here allege, how for my children's part
With pity prickt I haue commit theſe things againſt my hart.
And ſo I thinke Medea her ſelfe the Mother rather had,
(Though frantickly as now ſhe fares with rage of heart ſo mad
And doth abhor with paynfull yoke of combrous cares to toyle)
Her ſpouſall bed, then that her ſeede ſhould take the plunging foyle.
I did determine in my minde, to goe her to entreate
With gentle wordes, & pray her ceaſe, in feruent wrath to freate.
And loe, on me when once ſhe caſte the beames of glauncing Eye,
Full blythe ſhe leapes, ſhe tumpes for ioy, in fits ſhe ginnes to fry.
Deepe deadly blackiſh hate ſhe ſeemes in outwarde brow to beare,
And wholly in her frowning face doth gluting griefe appeare.
ME. I packing, packing. Iaſon am: this ſtill to chop, and chaunge
The fleeting ſoyle of my abode, to me it is not ſtraunge.
The cauſe of my departure yet (to me is ſtraung) and new.
I wonted was in followinge thee all places to eſchew:
I will depart, and get me hence, to whom for helping hande
Entendeſt thou to ſende vs forth, whom hence to flye the land
Thou doſt compell with thine allies? ſhall I repayre againe?
To Phaſis flood, to Colchis Ile, or to my fathers raygne?
Or goary ſweeting fieldes, that with my brothers blood do reeke?
What barbaryng lands aloofe doſt thou commaund vs out to ſeeke?
What ſeas appoint yee me to paſſe? ſhall I my iourney dyrue,
Vppon the perilous hateſull rawes of Pontus to arriue,
By which I did ſaufe conduct home kings beſtaunt armies great,
Where roaring rocks with thundring noiſe the flapping waues do beate
Or on the narrow wrathfull ſhore, of Simplegades twayne?
Or els to ſmall Hiolcos towne can I retourne againe?
Or for ſe, the gladſome pleaſaunt landes of Tempe to attayne?
All places that I opened haue vnto thy paſſage free,
I ſhut them vp againſt my ſelfe, ret wilt thou ſend me?
A baniſht wretch to baniſhment thou wouldeſt haue encline,
Yet to the place of her exyle, thou canſt not her aſſigne.

Yet for all that without delay I must depart and go:
And why? forsoth the king his sonne in law commaundeth so.
Well: nothing will I stand against, with greppes of pasting payne
Let me be scourgde, of my desarts such is the gotten gayne.
Let Creon in his princely ruffe lay to his heauy handes,
To whyp an whore in torments sharp, with iron giues, and bandes
Let her be chaynd, in hydeous hole of night for aye her locke:
Let her be cloyed with pestring payse of restlesse rowling rocke.
Yet lesse than I deserued haue, in all this shall I finde:
O thou vncurteous Gentleman, consider in thy mynde
The flamy puffes, and firy gaspes of gastly gaping bull,
And Æas catell rych with Fleece of gorgeous golden wooll,
That went to graze amid so great and mighty feares in fielde,
Of vnconstrouled Nation, whose sogle doth armies peelde.
Remoke to minde the deadly dartes of sodayne darting foe,
When gastly warriour (Tellus broode) to ground againe did goe,
Through slaughter red of mutuall launce, to this yet further passe,
The lurched Fleece of Phrixes Ramme, that all thine errand was.
And vgsome Argos slumberlesse, whom fast I causde to keepe
His wery watching winking eyes with vnaquayned sleepe.
My brother eke, whose fatall twist of feeble lyfe I shred,
And guile that wrought so many guiltes when as with thee I fled.
The daughters whom I set an worke entrapt in wily trayne,
To slay their sire, that shall not ryse to quickned lyfe againe.
And how to trauell other realmes, I set myne owne at nought.
By that good hope which of thy seede conceaued is in thought,
Take by thy stable Mansion place, and mighty monsters, that
Downe beaten for thy health, I causde before thy feete to squat,
And by these dradging hands of myne vnspared for thy sake,
For dread of daungers ouer past that caused thee to quake,
By heauens aboue, and seas belowe, that witnesse bearers bee,
To knitting of our marryage vp, thy mercy vayle to mee.
Of all the heapes of treasure great so farre of being set,
Which Æas sauage Scythians dyd trauell for to get,
From Ind, where Phœbus scorching blase doth dye the people blacke.
Of all this golde which in our bowers wee couldst not well compacke.
But tricke and trym wee garnished our groues with golde so gay,
I banisht wretch of all this stuffe gat nought with mee away,
Except my brothers slaughtred flesh, yet I employed the same
On thee: the cares of countreyes health, my honesty and shame.

My Father

My Father, and my brother both hath yeelded place to thee,
This is the dowry that thou hast my wedded spouse to bee.
To her whom thou dost abrogate restore her goods againe.
IA. When Creon in malicious moode had thought thee to haue slayne,
Entreated with my teares, exyle and life he gaue to thee.
ME. I tooke it for a punishment, but surely as I see
This banishment is now become a friendly good rewarde.
IA. While thou hast time to goe, be gone, for most seuerare, and harde
The kings displeasure euer is. M. Thus wouldst thou dodge mee out?
Thy hated trull cast of thou dost, that pleasde Creuse thou mought.
IA. Dost thou Medea vpbrayde mee with the breach vnkynde of loue?
ME. And slaughter byle, with trechery, whereto thou didst mee moue.
IA. When all is dont what canst thou lay my guiltines to slayne?
ME. Euen whatsoeuer I haue done. IA. Yet more this doth remayne:
That thy vngracious wickednes of harme should mee accuse.
ME. Thine, thine, they are, they are all thine what euer I did vse,
Who that of lewdnesse reapes the fruite, is graster of the same.
Let euery one with infamy thy wretched Spouse defame,
Yet doe thou onely take her part, her onely doe thou call
A iust and vndefiled wight, without offence at all.
If any man shall for thy sake polute his hand with ill,
To thee let him an innocent yet be accompted still,
IA. The life is lothsome that doth worke his shame who hath it chose.
ME. The life whose choyse doth worke thy shame thou ought againe to lose.
IA. Let reason rule thy eger mynde so vext with crabbed ire,
And for thy tender childrens case to bee at rest requyre.
ME. I doe defy it, whoy I detest it, I forsweare,
That brethern bred vnto my barnes Creusas wombe shall beare.
IA. It will be trim, when as a Queene of maiesty and myght
Hath issue, sinne vnto the seede of thee a benight wight.
ME. So cursed day shall never on my wretched children shine,
To mingle base borne basterdes with the bloud of noble Lygne.
Shall Phœbus stocke (that beares the lamp of heauen in sterry throne)
Be macht with drudging Sisiphus that roules in hell the stone?
IA. What meanest thou wretch, both thee & mee in banishment to poke?
I pray thee hence. ME. When humbly I my mynde to Creon broke,
Hee gaue an eare vnto my suite. IA. What lyeth in my myght
To doe for thee? ME. If no good turne, then doe thy worst dispyght.
IA. In this syde with his sword in hand king Creon doth mee feare:
On other part with armed hoast Acast doth mee detarre.

ME. Medea ought to coape with these, that woze apaull bs may:
Go to, to slay me she let bs fall, let Iason be the pzay:
IA. I yeelde whom soze aduersities haue tyerd with heauy sway.
Learne thou to dzed thy lucklesse lot that ofte doth thee assay.
ME. I euermoze haue ruld the swinge of fortunes wauering will.
IA. Achastus is at hand, and nygh is Creon thee to spyll:
ME. Take thou thy heeles to scape them both, I doe not thee aduise,
That thou against thy father in ta ve in traytrous armes should rise.
Noz in Achast thy cosens bloud thy wounding handes to goze,
The bowes vnto Medea made, doe trouble thee so soze.
Whyle yet thou hast not spilt there bloud, yet fly with mee away.
IA. When armies twayne their banners of deffiance shall display,
And marching forth in fielde to fyght seeke battayle at my hande,
Who then foz bs encounter shall their puissaunce to withstand?
ME. If Creon and Achastus king encampe together shall
Admit that these in one with them should ioyne their powers all
My Countreymen of Colchis Ile, and Æras lusty kyng,
Suppose the Scythians ioyne with Greekes, to ground I will the bring,
Cleane put to flight. IA. The puissaunt power of hawty mace I feare.
ME. Take heede, least moze thou do affect the same, then foz to cleare,
Thy selfe of Creons seruile yoke. IA. Least some suspicion grow,
Of this our tatling long here let bs make an ende and goe.
ME. Now Ioue hurle out thy flames & force thy thundzing bolts to flie,
With fiery dzakes bright brandishing disparst in burning sky:
Strayne forth thy dzeadfull threatning arme, dispose in due aray
The tolling dint of lightning flashe, that wrecke our quarrell may.
With rumbling crashe of renting cloud cause all the wozld to quake,
And leuell not thy houering hand to stryke with firy flake
Vppon my pight and crushed corpes, oz Iasons Carcasse slayne:
Foz whether of bs thou smight to death his due rewarde shall gayne,
Thy thumps of thwacking bolts on b amisse they cannot light.
IA. Fy, let thy minde on matters runne that seeme a modest wight.
And vse to haue moze cheerefull talke, if any thing thou craue,
Within my fathers house to ease thy flyght, thou shalt it haue.
ME. Thou knowst my minde both can, & ehe is wont, to doe no lesse,
Then to contemne the filthy wealth that Pzinces doe possesse.
This, this shalbe the onely boone that at thy hande I craue,
As mates with me in banishment, my children let mee haue,
That resting on theyz sighing breastes my carefull mourning hed,
I may my chzystall teary streames into theyz bosomes shed.

But as

But as for thee, new gotten sonnes of wife new wed doe slay.
IA. I graunt that vnto thy request I wishe I might obey:
But nature mee with pitty pricks, that needes I must deny.
For though both Creon and Achast, in torments force mee lye,
I could not yeelde vnto theyr willes: on this my life doth rest:
In times of teares, this is the top of dull afflicted brest
For better farre I can abyde the wante of vitall breath,
And succour of my lymmes, or loose, the light of worlde by death.
ME. What loue vnto his seely Babes is deeply graft in him?
This worketh well I haue him tript, loe now there lyeth brim.
An open place whereby receaue a benny soone hee may.
Let mee or I departe, vnto my seely children say.
These lessons of my last adewe, and graunt to mee the space,
With tender grype of colling last theyr louing limmes t'embrace:
This wilbe comforte to my heart: yet at the latter woorde
I aske no more but onely that you shoulde mee this afoorde.
If eger anguish cause my tongue to cast out woords vnkinde,
Let all thing slip, let nothing be engraued in your minde
But let remembraunce otherwhyle of mee to touch your thought,
Let other thinges be wypte away that byle of wrath hath wrought.
IA. I haue forgotten euery whit God graunt thou may of shake,
These surging qualmes of frounced minde & milder mayste it make:
For quietnesse doth worke theyr ease that dented are with woe:
ME. What is he slily slypt and gon? falles out the matter so?
O Iason dost thou sneake away, not hauing minde of mee,
Nor of those former great good turnes that I haue done for thee?
With thee now am I cleane forgot: but I will bring about
That from thy carefull sighing minde shall not bee banisht out:
Apply to bring this to effect, call home thy wits againe,
And all thy wyly fetches farre, eache artificiall traine.
This is the perfect fruict that may to thee of mischiefe spring,
To presuppose that mischiefe is not graft in any thing.
Scant haue I opportunity for my pretensed guile,
Because wee are mistrusted sore: but try I will the whyle
To set vpon them in such sort, as none can deeme my sleyght:
March forth, now venture on, fall to, both what lyeth in thy myght,
And also what doth passe thy power. O faythfull nourse and mate
Of all my heauy heart breaking, and dyers cursed fate,
Come help our simple meane deuice. Rewarding yet I haue
A robe of Pall the present that our heauenly Grandsire gaue,

Thiefe mo-

Chiefe monument of Cholchis Ile, which Phœbus did bestow
On Æas for a pledge, that him his father he might know.
A precious fulgent gorget eake, that bravely glytters bryght,
And with a seemely ſyning seame of golden thryds is tight,
Through wrought betwene the row of pirles doe stand in borders roũd,
Wherewith my golden crispen Locks is wonted to be croũd.
My lytle children they shall beare these presents to the Bryde,
That first with slibber slabbar sosse of chauntments shalbe tryde.
Request the ayde of Hecate in redinesse prepare
The lamentable sacrifice, upon the bloudy Tare.
Enforce the fiers catching holde upon the rafters hye
With crackling noyse of flamy sparkes rebound in azur sky.

Chorus.

NO fiers force, nor rũbling rage of boistrus blustring winde,
No dart shot whirling in the skies, such terrour to ỹ minde
Can drive, as when ỹ treful wife doth boile in burning hate
Deprived of her spousall bed, and comfort of her mate,
For where the lowmy southerne winde with dankish dabby face,
Of hoary winter sendeth out the gussling showres apace.
Where bryghtment Isters waumbling streame comes waltring downe a-
Forbidding both the banks to meete, & cannot oft contayne (mayne,
Him selfe within his channels scoupe, but further breakes his way,
Nor Rodanus whose rushing streame doth launch into the sea,
Or when amid the floured spring with hotter burning sunne,
The winters snowes dissolude with heate downe to the ryuers runne:
The clottred top of Haemus hill to water thin doth turne,
Such desperate gogin flame is wrath that inwardly doth burne,
And modest rule regardeth not, nor bryde is can atyde,
Nor dreading death, doth wish on dinte of naked blade to slyde.
O Gods be gratious unto vs, for pardon we do craue,
That him who tamd the scudding waues, vouchsafe yee would to saue.
But Neptune yet the Lord of Seas with frowning face will lower,
That ouer his liquid Scepter men to tryumph haue the power.
The boy that rashly durst attempt that great unwieldy charge
Of Phœbus euerlasting Carte, and rouing out at large,
Not bearing in his reckelesse breast his fathers warnings wyse,
Was burned with the flames which hee did scatter in the Skyes.

None

None knew the costly glistring glades, where straggling Phaëton rods,
Passe not the path, where people safe in former tyme haue trode.
O fondling, wilfull, wanton boy, doe not dissolue the frame
Of heauen, sith Ioue with sacred hand hath halowed the same.
Who rowde with valiaunt Dares tough, that were for Argo made,
Hath powled naked Pelion mounte of thycke compacted shade.
Who entred hath the fleeting rockes and serched out the toyle
And tyring trauels of the seas, and hath on seluage soyle
Knit fast his stretched Cable rope, and going forth to land.
To cloyne sway the forren golde with greedy snatching hand.
Unto the seas (because that hee transgrest theyr lawes deuine)
By this vnlucky ende of his, he payes his forfepte fine.
The troubled seas of theyr vnrest for vengeaunce howle and weepe.
Syr Typhis who did conquer fyrst the daunger of the deepe,
Hath yeelded vp the cunning rule of his vnwieldy sterne,
To such a guide, as for that vse hath neede as yet to learne.
Who giuing vp his Ghost alooke from of his native lande,
In forreyn more lyes burped vile with durty soddes in sande.
He lies among the flittring soules that straungers to him weare,
And Aulis Ile that in her minde her masters losse doth beare,
Held in the Ships, to stand and wayle in croking narrow nooke:
That Orpheus Calliops sonne who clepde the running Brooke,
Whyle he recordes on heauenly Harpe with twanckling finger fine,
The wynde layde downe his pypling blastes: his harmony diuine
Procurde the woods to syr them selues, and trees in traynes along
Came forth with byrds that held their layes and listned to his song.
With limbs on sunder rent in fielde of Thrace he lyeth dead.
Up to the top of Heber floude, eke haled was his head.
Gone downe he is to Stygian dampes, which scene hee had before,
And Tartar boyling pits, from whence returne hee shall no more.
Alcydes banging bat did bringe the Northern laddes to grounde.
To Achelo of sundry shapes he gaue his mortall wounde.
Yet after he could purchase peace both vnto sea and land,
And after Ditis dungeon blacke rent open by his hand,
He lyuing spred himselfe along on burning Oetas hill:
His members in his proper flame the wretch did thrust to spill:
His bloud he brewd with Nestors bloud, and lost his lothsome lyfe
By traytrous gyft that poysoned chyrt receaued of his wyfe.
With tuske of bristled groyning Boze Anceus lyms were tozne.
O Meleagar (wicked wight) to graue by thee were bozne

Thy Mo-

Thy mothers brethren twayne, and thee, for it with ruthfull hand,
Hath wrought thy doleful deseny, to burne thy fatall brand.
The rash attempting Argonantes deserued all the death
That Hylas whom Alcides lost bereft of fading breath.
That springall which in sowsing waues of waters drowned was:
Goe now pee lusty bloudes, the Seas: with doubtfull lot to passe.
Though Idmon had the calking skill of destenies before,
The serpent made him leaue his lyfe in tombe of Liby shore.
And Mopsus that to other men could well theyr fates escry,
Yet onely did deceyue him selfe vncertayne where to dy,
And he that could the secret hap of things to come vnfoulde,
Yet dyde not in his country Thebes. Dame Theris husband oulde
Did wander like an outlawde man. Our Palimedes fyze
Did headlong whelm him selfe in seas. Who at the Greekes retyze
From Troy, to rushe on rockes did them allure with wily light,
Stout Ajax Oleus did sustayne the dint of thunder bright,
And cr uell stormes of surging seas, to quite the haynous guilt,
That by his countrey was commit, in seas he lyeth spilt.
Alceste to redeeme her husbands Phereus lyfe from death,
The godly Wyfe vpon her spouse bestowed her panting breath.
Proude Pelias that wretch him selfe who bad them first allay
The golden Fleece that booty braue by slip to fetch away,
Perboylde in glowing cauldron hoate with feruent heate hee fryes,
And fleeting peecemeale vp and downe in water thin he lyes.
Inough, inough, reuenged are O Gods the wronges of seas,
Be good to Iason, doing that hee did, his Dame to please.

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

Nutrix.

MY shiuering minde amazed is, agast, and sore dismayde:
My chilling limbs with quaking colde do tremble all afrayde.
Such plagues & vengeãce is at hand, in what exceeding wise
Do sharp assaults of greedy griefe still more & more arise,
And of it selfe in smothering breast enkindlesse greater heate?
Yt haue I seene how ramping rage hath forced her to freate.

With fran-

With frantick fits, mad, bedlem wife, against the Gods to rayle,
And she bewitched ghosts of heauen in plunging plagues to trayle:
But now Medea beates her busie brayne to bring to passe
A mischiefe greater, greater farre, then euer any was.
Erewhile when hence she tript away astonished so sore,
And of her poyson closset close shee entred had the doore:
Shee powreth out her Jewels all, abrode to light shee brings
That which she dreading lothed long, most irksome vgly things:
She mumbling coniures vp by names of ills the rable rout,
In hugger mugger cowched long, kept close, vnserched out:
All pestlent plagues she calles vpon, what euer Libie lande,
In frothy boyling stream doth wozke, oz muddy belching sande:
What tearing tozments Taurus breedes, with snowes vnthawed still
Where winter flawes, and hozy frost knit hard the craggy hill,
She layes her crossing hands vpon each monstrous coniurde thing,
And ouer it her magicke verse with charming doth she sing:
A mowsle, rowsle, rusty route with cancred Scales Iclad
From musty, fusty, dusty dens where lurked long they had,
Doe craull: a wallowing serpent huge, his cõzous Cozps out dzags,
In fiery foming blaring mouth his forked tongue hee wags.
He stares about with sparkling eyes, if some he might espy,
Whom snapping at with stinging spit he might constrayne to dy:
But hearing once the magycke verse he husht as all a gast,
His body boalne big, wzapt in lumps on twining knots hee cast.
And wambling to and fro his taple in linkes he rowles it round.
Not sharp enough (quoth she) the plagues & tooles that hollow ground
Engenders foz my purpose are, to heauen vp will I call,
To reach me stronger poyson down, to frame my feate with all.
Now is it at the very poynt, Medea thou allay,
To bring about some farther fetch, then common Witches may.
Let downe, let downe, that sprawling Snake that doth his body spred,
As doth a running brooke abroade his mighty channell led.
Whose swelling knobs of wondzous size & bopstrous bobbing bumpes
Doth thumpe the great & lesser beare that feele his heauy lompes.
The bigger beare with golden gleede the greekish fleete doth gorde:
But by the lesse the Sidon ships their passage haue espide.
He that with pinch of griping fist doth bruse the adders swayne,
His strening hare & clasping hande, let him bakant agayne.
And crushe their squeased venowme out, come further thou our charme
O slymy serpent Python, whom Dame Iuno sent to harme

Diana, and

Diana, and Apollo both, (those heauenly spyrites twayne)
With whom Latona traueling did grone with pynching payne.
O Hydra whom in Lerna poole Alcides gaue the foyle,
And all the noysome vermen vyle that Hercules did spoyle.
Which when on sunder they were cut with slysing deadly knyfe,
Can knit agayne their sodyed partes, and so recouer lyfe.
Help wakefull Dragon Argos, whom first magicke wordes of myne
Made Morpheus locke thy sleepy liddes, and shut thy slugring eyne.
Then hauing brought aboue the ground of Serpents all the rout,
Of filthy weedes the rankest bane thee pyckes, and gathers out,
That spryng on knotty Eryx hill where passage none is founde,
Among the ragged Rockes, or what on Caucasus his grounde
Doth grow that still is clad in Coate of hoary moary frost.
That euermore vnmelt abydes, whose spattred fylde is losse
With gubbs of bloud, ỹ spowteth from Prometheus gaping maw,
Whose guts with twitching talent out the gastly gripe doth drawe.
Or any other venemous herbe amonge the Medes that growes,
That with their sheafe of arowes sharp in field do feare their foes.
Or what the light held Parthian to serue her turne can sende,
Or els the rych Arabians, that dypp their arrowes ende.
In poyson strong: the iuyce of all Medea out doth wrynge,
That vnderneath the frosen poale in Syrcuia land doth spryngе.
Whose noble state Hircinus woode doth high enhaunce and reare,
Or what the pleasaunte soyle doth yeelde in tyme of smiling yeare,
When nature bydes the byrd begin her shrowding nest to builde,
Or when the churlysh Boreas blast sharpe winter hath exilde,
The trym arap of braunche and bough to cloth the naked tree,
And euery thinge with bitter coulde of Snowe congealed bee.
In any pestilent flower on stalke of any hearbe doth growe,
Or noysome iuyce doth lye in rotten wythen rootes alowe,
Hath any force in breading bane, those takes shee in her hande.
Some plaugy hearbes did Athos yeelde that mount of Thessayle lande.
And other Pindus roches hye and some vppon the top
Of Pingeus, but tender twigges the cruell Sythe did lop:
These Tigris ryuer norisht vp, that choakes his whyrlpoale deepe
With stronger streame. Danubius those in fostring waue did keepe.
Those did Hidaspus myntster, who by the parching zone
With lukewarme sluer channell runnes, so ryth with precious stone.
And Bethis sonne, who gaue the name vnto his countrey great,
And with his shallowe foarde agaynst the Spanyshe seas doth beat

This hearbe

This hearbe aboade the edge of knyfe in dawning of the day
Ere Phœbus face gan peepe, bedect with glittring goulden spray
His slender stalke was snepped of in deepe of silent nyght,
His corne was cropt, whyle shee wᵗ charme her poysned nayles did dight.
Shee chops the deadly hearbes, & wrings the squesed clottered bloud
Of Serpentes out: and filthy byrdes of irkesome miry mud:
She tempers with the same and bake: she brayes the heart of Owle
Forshewing death with glaring Eyes, and moaping Vysage foule,
Of shryke Owle hoarce alyue she takes the durty stinking guts,
All these the framer of this feate in dyuers parcels puts.
This hath in it deuouring force of greedy spoyling flame,
The frosen ysle dulling coulde engenders by the same.
Shee chauntes on those the magicke verse, that workes no lesser harme,
With bussling frantickely shee stampes, and ceaseth not to charme.

MEDEA.

Flittring Flockes of grisly ghostes
that sit in silent seat
Dougsome Bugges, O Gobblins grym
of Hell I you intreat:
O lowryng Chaos dungeon blynde,
and dreadfull darkned pit,
Where Ditis muffled vp in Clowdes
of blackest shades doth sit,
O wretched wofull wawling soules pour ayde I doe implore,
That linked lye with gingling Chaynes on waylyng Limbo shore,
O mossy Den where death doth couche his gastly carrayne Face:
Releese your pangues, O sprights, and to this wedding hye apace.
Cause yee the snaggy wheele to pawse that rentes the Carkas bound,
Permit Ixions racked Lymmes to rest vpon the ground:
Let hungry bytten Tantalus wyth gawnt and pyned penche
Soupe vp Pirenes gulped streame his swelling thyrst to staunche.
Let burning Creon byde the brunt and gyrdes of greater payne,
Let payse of slyppery slyding stone tyre ouer backe agayne
His mopyng Father Sisyphus, amonges the craggy Rockes.
Yee daughters dyre of Danaus whom perced Pychers mockes

So oft

So oft with labour lost in vayne this day doth long for you
That in your lyfe with bloudy blade at once your husband slewe.
And thou whose aares I honored haue, O torch and lampe of night,
Approche O Lady myne with most deformed vysage dight:
O three folde chapē Dame that knitst more threatning browes then one,
According to the countrey guise with dagling locks vndone
And naked foote, the secrete groue about I halowed haue,
From dusky dyp vnmoysty cloudes the showers of rayne I craue.
Through me the chinked gaping ground the soked seas hath drunk.
And mayner streame of th'ocian flood beneath the earth is sunk,
That swelteth out through hollow gulph with stronger gushing rage.
Then were his suddy wambling waues whose power it doth allwaye
The heauens with wrong disturbed course and out of order quight,
The darkned sonne, a glimmering stars at once hath shewed theyr light,
And drēched Charles his straggling wayne hath ducte in dashing waue,
The framed course of roaming time racte out of frame I haue.
So my enchauntments haue it wrought, that when the flaming sunne
In sommer bakes the parched soyle then hath the twigges begunne,
With sprowting blossom fresh to blome, and hasty winter corne
Hath out of harueste seene the fruite to barnes on sudden borne.
Into a shallowe foorde his sture distreame hath Phasis wast,
And Isters channell being in so many braunches cast,
Abated hath his wrackfull waues, on euery silent shore
He lyeth calme: The tumbled flouds with thundring noyse did rore,
When couched close the windes were not mouing pipping soft,
With working waue the prauncing seas haue swolne & leapt aloft,
Whereas the wood in alder time with thicke and braunched bowe
Did spread his shade on gladsome soyle no shade remayneth now.
I rolling vp the magicke herbe at noone time Phœbus stay,
Amyd the darkned Sky, when fled was light of drowsy day.
Eke at my charme the watry flockes of Heyads went to glade.
Time is it Phœba to respect the seruice to thee made:
Lo thee with cruell bloudy hands these garlands greene were twyndе
Which with his folding circles nyne the serpent rough did bynde.
Haue here Typhoias flesh, that doth in Aetnas Forrace grone,
What ghoste with battery violent stirs Ioues assaulted trone
This is the Centaures poysoned bloud which Nessus drilayne byle
Who made a rape of Dianire entending her to spile,
Bequethed her when newly wounde he gaping lay for breath,

While Her-

While Hercles shaft stack in his Ribs, whose sauce did worke his death:
Beholde the Funerall cinders heere which vp the popson dryed
Of Hercules who in his fyre on Oeta mountayne dyed:
Loe heere the fatall brand, which late the fatall Sisters three
Conspyred at Meleagers byrth, such should his destny bee,
To saue alyue his breathyng corpes, while that might whole remayne,
Which sauste his mother Althe kept, till he his vncles twayne,
(That from Atlanta would haue had the head of conquered Boze,)
Had reft of lyfe whose spightfull death Althea tooke so sore,
That both she shewed her feruentnesse in systers godly loue,
When to reuenge her brothers death meere nature did her moue,
But yet as mother most vnkynde, of nature most vnmylde,
To hasten the vntymely graue of her beloued chylde,
Whyle Meleagers fatall brande she wasted in the flame,
Whose swelting guts and bowels moult consumed as the same,
These plumes the Harpyes rauening fowles for hast did leaue behinde,
In hidden hole whose cloase accesse no mortall wight can fynd.
When fast from Zethes chasing them with speedy flight they fled.
Put vnto these the fethers which the Stymphal byrde did shed,
Whom duskyng Phœbus dymned bright for Hercules did stynge,
And galled with the shafte, that he in Hydraes byde did stynge.
You Fates haue peelde a clattring noyse I knowe, I knowe of olde,
How vnto mee my Oracles are wonted to bee toulde,
That when ỹ trembling flowre doth shake then hath my Goddes great,
Vouchsafe to graunt mee my request as I did her intreate,
I see Dianas waggon swyfe, not that whereon shee glydes,
When all the night in darkned Sky with Face full ope shee rydes:
With countnaunce bright and blandishing but when with heauy cheare,
With duskye shimmering wanny globe, her lampe doth pale appeare.
Or when shee trots about the heauens wyth horseheade rayned strayte,
When Thessayle Witches with the threats of charming her doe bayte.
So with thy dumpish dulled blase, thy cloudy fayntyng lyght,
Sende out, amid the lowryng sky, the heart of people smyght
Wyth agonies of suddeyne dread, in straung and fearefull wyse,
Compell the prettous brasen panne with iarring noyse to ryse
Through Corinth countrey euery where, to shielde thee frō this harme,
Least headlong drawne thou be from heauen to earth by force of charme.
In holy solempne sacrifice to worshyp thee wee make,
Imbrewed with a bloudy turphe the kindled Torche doth take

Thy sacred burning night fyre at the dampishe mozy graue.
Soze charged with thy troubled ghost my head I shaken haue,
And ducking downe my Necke alowe w̄ shrybing lowde haue shrigd
And groueling flat on flooze in traunce haue lyen in deadmans plight.
My ruffled Lockes about myne eares downe dagling haue ben bownd.
Tuckt vp about my temples twayne with gladsome garland crownde
A dzery bzaunche is offred thee from filthy Stigis flood.
As is the guise of Bacchus prieستes the Coribanthes wood,
With naked bzeast and dugges layde out Ile pricke with sacred blade
Myne arme, that for the bubling bloude an issue may bee made,
With trilling streames my purple bloude let dzop on Th'aulter stones.
My tender Childrens crushed flesh, and broken bzoosed bones
Lerne how to bzooke with hardned heart: in practise put the trade
To slozishe fearce, and keepe a copie, with naked glittring blade:
I sprinkled holy water haue, the launce once being made,
If tyred thou complaynest that my cryes thee ouerlade,
Giue pardon to my ernest suite, O Perseus sister deare,
Still Iason is the onely cause that bzgeth mee to reare
With squeking voyce thy noysome beames, that sting like shot of bo
So season thou those sawced robes to wozke Creusas woe,
Wherewith when thee shall pranke her selfe the poyson by and by
To rot her inward marp out, within her bones may fry,
The secret fyer bleares their eyes with glosse of yeallow golde,
The which Prometheus gaue to mee that fyer fylcher bolde.
On whom for robbery that he did in heauens aboue commit,
With mally payse great Caucasus th'unweldy hill doth sit,
Where vnder with vnwalled wombe he lyes, and payes his payne,
To feede the cramming foule with gubs of guts that growes agayne.
He taught mee with a prety sleyght of conning, how to hyde
The strength of fyer close kept in, that may not be espyde,
This lyuely tinder Mulciber hath forged for my sake,
That tempzed is with bzymstone quick at fyrst touch and take.
Eke of my Cosen Phaeton a wyldefyer flake I haue
His flames the monstrous flaghard rough Chimera to mee gaue,
In head and bzeast a Lyon grim, and from the Rump behynde
He sweepes the flower with lagging Taple of Serpent fearce by kynde
In Ryddes, and Loynes along his paunche yshaped lyke a Goate.
These Fumes that out the Bull perbzake from fyry spewinge throat
I gotten haue and bzayde it with Meduſas bitter gall

Commaū

Commaunding it in secret sorte to dulske and couer all:
Breath on these venoms Hecate with deadly myght inspyre,
Preserue the touching poulder of my secret couert fyre,
O graunt that these my cloked craftes so may bewitch theyr Eyes,
That iykelyhoode of treason none they may heerein surmyse:
So worke that they in handling it may feele no kynde of heate:
Her shewing breast, her seathing vaynes, in feruent fyer freate
And force her rosted ppning lymmes, to drop and melt away,
Let smoke her rotten broyling bones: enflame this bryde to day
To cast a lyght with greater gleedes on fryseled blasing heare
Then is the shyning flame that doth the wedding torches beare.
My suite is harde, thyse Hecate a dreadfull barking gaue
From dolefull cloude a secret flash of flamy sparkes shee draue.
Echo poysons pryde fulfilled is: call forth my chyldren deare,
By whom vnto the cursed Bryde these presentes you may beare:
Goe forth, goe forth my lytle Babes, your mothers cursed fruite,
Goe, goe, employ your paynes with bryde and earnest humble suite
To purchase grace, and eke to earne you fauour in her sight.
That both a mother is to you, and rules with Ladies might,
Goe on, apply your charge apace, and hye you home agayne,
That with embracing you I may my last farewell attayne.

Chorus.

WHat sharpe assaultes of cruell *CVPIDS* flame
Wyth gyddie heade thus tosseth to and froe,
This bedlem Wyght, and diuelysh despret dame
What rouing rage her pricks to worke this woe?
Rough rancours vile congeales her frosen face,
Her hawty breast bumbasted is vvyth pryde,
Shee shakes her heade, shee stalkes vvyth stately pace.
Shee threates our king more then doth her betyde.

Who would her deeme to bee a baniſht wyght,
Whoſe ſkarlet Cheekes doe glowe with roſy red?
In faynting Face, with pale and wanny whyght
The ſanguyne hewe exyled thence is fled.
Her chaunging lookes no colour longe can holde,
Her ſhifting feete ſtill trauaſſe to and froe.
Euen as the fearce and rauening *Tyger* olde
That doth vnware his ſucking whelpes forgoe,
Doth rampe, and rage, moſt eger ferce and wood,
Among the ſhrubs and buſſhes that doe growe
On *Ganges* ſtronde that golden ſanded flood,
Whoſe ſiluer ſtreame through *India* doth flowe.
Euen ſo *MEDEA* ſometime vvantes her wits
To rule the rage of her vnbrydeled ire,
Nowe *VENVS* Sonne, wyth buſie froward fits,
Nowe Wrath, and Loue enkyndle both the fire.
What ſhall ſhee doe? when will this heynous wyght
With forwarde foote bee packing hence away,
From Greece? to eaſe our Realme of terrour quight,
And prynces twayne whom ſhe ſo ſore doth fray:
Nowe *Phœbus* lodge thy Charyot in the Weſt,
Let neyther Raynes, nor Brydle ſtay thy Race,
Let groueling light with *Dulceat* nyght oppreſt
In cloking Cloudes wrapt vp his muffled Face,
Let *Heſperus* the loadeſman of the nyght,
In Weſtern floode drench deepe the day ſo bryght.

THE

THE FIFTH ACTE.

Nuntius. Chorus. Nutrix,
Medea. Iason.

All things are topsy turuy turnde,
and wasted cleane to nought.
To passing great calamity
our Kingdome State is brought.
The Syre, and Daughter burnt to dust
in blendred Cynders lye.
C. What traine hath them entrapt? Nū. Such as
are made for Kinges to dye,
False traitrous gifts. C. What priuy guile could wrapped be in those?
Nū. And I doe meruayle at this thing and skant I can suppose
That such a mischiefe might be wrought by any such deuice
Ch. Report how this destruction and ruine should arise
Nū. The fyrring flame most egerly doth scoure with sweeping sway
Eache corner of the Princes court, as though it should obay,
Commaunded thereunto so fast on flowre the Pallace falles:
Wee are in dread least further it will take the townishe walles.
Ch. Cast quenching water on it then to slake the greedy flame.
Nū. And this that seemeth very straunge doe happen in the same,
The water feedes the fier fast, the more that wee doe toyle
It to suppresse, with better rage the heate begins to boyle:
Those thinges that wee haue gotten for our help it doth enioy.
Nut. Medea thou that dorst so sore king Pelops lande anoy,
Twine hence in hast thy forwarde foote, at all assayes depart
To any other kinde of coaste. Me. Can I finde in my hart
To shun this lande? if hence I had first fairne away by flight,
I would haue traueled backe agayne, to sese at such a sight.
To shande and see this wedding new, why staiest thou doting myndes?
Apply, apply, thy sore attempt, that good successe doth finde.
What great exployt is this, that thou of vengeaunce dost intoy?
Still art thou blynded wittiesse wench with bale of Venus boy?

Is this sufficiaunce for the griefe? is roote of rancour ded,
If Iason leade a single lyfe in solitary bed?
Some netling, thorny, stinging plagues vnpractised deuise:
Prepare thy selfe in redines and fall to on this wyse:
Let all bee fish that commes to Net, haue no respect of ryght,
From myade on mischiefe fixed fast let shame be banisht quyte:
The vengeaunce they receaued at my lyttle chyldrens hand,
Is nothing worth: in earnest tre ententiue must thou stand.
When heate of wrath begins to coole, cheere vp thy selfe agayne:
Rayse vp those touches olde that wonted were in thee to raygne,
That buried deepe in breast doe lye: and as for all the same
That yet is wrought: Of godlinesse let it vsurpe the name:
Doe this, and I shall teach them learne, what trifling cast it was,
And common practise flimflam trick that erst I brought to passe.
By this my raging malady a preamble hath made,
To shew what howgter heapes of harmes shall shortly them inuade
What durst my rude vnskilfull hand assay that was of waygbt?
What could the mallice of a Gyrle inuent her foes to bayte?
Still conuersaunt with wicked feates Medea am I made.
My blunt and dulled braynes hath so ben beate about this trade.
O so I toy, I toy, that I smote of my brothers head,
And slasht his members of: eake that from parents had I fled:
And filched haue the pylup fleece, loe Mars that sacred was.
It glads my heart that I to bring olde Pelias death to passe:
Haue set his daughters all on worke: O griefe picke out a way
Not any guilt thou shalt with vnacquainted hand assay
Against whom wrath entendest thou to bend thyne Irefull might?
Or with what weapon dost thou meane thy trayterous foes to smight?
I know not what my wrathfull minde consulted hath within,
And to bewray it to himselfe, I dare not yet begin.
O rash and vnaduised foole, I make to hasty speede:
O that my Foe had gotten of his Harlots body Seede:
But what so euer thou by him enioyest, suppose the same
To bee Creusas Babes, of them let her enioy the name.
This vengeaunce, this doth like mee well good reason is there, why,
The last attempt of ils, thou must with stomacke stout apply.
Alas yee litle seely fooles that erst my children were,
The plaguing price of Fathers fault submit your selues to beare.
O, horrour huge with sodayne stroke my heart doth ouercom:
With pale dulling colde congealde my Members all benum.

My thue-

My shiuering limbs appauled sore for gastly feare doe quake,
And banisht rage of malice hoate begins it selfe to slake:
The hatefull heart of wife against her Spouse hath yeelded place,
And pitious mothers mercy milde resoreth natures face.
O shall I shed their guiltlesse bloude? shall I the frame vnfoulde
Of that, which louing natures hande hath wrought in me her moulde?
O doting fury chaunge thy minde, conceiue a better thought,
Let not this haynous sauage deede by meanes of mee be wrought.
What cryme haue they (poore fooles) cõmit, for which they should abye?
Upon they? Father Iason right all blot of blame should lye.
Medea yet they? Mother I am worser farre then hee.
Tush let them frankly goe to wracke no kith nor kin to mee
They are: dispatch them out of hand: holde, holde, my babes they be
God wot, most harmelesse lambes they are, no crime nor fault haue they
Alas they bee mere innocents, I doe not this denay:
So was my brother whom I slew: O false revolting mynde,
Why dost thou staggring to and fro such chaunge of fancies fynde?
Why is my Face be spent with teares, what makes mee falter so,
That wrath & loue with striuing thoughts doe lrade mee to and fro?
Such fighting fancies bickringe storme my swarving minde detarre,
As when betwene the wrestling windes is raysed wrangling warre,
Eche where the tumbling wallowing waues, are hoyst and reared hye
Amid the tustling swolues of seas, that hot in fury frye:
Euẽ so my hart with strugling thoughts now sinks, now swells amaine,
Wrath sometyme chaseth vertue out, and vertue wrath againe.
O yeelde thee, yeelde, a grisling griefe, to vertue yeelde thy place:
Thou onely comforte of our stocke in this afflicted case,
Come heather, come deere loued Impe with colling mee imbrace,
Whyle that by me your mother deere sweete Boyes yee are enioyed,
So long God graunt your Father may you kepe from harme vnclozed.
Exile and flight approach on mee, and they shall by and by
Be pulde perforce out of myne armes, with vapourde weeping Eye,
Sore languishing with mourning heart, yet let them goe to graue
Before their fathers Face, as they before their mothers haue:
Now rancorus griefe, with firy fire begins to boyle againe,
The quenched coales of deadly hate do freshlier fore attaine.
The rusty rancour harbred long within my cancred brest
Starts vp, and stirres my hand anew in mischiefe to bee prest.
O that the rablement of brats which swarmde aboute the syde
Of Niobe that scornefull Dame, who perisht by her pryde

Had taken lyfe out of his lymmes, O that the fates of heauen
A fruitefull mother had me made of children seuen and seuen.
My barrayne wombe for my reuenge hath yeelded litle store:
Yet for my sire and brother, twayne I haue, there needes no more:
Whom seeke this ruffling rowt of Feendes with gargell Visage dight?
Where will they deale theyr stripes, or whō with whips of fier smight?
Or whom with cruell scorching brande and Stygian faggot fell,
With mischef great to clop, entendes this army black of hell?
A chopping Louer gan to hisse with wrethings wrapped rounde,
As soone as did the lashing whyp sterte out with perking sounde.
Whom bumping with thy rapping post Megæra wilt thou cruch?
Whose ghost doth heere misshapt from hell with scatered members rush?
My slaughtred brothers ghost it is that vengeaunce comes to craue:
According to his dyre request due vengeaunce shall hee haue.
But slay thou fearce the sierbrandes full dasshed in myne Eyes,
Dig, rent, scrape, burne, and squeas them out, loe ope my breast it lyes,
To sighting furies bobbing strokes, O brother, brother bid
These roples, that preasse to worrey mee, them selues away to rid.
Downe to the silent soules alowe not taking any care:
Let mee be left heare by my selfe alone, and doe not spare,
To bast, and cappercla w these armes that drewe the bloudy blade:
To quench the furies of thy spite, that thus doe mee inuade,
With this right hand the sacrifice on thaulter shalbe made.
What meanes this sudden trampling noyse? a band of men in Armes
Come busking towardes vs, that mee will clop with deadly harmes.
To ende this slaughter set vpon I will my selfe conuay
Vp to the garrets of our house, come Nurce with me away,
Bedew thy body hence with mee from daunger of our foes.
Now thus my mynde on mischiefe set thou must thy selfe dispose,
Let not the flickering fame and prayse in darkenesse bee exilde
Of stomack stout, that you did vse in murthering of thy childe.
Proclaim mee in peoples eares the prayse of cruell bloudy hand.
IA. If any say that all man here bee, whom ruine of his land,
And daunger of his Prince doe cause in pensiue heart to bleede,
Step forth that wee may take the wretch that wrought this deadly deede.
Heere, heere, wee tolo champions lay loade with weapons heere,
Haue now, vpset vp this house, from low Foundacion vp it reare.
ME. Now now my Sceptre gone I haue recouered once agayne:
My Fathers wronges reuenged are, and eke my brother slayne:

The gouf-

The gouldens cattels Fleece returnde is to my native land,
Possession of my realme I haue reclaymed to my hand:
Come home is my virginity, that whilom went astray.
O Gods as good as I coulde wisshe, O ioyfull wedding day,
Goe shrowde thy selfe in darknesse dim, dispacht I haue this feate:
Yet vengeaunce is not done inough, to coole our thirsty heate.
O soule why dost thou make delay? Why dost thou doubting stande?
Goe forward with it yet thou mayst, whyle doing is thy hande:
The wrath that might should mentiser doth qualeth his flame:
The pryckes of sorrow twitch my heart attaynt with blushing shame:
Through rygour of thy heynous gore, O wretch, what hast thou done?
Though I repent a caityfe vile I am, to slea my sonne:
Alas I haue committed it, importunate delight,
Still egged on my frowarde mynde that did against it fight:
And loe the bayne conuect of this delight increaseth still,
This onely is the thing, that wants vnto my wicked will,
That Iasons eyes shoulde see this sight as yet I doe suppose,
Nothing it is that I haue done, my trauell all I lose,
That I employde in dyry deedes, vnlesse hee see the same.
IA. Loe heere shee looketh out, and leanes vpon the houses frame,
That pitchlong hanges with falling sway: heere heape your fiers fall,
Whereby the flames that shee her selfe enkindled, may her waste.
ME. Goe Iason, goe the obit rights the windinge sheete and graue
Make ready for thy sonne, as last behoueth him to haue,
Thy spouse and eke thy father in lawe that are entombe by mee
Receiued haue the duryes that to deade mens ghostes agree.
This childe hath felt the deadly stroke and launce of fatall knife,
And this with wastefome murther like shall lose her tender life.
IA. By all the sacred ghostes of heauen, and by thy oft exile,
And spousall bed, which breach of loue in mee did not defile,
Now spare, and saue the life of him my childe and also thyne:
What euer cryme committed is, I graunt it to be myne:
Make mee a bloudy sacrifice to dew deserued death,
Take from my sinfull guilty head the vse of vitall breath.
ME. Nay sith thou wilt not haue it so as greeues thy pynched minde,
Heere way to wreck my vengeaunce fell, my burning blade shall finde.
Auaunt, now hence thou pesaunt prowd employ thy busy payne,
To reape the fruites of virgins bed, and cast them of againe
When mothers they are made. IA. Let one for dew reuenge suffice.
ME. If greedy ayre of hungry handes that fil for vengeaunce cries.

Wyght

Myght quenched bee with bloude of one, then aske I none at all,
And yet to staunche my hungry griefe the number is to small,
If onely twayne I slea, if pleadge of loue lye secrete made,
My bowels Ile vnbreast, and search my wombe with poking Blade.
IA. Now finish out thy deadly deede, that enterprised is,
No more entreataunce will I vse, yet onely graunt mee this,
Delay awhyle his dolefull death, that I may take my flyght.
Least that myne eyes w bleeding hearte should vew that heauy sight.
ME. Yet linger eger anguishe yet to slea this chylde of thyne.
Bonne not to rashe with hasty speede, this dolefull day is myne:
The time that wee obtayned haue of Creon, wee enioy.
IA. O vile malitious mynded wretch my lothsome life destroy.
ME. In crauing this thou speakst, that I should shew thee some releefe,
Well goodinough, all this is done: O ruthfull giddy greefe,
This is the onely sacrifice that I can thee prouide,
Vnthankfull Iason hether cast thy copesh lookes aside.
Loe heare dost thou beholde thy wyfe? thus euer wonted I,
When murther I had made, to scape, my way doth open lye
That I may spring into the skyes: the flying serpents twayne
Submited haue theyr scaly Neckes to yoake of ratling wayne,
Thou Father haue thy sonnes agayne, I in the wandring Skye
In nymble wheeled Waggon swyfte, will ryde aduaunced hye.
IA. Goe through the ample spaces wyde, infect the poysoned Ayre,
Beare witnesse, grace of God is none in place of thy repayre.

FINIS.

THE EYGHTH TRAGEDYE OF L. ANNÆVS SENECA,

Entituled AGAMEMNON: Translated out of Latin into Englishe, by

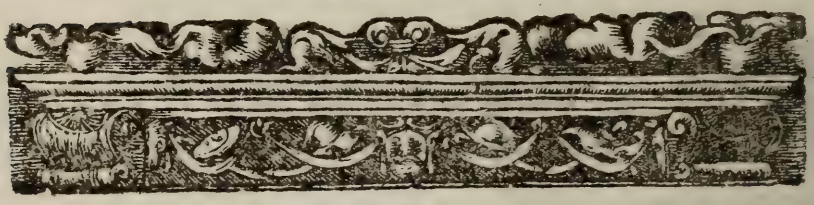
IOHN STVDLEY.

The Argument.

AGAMEMNON, Generall of that Noble Army of the Greekes, which after tenne yeares siege wãne *Troy*, cõmitted the entyer Gouernment of his Countrey & Kingdome (duringe his absence) to his Wyfe CLYTEMNESTRA. Who forgetting all Wyuely loyalty, and Womanly chastity, fell in laweleſſe loue & vsed adulterus cõpany with ÆGYSTHVS, sonne to THYESTES, whom aforetime ATREVS being his owne naturall Brother, and Father to this AGAMEMNON, in reueng of a former adultry had, caused to eate hys owne two Children.

At length, vnderstandinge by EVRYBATES, that *Troy* was wonne, & that her husbãd AGAMEMNON was comming homewarde with a yonge Lady named CASSANDRA, daughter to king PRIAMVS: partly enraged with iealousy, & disdaine thereof, & partly loath to loose the company of ÆGYSTHVS her Coadulterer, practyzed with him how to murther her hus bande. Which accordingly

dingly they brought to passe: & not resting so cõtented, they also put *CASSANDRA* to deth, imprisoned *ELECTRA* Daughter to *AGAMEMNON*, and soughte to haue slayne his Sonne *ORESTES*. Which *ORESTES* fleeing for sauegard of his lyfe to on *STROPHILVS*, hys dead Fathers deare friend: was by him secretly kept a longe time, till at lenght, comming priuely into *Mycene*, and by his Systers meanes cõducted where his Mother *CLYTEMNESTRA* and *ÆGYSTHVS* were, in reuenge of his Fathers death, kuled them both.



The Speakers names.

THYESTES. *EVRYBATES.*
CHORVS, *A company of Greekes.*
CLYTEMNESTRA. *CASSANDRA.*
NVTRIX. *AGAMEMNON.*
AEGISTHVS. *ELECTRA.*
STROPHILVS.

THE

THE FIRST ACTE.

THYESTES.

Departinge from the darkned dens
which Ditis low doth keepe,
Loe heere I am sent out agayne
from Tartar Dungeon deepe,
Thyestes I, that wheather coast
to shun doe stande in doubt,
Th'infernall fiendes I fly, the foalke
of earth I chase about.
My conscience to abhorrs, that I should heather passage make,
Appauled sore with feare and dread my trembling sinewes shake:
My fathers house, or rather yet my brothers I espy,
This is the olde and antique porche of Pelops progeny.
Here first the Greekes on princes heads doe place the royall crowne,
And heere in throne aloft they lye, that letteth vp and downe,
With stately Scepter in theyr hand, eake heere theyr courts doe ly,
This is theyr place of banquetting, returne therefore will I.
Nay: better were it not to haunt the lothsome Limbo lakes,
Where as the Stygion porter doth aduaunce with lusty crakes
His tryple gorge be hong with Mane shag hairy, rusty blacke:
Where Ixions Carkasse linked fast, the whirling wheele doth racke,
And rowleth still vpon him selfe: where as full oft in vayne
Much toyle is lost, (the tottring stone down tumbling backe agayne)
Where growing guts the greedy gripe do gnaw with rauening bits.
Where parched vp with burning thirst amid the waues he sits,
And gapes to catch the fleeting flood with hungry chaps beguilde,
That payes his paynefull punishment, whose feast the Gods defilde:
Yet that olde man so stept in yeares at length by tract of time,
How great a part belonges to mee and portion of his crime?
Account wee all the grisly ghostes, whom guilty founde of ill,
The Gnosian Judge in Plutoes pyts doth tosse in torments still:
Thyestes I in direry deedes will farre surmount the rest,
Yet to my Brother yelde I, (though I gorgde my bloudy brest)

And stuf-

And ſtuffed haue my pampred paunche euen with my chyldren three,
That crammed lye within my Ribbs and haue theyr Toumbe in mee,
The bowels of my ſwallowed Babes, deuowred vp I haue,
Nor fickle Fortune mee alone the Father doth deprаue,
But enterpryſing greater guilte then that is put in vre,
To file my Daughters bawdy Bed, my luſt ſhee doth allure.
To ſpeake theſe wordes I doe not ſpare, I wrought the hainous deede,
That therefore I through all my ſtocke, might parent ſtill proceede.
My Daughter driuen by force of Fates and deſteanes deupne,
Doth breede younge bones, & lades her wombe, w̃ vnkull ſeede of myne.
Loe, nature chaunged vpſide downe, and out of order rounde
This myngle mangle hath ſhee made, (O fact to be forlorne)
I Father and a Grandſyre loe, confuſedly I am,
My daughters huſband both become, and Father to the ſame.
Thoſe babes ſhould my Nephewes bee, when nature rightly rumes,
She being tumbled doth confounde, and mingle with my ſonnes.
The chryſtall cleareneſſe of the day, and Phœbus beames ſo bryght,
Are mixed with the foggy cloudes, and darkeneſſe dim of nyght.
When wickednes had wearied vs, to late truce taken was,
Euen when our deteſtable deedes were done and brought to paſſe.
But valiaunt Agamemnon hee graund captayne of the Hoſte,
Who bare the ſway among the Kinges, and ruled all the roſte,
Whoſe flaunting Flag, and Banner braue, diſplayde in royall ſorte,
A thouſand ſayle of ſowſing ſhips did garde to Phrygian porte,
And with their ſwelling ſhatling ſayles the furging ſeas did hide,
That beateth on the bankes of Troy, and floweth by her ſide:
When Phœbus Carte the Zodiack ten times had ouer runne,
And waſte the battred Walles doe lye of Troy deſtroyde and woonne,
Returnde he is to yeelde his throate vnto his traytreſſe Wyfe.
That ſhall with force of bloudy blade bereue him of his lyfe.
The glytering Swerd, the hewing Axe, and wounding weapons moe,
With bloud for bloud new ſet abroche ſhall make the flooze to flow.
With ſturdy ſtroke, and boyſtrous blow, of pithy Pollaxe geuen
His beaten brayne are paſht abroade, his cracked Skull is reuen.
Now myſchiefe marcheth on a pace, now falſhoode doth appeare,
Now Butchers ſlaughter doth approche, and murther draweth neare,
In honour of thy natyue day Agiſthus they prepare
The ſollemne feaſt with iuncketting, and dayntie tothſome fare.
Fy, what doth ſhame abaſhe thee ſo, and cauſe thy courage quayle?
Why doubts thy righthand what to doe? to ſmite why doth it fayle?

What

What he forecasting might suspect, why shouldst thou take adoyle?
Why frettest thou, demaunding if thou may it enterprise?
Nay: if a mother it beseeme, thou rather mayst surmise.
What now? how happeth it that thus the smiling sommers night,
When Phœbus from Th'antipodes shoulde render soone the lyght,
On sodden chaung their turnes with nights that last and lenger longe,
When wynters Boreas bitter blastes, doth puffe the trees amonge?
O what doth cause the glyding starres to stay still in the sky?
Wee wayght for Phœbus: to the Worlde bryng day now by and by.

Chorus.

O Fortune, that dost fayle the great estate of kinges,
On slippery sliding seat thou placest lofty thinges
And setst on tottring sort, where perils do abound
Yet neuer kingdome calme, nor quiet could be found:
No day to Scepters sure doth shine, that they might say,
To morow shall wee rule, as wee haue done to day.
One clod of croked care another bryngeth in,
One hurly burly done, another doth begin:
Not so the raging Sea doth boyle vpon the Sande,
Where as the southern winde that blowes in *Afryck* Lande,
One Waue vpon another doth heape wyth sturdy blast:
Not so doth *Euxine* Sea, his swelling waues vp cast:
Nor so his belching streame from shallow bottom roll,
That borders hard vpon the ysy frosen poall:
Where as *Bootes* bryght doth twyne his Wayne about,
And of the marble seas doth nothing stande in doubt.
O how doth Fortune tosse and tomble in her wheele
The staggring states of Kynges, that readdy bee to reele?
Fayne woulde they dreaded bee, and yet not setled so
When as they feared are, they feare, and lyue in woe.

The silent

The ſilent Lady nyght ſo ſweete to man and beaſt,
Can not beſtow on them her ſafe and quiet reſt:
Sleepe that doth ouercome and breake the bonds of griefe,
It cannot eaſe theyr heartes, nor myniſter reliefe:
What caſtell ſtrongly buylt, what bulwarke, tower, or towne,
Is not by miſchyefes meanes, brought to ſy turuye downe?
What ramperd walles are not made weake by wicked warre?
From ſtately courtes of Kings doth iuſtice fly afarre:
In pryncely Pallaces, of honeſty the lore,
And wedlocke vowe deuout, is ſet by lytle ſtore.
The bloudy Bellon thoſe doth haunt with gory hand,
Whoſe light and vaine conceipt in paynted pomp doth ſtand.
And thoſe *Erinnys* wood turmoyles with frenſyes fits,
That euer more in proud and hauty houſes ſits,
Which ficle Fortunes hand in twinkling of an eye,
From high and proude degre driues downe in duſt to lye.
Although that ſkyrmiſhe ceaſe, no banners be diſplayed
And though no wyles be wroughe, and pollecy be ſtayed,
Downe payſed with theyr waight the maſſy things do ſinke,
And from her burden doth vnſtable Fortune ſhrynke.
The ſwelling Sayles puft vp with gale of weſtren wynde,
Doe yet myſtruſt thereof a tempeſt in theyr mynde:
The threatning tops (that touch the cloudes) of lofty towres
Bee ſoneſt payde, and bet with ſouth wynde rainy ſhowres:
The darkeſome woode doth ſee his tough and ſturdy Oke,
Well waynde in yeares to be cleane ouerthrown and broke:
The lyhhtnings flaſhing flame out breakiug in the Sky,
Firſt lyghteth on the mounts, and hilles that are moſt hy.
The bodies corpulent and of the largeſt ſyſe
Are ryfeſt ſtyll to catch diſeaſes when they ryſe.
When as the flocke to graſe, in paſture fat is put,
Whoſe Necke is larded beſt, his throate ſhall firſt be cut:
What Fortune doth aduaunce and hoyſteth vp on hye,
Shee ſets it vp to fall agayne more greeuouſly.

The things

The thinges of midle sort, and of a meane degree,
Endure aboue the rest and longest dayes do see:
The man of meane estate most happy is of all,
Who pleased with the lot that doth to him befall,
Doth sayle on silent shore with calme and quiet tide,
And dreads with bruised barge on swelling Seas to ryde:
Nor launcing to the depe where bottom none is found,
May with his rudder search, and reach the shallow ground.

THE SECOND ACTE.

Clytemnestra, Nutrix

O drowsie dreaming doting soule,
what commeth in thy brayne
To seeke about for thy defence
what way thou mayst attayne?
What ayels thy skittish watward wits,
to wauer by and downe?
The fittest shift preuented is,
the best path ouergrowne
Thou mightest once mayntayned haue
thy wedlocke chamber chast,
And eake haue ruld with maiesty, by fayth contayned fast:
Now nurtures loze neglected is, all ryght doth clean decay
Religion and dignity with faith are wozne away:
And ruddy shame with blushing cheekes so farre god wot is past,
That when it would it cannot now come home againe at last.
O let me now at randon runne with bridle at my will:
The safest path to mischiefe is by mischiefe ozen still
Now put in practise, seeke aboute, search out and learne to find

The wylie traynes, and crafty guyles of wicked womankinde:
What any diuelish trayterous dame durst do in working woe,
Or any wounded in her wits by shot of Cupids bowe.
What euer rigorous stepdame could commit with despezat hand,
Or as the wench who flaming fast by Venus poysoning brand,
Was driuen by lewd incestuous loue in ship of Thessail land,
To flit away from Colchos ple, where Phasis channel deepe.
With sliuer streame downe from the hylles of Armenie doth sweepe.
Get weapons good, get bylbowblades or temper poyson strong,
Or with some ponder trudge from Grece by theft the seas along:
Why dost thou faynt to talke of theft, exile or priuie flight?
These came by hap, thou therfore must on greater mischiefe light.
Nur. O worthy Queene amonge the Greekes that beares the swinging sway,
And borne of Ledas royall bloud, what muttring dost thou say?
What fury fel inforceth thee, bereaued of thy wits.
To rage and raue with bedlam braynes, to fret withfrantick fittes?
Though madam thou do counsayle keepe, and not complayne thy case,
Thyne anguish playn appeareth in thy pale and wanny face.
Reueale therfore what is thy griefe, take leasure good and stay,
What reason could not remedy, oft cured hath delay.
Clit. So grieuous is my careful case which plungeth me so sore,
That deale I cannot with delay, nor linger any more.
The flashing flames and furious force of fiery feruent heate,
Outraging in my boyling breast, my burning bones doth beate:
It sucks the sappy marow out the iuice it doth conuay,
It frets, it teares it rents, it gnaws, my guttes and gall away.
Now feble feare still egges mee on (with dolor beyng prest)
And cankred hate with thwacking thumpes doth bounce vpon my brest
The blynded boy that louers hartes doth reaue with deadly stroake,
Entangled hath my linked mynd with leawd and wanton yoke:
Refusing still to take a foyle, or cleane to be confound:
Among these broyles, and agonies my mynd beseging round,
Loe feble, weary, batred downe, and vnder troden shame,
That wrestleth, striueth, strugleth hard, and fighteth with the same.
Thus am I driuen to diuers shores and beat frow banke to banke,
And tossed in the fomy floods that striues with corage cranke.
As when here wynd, and their the streame when both their force will try,
From sandes alow doth hoyst and reare the seas with surges hye.
The waltring waue doth staggering stand not weting what to do,
But (houering) doubtes, whose furious force he best may yeld him to

Ny

My kingdome therfore I cast of, my scepter I forsake
In anger, sorrow, hope, me leade, that way I meane to take.
At all aduenture to the seas I yeld my beaten Barge,
At random carcles wil I runne, now wil I roue at large
Whereas my mynde to fancy fond dath gad and runne astray,
It is the best to chuse that chaunce, and follow on that way.
Nu. This desperat dotage doth declare, and rashnes rude and blynde,
To chuse out chaunce to be the gyde and ruler of thy mynd.
Cli. He that is driuen to vtter pinch and furthest shift of all,
What neede he doubt his doubtful lot or how his lucke befall?
Nut. In silent shore thou saylest yet thy trespas we may hyde,
If thou thy selfe detect it not, nor cause it be descryde.
Cl. Alas it is more blasd abroade, and further it is blowen,
Then any cryme that euer in this princely court was sowen.
Nu. Thy former fait with penstue hart and sorrow thou dost rew.
And fondly yet thou goest about, to set abroch a newe,
Cl. It is a very follishnes to kepe a meane therein.
Nu. The thing he feares he doth augment who heapeth sinne to sinne.
Cli. But fire and sword to cure the same the place of salue supply,
Nu. There is no man who at the first extremity wil trye.
Cl. In working mischiefs men do take the readiest way they fynde.
Nu. The sacred name of wedlocke once renoke and haue in mynd.
Cli. Ten yeares haue I bene desolate, and led a widowes life.
Yet shall I entertayne a new my husband as his wyfe?
Nu. Consider yet thy sonne and heire whom he of thee begot.
Cly. And eake my daughters wedding blase as yet forget I not.
Achilles eke my sonne in law to mynd I do not spare,
How wel he kept his vow that he to me his mother sware.
Nu. When as our nauy might not passe by wynd nor yet by streame,
Thy daughters bloud in sacrifyce their passage did redeme:
Thee slurd and brake the sluggish seas, whose water still did stand,
Whose feble force might not hoyse vp, the bessels from the land.
Cl. I am ashamed herewithal, it maketh me repyne,
That Tyndaris (who from the Gods doth fetch her noble ligne
Should geue the ghost t'asswage the wrath of Gods and them appease,
Wherby the Grekish nauy might haue passage free by seas.
My grudging mynd still harpes vppon my daughters wedding day,
Whom he hath made for Pelops stock the bloudy raunsome pay.
When as with cruel countenaunce embrewd with gorr bloud,
As at a wedding after syde th'unpitiful parent stoodt,

It erked Calchas woful hart, who did abhorre the same,
His Oracle he rewd, and eke the backe reflicting flame
O wicked and ungracious flocke that winnest il with yll,
Tryumphing in thy filthy feats encreasyng leaudnes still.
By bloud we win the wauerynge windes, by death wee purchase warre
Nu. But by this meanes a thousand ships at once released are:
Cly. With lucky fate attempt the seas did not the losed rout?
For Aulis Ile, th'ungracious fleece from port did tumble out?
As with a lewde vnlucky hand the warre he did beginne,
So Fortune fauored his successe to thriue no more therin.
Her loue as captiue holdeth him whom captiue he did take
Not moued with the earnest suite that could Achilles make,
Of Phœbus priest Sminthicall he did retayne the spoyle:
When for the sacred virgins loue his furious breast doth boyle:
Achilles rough and thundring threats could not him qualify,
Nor he that doth direct the fates aboue the starry skye.
To vs he is an Augur iuste, and keepes his promise due,
But while he threats his captiue trals of word he is not true.
The sauage people fierce in wrath once might not moue his spright,
Who did purloyne the kindled tentes with fyer blasting bryght:
When slaughter great on Greekes was made in most extreamest fyght
Without a foe he conquered, with leanes pines awaye,
In lewd and wantõn chamber trickes he spends the idle day,
And freshly still he feedes his lust, least that some other while
His chamber shall should want a strewes, that might the same defile.
On Lady Brises loue again his fancy fonde doth stand,
Whom he hath got, that wrested was out of Achilles hand.
And carnal copulation to haue he doth not shame,
Though from her husbands bosome he hath snacht the wicked dame,
Tushe, he that doth at Paris grudge, with wound but newly stroke
Eftsoons with Phrygian Prophets loue, his boyling breast doth smoke.
Now after Tropan boties braue, and Troy orewhelm'd he saw,
Retourned he is a prysoners spouse, and Pryams sonne in law.
Now heart be bold, take corage good, of stomacke now be stowt,
A field that easely is not fought, to pitch thou goest about.
In practise mischiefe thou must put, why hopst thou for a day,
While Priams daughter come from Troy in Greece do beare the swaye?
But as for the poore sely wyeth, a wayteth at thy place
Thy wyddow, virgyns, and Orest his fatherlyke in face,
Consyder theyr calamityes, to come, and eake their cares,

Whome

Whom all the peril of the broyle doth threat in thy affayres.
O curſed captiue, woful wretch why doſt thou loyter ſo?
Thy little brats a ſtepdame haue whoſe wrath will worke their woe?
With gaſhing ſword (and if thou can none other way prouide)
Thruſt it through anothers ribbes then launch thy gory ſyde,
So murther twayne with brewed bloud, let bloud immixed be,
And by deſtroying of thy ſelfe deſtroy thy ſpouſe with thee.
Death is not ſawſt with ſoppes of Sorrow if ſome man els I haue,
Whoſe breathleſſe corſe I wiſh to paſſe with me to deadly graue.
Nu Queene, bridle thyne affections, and wyſely rule thy rage,
Thy ſwelling moode now mittigate, thy choller take aſſwage.
Way wel the wayghty enterpryſe that thou doſt take in hand,
Tryumphant victor he returnes of mighty Aſia land
Auenging Europes iniury with him he bringes away.
The ſpoyles of ſacked Pargamy a huge and mighty pray.
In bondage take he leades the foalke of long aſſaulted Troy,
Yet dareſt thou by pollicie attempt him to annoy?
Whom with the dynt of glittring ſword Achilles durſt not harme,
Although his raſh and deſperat dickes the froward Knight did arme:
Nor Aiax yet more hardy man vp yelding vitall breath,
Whom frantike fury fell enforſt to wound himſelfe to death:
Nor Hector he whoſe onely life procurde the Greekes delay,
And long in warre for victory enforced them to ſtay:
Nor Paris ſhaft, whoſe conning hand with ſhot ſo ſure did ayme:
Nor mighty Memnon ſwart and blacke, had power to hurt the ſame:
Nor Xanthus flood, where to and fro deade carkaſſes did ſwimme,
With armour hewd and there withall ſome maymed broken limme:
Nor Symois, that purple wawmes with ſlaughter died doth ſeare.
Nor Cygnus lilly whyte, the Sonne of fenny God ſo deare:
Nor yet the muſtering Thracian hoſt: nor warlike Rheſus kinge:
Nor Amazons, who to the warres did painted Quiuers bring,
And bare theyr hatches in their handes with Target and with ſhield,
Yet had no powre with ghaſtly wound to foyle him in the field.
Syth he ſuch ſcouringes hath eſcapt and plunged of perilles paſt
Entendeſt thou to murther him returning home at laſt?
And ſacred alters to prophane with ſlaughters ſo vnpure?
Shal Greece thauenger let this wrong long vnreuenged endure
The grym and fearce corragious horſe, the battayles, ſhoutes, & eyes,
The ſwelling ſeas which bruiſed barkes do dread when ſtormes aryſe,

Behold

Behold the fieldes with streames of bloud ouerflowne & deepely dyound,
And all the chevalry of Troy in seruile bondage bounde,
Which Greekes haue wonne in registers. Thy stubborne stomacke bynd,
Subdue thy fond affections, and pacify thy myndе.

THE SECOND ACTE

THE SECOND SCENE.

Ægysthus, Clytemnestra.

THe cursed tyme that euermore
my mynd did most detest,
The dayes that I abhorred haue
and hated in my breast,
Are come, are come, that myne estate
will bring to vtter wracke:
Alas my hart why dost thou fayle,
and fayntyng flyest backe?
What dost thou meane at first assalte
from armour thus to flye,
Trust this, the cruel Gods entend my doleful destenie,
To wrap thee in with perils round and catch thee in a band?
Endeuer drudge with all thy power their plagues for to withstand:
With stomacke stoute rebellious to fyre and sword appeale
Cli. It is no plague, if such a death thy native destinies deale.
Ae (O partners of my perils all begot of Leda thou)
Direct thy doynges after myne, and vnto thee I bow,
Tote drasel flaggith ringleader, this stout strong harted sire,
Shal pay thee so much bloud againe as shed he hath in tyre
How pappes it that his tremoling cheekes to be so pale and whight,

Lying

Lying agast as in a traunce with fayntyng face vpright.
Cl. His conscience wedlocke vew doth pricke & bringes him home again
Let vs returne the selfe same trade a vew for to retayne,
To which at first we should haue stucke and ought not to forsake,
To couenaunt continent a new let vs our selues betake:
To take the trade of honesty at no tyme is to late:
He purged is from punishment whose hart the cryme doth hate.
Aeg. Why whither wilt thou gad (o rash and vnaduysed deme?)
What dost thou earnestly beleeue, and firmly trust the same,
That Agamemnons spousall bed wil loyall be to thee?
That nought doth vnderprop thy mynd which might thy terrour bee?
His proud successe puft vp to high with lucky blast of wynde,
Might make so cranke, and set aloft his hawty swelling mynd:
Among his peares he stately was ere Troyan turrets torne,
How thinke ye then his stomacke stoute by nature geuen to scorne,
In haughtines augmented is more in himselfe to top,
Throughe this triumphant victory and conquest got of Troy?
Before his voyage Mycene King most mildly did he raygne,
But now a Tyrant truculent returnd he is againe.
Good lucke and proude prosperity do make his hart so ryse.
With what great preparation prepared solemne wyse,
A rabblement of strumpets come that clong about him all?
Vnt yet the Prophetesse of Thebe (whom God of truth we call)
Appeares aboue the rest: she keepes the King, shee doth him guyde:
Wilt thou in wedlocke haue a mate and not for it prouyde?
So would not shee, the greatest greefe this is vnto a wyfe,
Her husbandes wimon in her house to leade an open life.
A Queenes estate cannot abyde her peere with her to raygne,
And iclous wedlocke will not her companion sustayne.
Cl. Aegist in desprat moode agayn why sittst thou mee a flote?
Why kindlest thou the sparkes of yre in imbers couered hot
If that the victors owne free will release his captiues care,
Why may not I his Lady spouse haue hope as wel to fare?
One law doth rule in royal throne, and pompous princelye Towres,
Among the vulger sorte, another in priuate simple bowres.
What though my grudging fancy sorce thee at my husbandes hand,
Sharpe execution of the law I stubbernly withstand?
Recording this that haynously offended him I haue:
He gently will me pardon graunt who neede the same to craue?

Aeg. Euen so on this condition thou mayst with him compound,
To pardon him if he agayne to pardon the be bounde.
The subtil science of the law, the statutes of our land,
(That long agoe decreed were) thou dost not vnderstand.
The Iudges be malicious men, they spyght and enuye vs,
But he shal haue them partiall his causes to discus.
This is the chiefest prtutledge that doth to Kinges belong.
What lawes forbiddeth other men, they doe, and doe no wrong.
Cly. Ye pardned Helen, she is wed to Menela agayne
Which Europe all with Asia did plunge alike in payne.
Aeg. No Ladies Lust hath rauisht yet Atrides in his life,
Nor prtutly purloyned his hart betrothed to his wyfe.
To picke a quarrel he begimnes and matter thee to blame,
Suppose thou nothing hast commit that worthy is of shame?
What boteth him whom Princes hate an honest life to frame?
He neuer doth complayne his wrong, but euer beares the blame.
Wilt thou repayre to Spart and to thy countrey trudge arpght?
Wilt thou become a ronnagate from such a worthy wight?
Deuorcement made from Kinges will not so let the matter scape,
Thou easest feare by fickle hope, that falsly thou dost shape:
Cli. My trespas is disclosd to none, but to a trusty wight:
Aeg. At princes gates disdeity yet neuer enter might.
Cl. I wil corrupt and feede him so with siluer and with gold,
That I by bribing bynd him shall no secrets to vnfold:
Ae. The trust that hyred is and bought by bybes and monels fee,
Thy counsell to bewray agayne with bybes entyse wil be
Cl. The remnaunt left of shamefastnes of those vngracious trickes,
Wherin of late I did delyght, my conscience freshly prickes.
Why kep'st thou such a busse slurre and with thy flatring speach,
Enstructing me with lewd aduyse dost wicked counsell preach
Shall I forsooth of royal blood with al the speed I can
Refuse the King of Kinges, and wed an outcast banisht man:
Aeg. Why should you thinke in that Thiest was father vnto mee,
And Agamemnon Atreus sonne he should my better be?
Cly. If that be but a tryfle smal', and nephew to the same.
Aeg. I am of Phœbus linage borne, wherof I do not shame.
Cl. Why makste thou Phœbus author of thy wicked pedagrew,
Whom out of heauen ye forst to flye when bridle backe he drew,
When Lady Night with mantel blacke did spread her sodeu shade,

Whe

Why makeſt thou the Gods in ſuch reproachfulnes to wade?
Whoſe father hath thee conning made by ſleight and ſubtil guyle
To make thy kinſman Cockold whyle his wyfe thou do defyle.
What man is he whom we do know to be thy fathers mate,
Abuſing luſt of Lechery in ſuch vnlawful rate?
Auaunt, go packe thee hence in haſt, diſpatch out of my ſight
This infamy, whoſe blemiſh ſtaynes this bloud of worthy wyght.
Aeg. This is no new exile to me that wickednes do haunt,
But if that thou (O worthy Queene) commaund me to auaunt,
I will not only ſtrayght auoyde the houſe the towne and field
My life on ſword at thy requeſt I ready am to yeeld
Cli. This heynous dede permit ſhall I (moſt churliſh cruell drab)
Againſt my will though I offend, the fault I ſhould not blabbe:
Nay, rather come apart with mee, and let vs tayne our witteg?
To wrap our ſelues out of this woe and parlous threatning fits.

Chorus.

NOw chaunt it luſty laddes,
Apollos prayſe ſubborne,
To thee the frolicke flocke
their crowned heads adorne.
To thee King Inachs ſtocke
of wedlocke chamber voyde,
Brayd out their virgins lockes
and theron haue employd
Theyr ſauory garlandes greene Itwiſt of laurell bow.
Draw neare with vs O Thebes our dauncing follow thou.
Come alſo ye that drinck of Iſmen bubling flood,
VVheras the Laurell tree ful thicke on bankes doth bood.
Take ye whom Mando mild, the Propheteſſe diuine,
(Foreſeyng fate) and borne of high Tireſias lygne,
Hath ſtird to celebrate with ſacred vſe and right.
Appollo and Dian borne of Latona bright.

OViet-

O Victor Phæbe vnbend thy noked bow agayne.
Syth quietnes and peace anew we do retayne.
And let thy twanckling harpe make melody so shril,
Whyle that thy nimble hand stryke quauers with thy quill.
No curious descant I nor lusty musick craue,
No iolly rumbling note, nor trouling tune to haue.
But on thy treble Lute (according to thy vse)
Stryke vp a playnsong note as when thy learned muse
Thy lessons do record, though yet on baser string
It lyketh thee to play the song that thou did singe:
As when from fyery heauen the dint of lightning flue,
Sent downe by wrath of Gods the Titans ouerthrew
Or else when mountaynes were on mountaynes heaped hie
That rayse for Giauntes fell theyr steppes into the skye,
The mountayne Ossa stoode on top of Pelion layd,
Olymp (whereon the Pynes theyr budding braunches braide)
Downe paised both: drawe nere O Iuno noble dame,
Both spouse of mighty Ioue and sister to the same.
Thou that dost rule with him made ioynter of his mace,
Thy people we of Grece geue honor to thy grace:
Thou onely dost protect from perilles Argos land,
That euer careful was to haue thyne honour stand,
Most supplient thereunto thou also with thy might
Dost order ioyful peace and battails fearce of fyght
Accept O conquering Queene these braunches of the bayes
That Agamemnon here doth yeld vnto thy prayse:
The hollow boxen pype (that doth with holes abound)
In synging vnto the doth geue a solemne sound:
To thee the Damsels eake that play vppon the stringes,
With conning harmony melodious musicke singes.
The matrons eke of Grece by ryper years more graue,
To thee the Taper pay that vowed oft they haue,
The Heyferd young and whyte companion of the Bull.
Vnskilful yet by proofe the paynful plow to pull.

Whose

VVhose neck was neuer worne nor gald with print of yoke,
Is in thy temple slaine receiuing deadly stroke.
O Lady *Pallas* thou of most renoumed hap
Bred of the brayne of *Ioue* that smites with thunder clap,
Thou lofty Troian towres of craggy knotty flint
Hast bet with battring blade, and stroke with iaueling dint:
The elder matrones with the dames that yonger be
Together in myngled heapes do honour due to thee,
VVhen thou approching nighe thy comming is espyde,
The priest vnbarres the gate, and opes the Temple wide:
By clustring thronges the flocks thine altars haunt apace,
Bedeckte with twisted crownes so trim with comely grace.
The olde and auncient men well stept and grown in yeares,
VVhose feeble trembling age proeureth hoary hayres
Obtayning their requeste crau'de of thy grace deuine,
Do offer vp to thee their sacrifysed wyne,
O bright Dian whose blase sheds light three sondry waies
VVe myndful are of thee, and render thankefull prayse,
Delon thy natiue soyle thou diddest fyrmely bynde,
That to and fro was wont to wander with the wynde:
VVhich with foūdation sure mayn ground forbyds to passe
For Nauies (after which to swim it wonted was)
It is become a road defying force of wynd,
The mothers funeralles of Tantalus his kinde.
The daughters seuen by death thou victresse dost accompt
VVhose mother Niobe abydes on Sipil mount
A lamentable rocke and yet vnto this howre
Her teares new gushing, out the marble old doth powre.
The Godhead of the Twins in sumpteous solemne wyse,
Both man and wyfe adore with sauory sacrifyce.
But thee aboue the rest O father great and guide,
VVhose mighty force is by the burning lightning tryde:
Who when thou gauest a becke and dost thy head but shake
At once the extremest poales of heauen and earth did quake,

O Iu-

O Iupiter the roote that of our lynage arte,
Accept theſe offered gifts and take them in good parte:
And thou O graundſire great to thy poſteritie.
Haue ſome remorſe, that do not ſwarue in chyualrie.
But yonder lo with ſtiuing ſteps the ſouldier comes amayne
In all poſt haſt, with token that good newes declareth plaine
A Lawrell braunch, that hangeth on his ſpeare head he doth
Euribates is come, who hath ben truſty to the kynge. (bringe

THE THIRD ACTE.

Euribates. Clytemneſtra.

Ore tyred after many yeares
with trauayle and wyth toyle
Scant credityng my ſelfe, the Gods
of thys my natyue ſoyle,
The temple, and the alters of
the ſaincts that rule the ſkye,
In humble ſoyt wyth reuerence
deuoutly worſhip I.
Now pay your vowes vnto the Gods:
returned is agayne
Vnto his countrey court, where wont he was to rule, and reigne,
Prynce Agamemnon, victor he, of Grece the great renoume.
Cly. The tydings of a meſſage good vnto mine eares is blowne.
Where ſtayes my ſpouſe whō longing ſoyten yeres I haue out ſcande?
What doth he yet ſayle on the ſeas, or he is come a lande?
Yet hath he fyxt and ſet his foote back ſtepping home agayne.
Vppon the ſandy ſhoze, that longe he wiſhed to attayne?
And doth he ſtyll enioy his health enhaunce in glozy great,
And painted out in pompe of prayes whoſe fame the ſky doth beate?

Bleſſe

Eu. Bleſſe we with burning ſacrifice at length this lucky day
Cli. And eke the Gods though gracious, yet dealing long delay:
Declare if that my brothers wyfe enioy the bytall ayre
And tel me to what kind of Coaſt my ſiſter doth repayre.
Euri. God graunt, & geue vs better newes then this that thou doſt craue
The heauy hap of fyghting floods forbiddes the truth to haue,
Our ſcattred fleete the ſwelling ſeas attempted in ſuch a plight,
That ſhip from ſhip was taken cleane out of each others ſight.
A tride in the waters wyde tormoyld and ſtraying farre
Wyth violence by ſeas ſuſtayned then by the bloudy warre
And as it were a conquerd man eſcaping home al weete
Now bringeth in his company of ſuch a mighty fleete,
A ſort of bruſed broken barkes, beſhaken, torne, and rent.
Cli. Shew what vnlucky chaunce it is that hath our nauy ſpent.
What ſtorme of ſeas diſperſed hath our Captaynes hear and there
Eury. Thou willeſt me to make report of heauy woful geare.
Thou biddeſt me moſt greeuous newes with tydinges good to part:
For utring of this woeful hap my feeble mynd doth ſtart.
And horribly appauled is with this ſo monſtruous ill.
Cly, Speake out and vtter it: himſelfe with terrour he doth fill,
Whoſe hart his owne calamity and carke doth loath to know:
The hart whom doubted domage dulles with greater griefe doth glow
Eu. When Troyan buildings blaſing bright did burne away and broyle,
Enkindled firſt by Grekiſh brand, they fall to part the ſpoyle:
Repayring faſt vnto the ſeas agayne we come abooard,
And now the ſouldiers weary loynes were eaſed of his ſword,
Their bucklers caſt aſide, vppon the hatches lie aboue.
Their warlike handes in practiſe put, and Oers learne to moue:
Eche little hindraunce ſeemes to much to them in haſty plight,
When of recourſe the Admirall gaue watchword by his light,
And trumpet blaſt begaune to cal our army from delay,
The paynted Pup with gilded ſnowt did firſt guyde on the way:
And cut the courſe, which following on a thouſand ſhippes did rgue,
Then firſt a wynd with pipling puffes our launcing ſhips did drgue,
Which glyded downe vpon our ſayles the water beyng calme
With breath of weſterne wynd ſo myld ſcant moued any walme.
The ſhyning ſeas beſpred about with ſhippes doth gliſter bright,
And alſo couerd with the ſame lay hid from Phœbus lyght:
It doth vs good to gaſe vppon the naked ſhore of Troy:
The deſart Phrygian plots ſo bare to vew we hop for ioye:

The

The youth each one besturres themselues, and striking altogether,
They tough their oers & with their toyle they helpe the wynd & weather.
They tug and chearely row by course, the spirting seas vp dash,
Agaynst the rattling ribs of ships the flapping floods do flash
The hoary froth of wrestling waues which ores aloft doth rayse,
Do draw and trace a furrow through the marblefaced seas.
When stronger blast with belly swolne our hoysted sayles did fil,
They row no more, but let the Pup to goe with wynd at wil,
Their sherpng oers layd aslyde our Pilot doth espye,
How farre from any land aloofe our sayles reculing lye.
Or bloudy battels doth display the threats of Hector stout,
Or of his rattling waggings tels, wherein he rode about.
Or how his gashed carkas slayne and traynd about the field
To funeral flames and obit rightes for coyne agayne was yeld.
How Iupiter embathed was al in his royall bloud.
The frolicke fish disposed was to mirth in Tyren floud,
And fetching friskes both in and out playes on the waters brim,
And on his broade and spunny backe about the seas doth swim,
With gambals quicke in ringes around and side to side enclynd,
Erwhyle he sportes afront the pup, and whips agayne behynd,
Now sidling on the snout before the dalping wanton route
With iocundary soly tryckes doth skip the fleete about.
Sometyme he standeth gasing on and eyes the vessels bright,
Now euery shore is couered cleane, and land is out of sight,
The parlous poynt of Ida rocke in sight doth open lye,
And that alone espie we could with firmly fixed eye,
A duskye clowde of stifling smoake from Troy did smolter blacke,
When Titan from the weary neckes the heauy yokes did slacke.
The fading light did groueling bend, and downe the day did shrowd,
Agaynst the Starres amounting vp a litle mistye clowde
Came belching out in vrksome lompe, and Thœbus gallend beams
He spewd vppon, bestaynng them duct downe in Westerne streams.
The Sunne set swaruing in such sort with diuers chaunge of face,
Did geue vs cause to haue mistrust of Neptunes doubted grace,
The euening first did burnish bright, and paynt with starres the sky.

The

The wyndes were layed, and cleane forsooke our sayles that quiet lie.
When cracking, ratling, rumbling noyse, rusht down w̄ thundring sway
From top of hills, which greatter sturre doth threaten and bewraye.
With bellowinges, and yellinges lowde, the shores do grunt & grone,
The craggy clyues and roaring rocks do howle in hollow stone.
The bubling waters swelles vpreard before the wrastling wynd,
When sodaynly the lowring light of Mone is hid and blynd.
The glymsing starres do goe to glade, the surging seas are tost
Euen to the skyes among the clowdes the light of heauen is lost.
Wore nightes in one compacted are with shadow dim and blacke,
One shadow vpon another doth more darknes heape and packe,
And euery sparke of light consum'd the waues and skyes do meete,
The ruffling windes range on the seas, through euery coast they flit.
They heaue it vp with violence, ouerturnde from bottom low,
The westerne wynd flat in the face of Easterne wynd doth blow.
With hurley burley Boreas set ope his blasting mouth,
And girdeth out his boysterous breth against the stormy south,
Each wynd with al his might doth blow, and worketh daungers deepe,
They shake the floods, a sturdy blast along the seas do sweepe.
That rolles and tumbles waue on waue, a northren tempest stronge,
Aboundance great of flacky snow doth harle our shippes amonge.
The southwynd out of Libia, doth rage vppon a shold,
And with the puissant force therof the quicksandes vp be rold,
Nor vpdeth in the south which doth with tempest lumpe and lower,
And force the flowing floods to rise by powring out a shower.
The stubberne Eurus, Earthquakes made, and shoke the cōtries East,
And Eos cost where Phœbus first aryseth from his rest.
How violent Corus stretcht and tare his pawning breast ful wyde?
A man would sure haue thought the world did from his center slyde,
And that the frames of Heauen broke vp the Gods adowne would fall
And Chaos darke confused heape would shade and couer all.
The streame straue with the wynd, the wynd dyd beate it downe againe.
The springing sea within his bankes can not it selfe containe,
The raging showre his trilling droppes doth mingle with the seas,
And yet in all this misery the lend not so much ease,

To see

To see and know what ill it is, that worketh theyr decay.
The darknes dim oppresseth still and keepes the light away:
The blackfacst night with Hellicke hue was clad of Stygian lake
And yet ful oft with glimsing beames the sparkling fyre out brake,
The clowde doth cracke, and derne rent the lightning leapeth out,
The wretches like the same so well it shyning them about,
That still they wish such light to haue (although God wot but yll)
The naup swaping downe it selfe doth cast away, and spill.
One side with other side is crackt, and helme is rent with helme,
The ship it selfe the gulping seas do headlong ouerwhelme.
Erwhyle a greedy gaping gulph doth sup it vp amayne,
Then by and by tost vp aloft it spewes it out againe,
She with her swagging full of sea to bottome lowe doth sinke
And drencheth deepe alyde in floods her totring broken brinke.
That vnderneath a dosen waues lay drowned out of sight,
Her broken plankes swim vp and downe, spoyld is her tackle quight,
Both sayle and Oers cleane are lost, the mayne mast eke is gone.
That wonted was to beare vpright the sayle yard thereuppon,
The timber and the broken bordes lye on the waters brim,
When cold and shiuering feare in vs doth strike through euery lim,
The wysest wits entockstcate dare nothing enterprise,
And cunning practise naught anayles when feareful stormes aryse,
The mareners letting duty slip stand staring all agast,
Their scoping ores sodaynly out of their handes are wrast.
To prayer then apace we fall, when other hope is none,
The Greekes and Troyans to the Gods alyke do make their mone.
Alacke what succour of the fates may wee poore wretches fynd?
Against his father Pyrrhus beares a spyteful cankred mynd,
At Ayax grudge Vlisses doth, king Menela doth hate
Great Hector: Agamemnon is with Priam at debate.
O happy man is he that doth lye slayne in Troyan ground,
And hath deserude by handy stroake to take his fatall wound,
Whom fame preserueth, taking vp his tombe in conquerd land
Those momes whose melting cowardes hart durst neuer take in hand
Or enterprise no noble acte, those force of floods shall drowne
But fate forbearing long, wil take stoute Brutes of high renoume,
Ful wel we may ashamed be, in such a sort to dye,
If any man his spyteful mynd yet can not satisfye,
With these outragious plunging plagues that downe frō Gods are set,
Appease at length thy wrathful God agayne and take relent.

Euen

Euen Troy for pity would haue wept, to see our woefull case,
But if that in thy boyling breast black rancour still haue place,
And that the Greekes to ruin run, it bee thy purpose bent,
Why doe these Troyans goe to wrack? for whom thus are wee spent?
Asswage the rygour of the sea that threatning hilles vp reares:
This drenched Fleete the Troyan folke and Greekes together beares.
Then from theyr prayers are they put, theyr foultring tonges doe stay,
The roring seas doth drowne their voyce and carpes their cries away.
Then mighty Pallas armed with the lepping lightning fyre,
That teatly loue doth vse to hurle prouokt to swelling yre,
With threatning Jaueling in her hand, her prowesse meanes to try,
And eke her force whose boyling breast with Gorgon sits doth fry,
Or what with Target she can doe, and with her Fathers fyre.
Then from the Skyes another storme begins abroade to spyre,
But Aiax nothing yet dismaide all force withstandeth stout,
Whom when hee spyed his swelling sayles with Cable stretched out,
She lightning downe did wryng him hard, and wrapt him in her flame,
And flang another flashing dint of lightning on the same,
With all her force and violence her hand brought back agayne,
She tost him out, as late that feate her father tought her playne.
Both ouer Aiax and his Pup she flyeth ouerthwart,
And renting man and shyp, of both shee beares away a part,
His corage nought abated yet hee all to dingde doth seeme,
Euen like a stubberne ragged Rocke amid the striuing streame,
Hee traynes along the roaring seas and eke the waltring waue
By thouing on his bourly breast in sunder quite he draue,
The Barke with hand he caught, and on it selfe did tryp it ouer,
Yet Aiax shyneth in the floud which darkneſse blinde doth couer.
At length attayning to a rocke his thundring crakes were these,
I conquered haue the force of fyre and rage of fighting seas,
It doth mee good, to mayster thus the anger of the skye,
With Pallas wrath, the lightning flames and floods tumultyng hye.
The terrour of the warlyck god once could not make me flye,
The force of Mars and Hector both at once sustaynd haue I.
Nor Phœbus dartes could me constrayne, from him one foote to shoon,
All these beside the Phrygians subdued we haue, and woon.
When other Wrecocks slinges his darts shall I not them withstand?
Yea, what if Phœbus came himselfe, to pytch them with his hand?
When in hys melancholy moode he boasted without meane.
Then father Neptune lyft his heat aboue the waters cleane.

The beaten rocke with forked mace he vndermyning pluckte
From bottom loose, and sunckе it downe, when downe himself he duckt.
There Aiax lay, by land, by fyre, and stormе of seas destroid
But we by suffering shypwrack, are with greater plagues anoyd.
A subtyle shallow floud there is flowne on a stony shold,
Where crafty Caphar out of syght the lurking rocks doth hold,
Vppon whose sharpe and ragged tops the swelling tide doth flow,
The boyling waues do beat thereon still sweaing to and fro:
A turret nodding ouer it doth hange with fallyng sway,
From whence on either side from height prospect espy wee may
Two seas: and on this hand the coast where Pelops once did raygne,
And Isthmus floud in narrow creeke, reculing back agayne,
Doth stop Ionian sea, least into Hellespont it run,
On th'other part is Lemnon floud that fame by bloudshed woon.
On th'other side Calcedon towne doth stand agaynst this forte,
And Aulis Ile that stayde our ships that thyther did resorte.
This Castell heere inhabyte doth our Palimedes fier,
Whose cursed hand helde in the top a brand of flaming fier.
That did allure our fleete, to turne on lurking rockes a ryght,
Entysing them with wily blaze to come vnto the lyght.
All into fitters shaken are the vessels on the sholde,
But other some doe swym, and some vpon the rockes are roulde.
And other slipping backe agayne so to eschew the Rocks,
His bruised Rybs, and ratling sides agaynst eche other knocks,
Whereby the other hee doth breake, and broken is himselfe,
Then would they launce into the deepe, for now they dread the shelfe.
This peck of troubles chaunct to hap in dawning of the day.
But when the Gods (besought of vs) began the rage to stay,
And Phœbus golden beames began a freshe to render lyght,
The dolefull day discried all the domage done by nyght.
CLY. O whether may I now lament, and weepe with wayling sad?
Or shall I eis in that my Spouse returned is bee glad?
I doe reioyce, and yet I am compelled to bewayle
My countreyes great calamity that doth the same assayle.
O Father great whose majesty doth thundring Scepters shake,
The lowring Gods vnto the Greekes now fauourable make,
With garlands greene let euery head reioysing now be crounde.
To thee the pype in sacrifice melodiously doth sounde,
And on thyne aulter lyeth slayne an Heyfer lilly whight,
Before the same doe present stand with hanging lockes vndight,

A carefull

A carefull Troyan company in heauy wofull plight,
On whom frō high the Lawrell tree with spredding braunch doth shyne,
Whose vertue hath inspyred them with Phœbus grace diuine,

CHORVS. CASSANDRA.

ALas the cruell sting of Ioue
how sweetely doth it taste,
A misery to mortall man
annext whyle lyfe doth last?
The pathe of mischiefe for to flye,
now sith there is a gap,
And wretched soules be frankly calde
From euery wofull hap,
By death, a pleasaunt port, for aye in rest them selues to shroude,
Where dreadfull tumultes neuer dwell nor stormes of Fortune proude:
Nor yet the burning firy flakes of Ioue the same doth doubt,
When wrongfully with thwacking thumpes he raps his thunder out:
Heere Lady Peace th'inhabitours doth neuer put in flight,
Nor yet the victors threatning wrath approching nygh to fight,
No whyrling western wynde doth vrge the ramping seas to praunce,
No dusky cloude that raysed is by sauage Dimilaunce,
On horseback riding ranche, by ranche, no fearce and cruell host,
No people slaughtred, with their townes cleane topsie turuey tost:
Whyle that the foe with flaming fyre doth spoyle and waste the wall,
Untamed and vnbridled Mars destroyes and batters all:
That man alone who forceth not the fickle fates a strawe,
The vysage grim of Acheront whose eyes yet neuer sawe,
Who neuer bewd with heauy cheare the vgsome Limbo lake,
And putting lyfe in hasarde, dare to death him selfe betake.
That person is a Prynces peare, and lyke the Gods in myght,
Who knoweth not what death doth meane is in a pitious plight
The ruthfull ruin of our natyue countrey wee beholde:
That wofull nyght, in which the rookes of houses ouerquelde,
In Dardans Citty blasing bright with flasshing fiery flames.
When as the Greekes with burning brandes enkindle did the frames,
That Troy whom warres deedes of armes might not subdue and take.
As once did mighty Hercules, whose Vigour causde it quake,

Which neither he that Peleus sonne, and sonne to Thetis was,
Nor whom Achilles loued to wel, could euer bringe to passe,
When glytering bright in field he ware false armour on his back,
And counterfayting fearse Achill the Tropans drawe to wrack.
Nor when Achilles he hym selfe his minde from sorow wrast,
And Tropan women to the walles did scuddyng leape in hast.
In myserie she lost her proud estate, and last renoume,
By being stoutly ouercome, and hardly pulled downe.
Yeares fyue & fyue did Troy resiste, that yet hereafter must,
In one nyghts space by destenie be layed in the dust.
Theyr fained giftes well haue we tried that huge and fatall gin:
We lyght of credit, with our owne ryght hand haue haled in,
That fatall gyft of Greekes: what tyme at entry of the gap
The hugye hors did shyuering stand, where in them selues did wrap
The captaynes close, in holow vaultes with bloudy war pfreight.
When lawfully we might haue tryde, and serched their deceit:
So by theyr owne contryued snares the grekes had bin confound:
The brasen bucklers being shooke did gyue a clattring sound.
A pryuy whysperyng often tymes came tyckling in our ear.
And Pyrrhus (in a murreynes name so ready for to heare.
The crafty councell picked out of false Vlisses brayne,)
Did tangle in the holow Vaultes, that range thereof agayne.
But fearing and suspecting nought the headdy youth of Troy
Layde handes vpon the sacred ropes, to hale and pull with toy.
On this syde younge Astyanax came garded with his trayne,
On th'other part Pollixena disponsed to bee slayne
Vpon Achilles tombe, she coms with maydes, and hee with men,
A holy flocke with equall yeares as younge as they were then.
Theyr vowd oblations to the gods in holy day attyre,
The matrons bryng and so to church repayreth euery syre.
And all the city did alyke, yea Hecuba our queene
(That synce the woful Hectors death or now was neuer sene)
She mery is: O griefe accurst, of all thy sorowes depe
For whych that first, or last befell entendest thou to wepe?
Our battred walles which heauenly hands erected haue and framde?
Or els the burning temples which vpon their Idols flamde?
Lamenting these calamyties wee haue not time and space,
O mighty parent Pryam we poore Tropans waple thy case.
The olde mans thratling throate I sawe, (alas) I saw pborde
With cruell Pyrrhus blade, that scante with any bloud was gorde.

CAS. Re-

CAS. Refraine your teares ỹ down your cheekes should trickle euermore
With woefull waylings piteously your p̃uate friendes deplore
My mysteries refuse a mate, so much accurst as I:
To rewe my carefull case, refrayne your lamentable cry.
As for myne owne distresse to moorne, I shall suffice alone.
CHO. To mingle teares with other teares it doth vs good to mone:
In those the burning tearye streames more ardently doe boyle,
Whom secret thoughts of lurking cares in p̃ty breast turmoyle:
Though that thou were a Eossop stout, that brooke much sorrow may
I warraunt thee, thou myghtest well, lament this sore decay.
Not sad and solemne Aedon that in the woodes doth singe
Her sugred Ditties finely tunde on sweete and pleasaunt stringe:
Recording Itys woefull hap in diuers kynde of note,
Whom Progne though he were her chylde and of her wombe begot,
For to reueng his fathers fault, she did not spare to kill:
And gaue his flesh and bloude for foode the fathers Maw to fill.
For Progne who in Swallowes shape: vpon the ryuages lyte,
Of houses sits in Biston towne bewayling piteously,
With chattering throate, of Tereus her spouse the cruell act,
(Who did by strength and force of armes a shamefull bruttishe fact,
Defile the syster of his wyfe, sayre Philomel by name,
And eke cut out her tonge, least shee should blab it to his shame)
Though Progne this her husbandes raye lamenting very sore
Doe wayle, and weepe with piteous plaint, yet can shee not deplore
Sufficiently, though that shee would, our countreyes piteous plight:
Though he himselfe among the Swans syr Cygnus lilly whight.
Who dwelles in streame of Ister floud, and Tanais channell coulde,
His weeping voyce most ernestly though bitter out her woulde:
Although the morninge Halcyons with dolefull sighes doe wayle,
In such time as the fighting floudes their Cyex did assayle,
Or rashly waxing boulde attempt the Seas now layde at rest,
Or being very fearefull feede their broode in tottring nest,
Although as squemishe hearted men those pyeces in bedlem rage,
Whom mother Cyble being borne on high in lofty stage,
Doth moue, to play on shalmes, Atys the Phrygian to lament,
Yet can not they this lot bewayle, though brawn frō armes they rent.
Cassandra, in our teares there is no measure to refrayne,
Those miseryes all measure passe, that plunged vs in payne,
The sacred fillets from thy heads, why dost thou hale and pull?
They chiefly ought to worship God, whose hearts with griefe be dull.

CAS. My feare by this affliction is cleane abated all,
Nor praying to the heauenly Ghostes for mercy will I call.
Although they were disposde to chafe and fret in fustien fumes:
They nothing haue me to displease, Fortune her force consumes.
Her spyte is wayne vnto the stumpes, what countrey haue I left?
Where is my Syre? am I of all my systers quite bereft.
The sacred tombes and alter stones our bloud haue drunke & swylde,
Where are my brethren blessed knot? destroyed in the fylde.
All widdow Wyues of Priams sonnes may easly now beholde,
The Palace voyde and cast of court of silly Priam olde.
And by so many marriages so many Wyddowes are,
But onely Hellen comming from the coast of Lacon farre.
That Hecuba the mother of so many a pryncely wyght,
Whose fruitfull Wombe did breede the brand, of fyer blasting bryght:
Who also bare the swinge in Troy, by practise now doth learne,
New lawes and guise of seeing in bondage to discerne.
On her shee taketh heart of grace with lookes so sterne and wylde,
And barketh as a bedlem bitch about her strangled chylde
Deare Polidor, the remnaunt left, and onely hope of Troy,
Hector, and Priam to reuenge, and to restore her toy.
CHO. The sacred Phœbus Pryest is with sodayne silence husht:
A quaking trembling shyuering feare throughout her lims hath rusht:
Her Face as pale as Ashes is, her Fillits stande vpryght,
The soft and gentle goldilockes starte vp of her affright.
Her panting breathing breast shut vp within doth grunt and grone.
Her glaring bryght and steaming Eyes are hether and thyther throwne.
Now glauncing vp and downe they roll: now standing stiffe they stare.
She stretcheth vp her head more streyght then commonly she bare,
Boult vp she goes, her wasshing Jawes that fast together clinge,
She doth attempt by diuers meanes, on sunder how to wringe.
Her mumbling words in gabling mouth shut vp she doth asswage,
As Menas mad that Bacchus aares doth serue in furious rage.
CAS. How doth it hap (O sacred tops of high Parnassus hill)
That me berapt of sence, with pryckes of fury fresh yee fill?
Why doe you me with ghost inspyre, that am beside my wits?
O Phœbus none of thyne I am, releasse me from the fits:
Inflixed in my burning breastes the flames extinguish out,
Who forceth me with fury fell to gad and trot about?
Or for whose sake inspyred with spyte mad mumbling make must I?
Why play I now the Pryest colde, sith Troy in dust doth ly?

The day

The day doth shrynke for dread of warre, the night doth dim mine eyes.
With mantell blacke of darknesse deepe cleane couerd is the skyes:
But loe two shining Sunnes at once in heauen appeareth bryght,
Two Grecian houses muster doe their armies twayne to fight.
Amonge the mighty Goddesses in Ida woodes I see,
The fatall sheepherd in his throne as vmpier plast to bee:
I doe aduise you to beware, beware (I say) of brynges,
(A kindred in whose cancred heartes olde priuy grudges springes)
That countrey clowne Ægisthus he this flocke shall ouerthrowe,
What doth this foolish desprat dame her naked weapons showe?
Whose crowne entendeth shee to cracke in weede of Lacon lande,
With Hatchet (by the Amazons inuented first) in hand?
What face of mighty maiesty bewitched hath myne eyes?
The conquerour of saluage beastes Marmarick Lyon lyes,
Whose noble necke is wurried with currish fange and tooth
The churlish snaps of eger Lyonesse abyde hee dooth.
Alacke yee ghostes of all my friendes why should yee say that I,
Among the rest am onely safe, from perils farre to ly?
Fayne father follow thee I would, Troy being layde in dust.
O brother terrour of the Greekes, O Troyans ayde and trust.
Our auncient pomp I doe not see, nor yet thy warmed handes,
(That fearce on Greekish flaming fleete did fling the fyry brandes)
But mangled members, schorched corps, and take thy valiaunt armes,
Hard pinioned and bounde in bands sustayning greeuous harmes:
O Troyolus, a match vnfit encountering with Achill
(That mighty man of armes) to soone come vnto thee I will.
I doe delight, to sayle with them on stinking Stygian flood.
To vew the churlishe mastife cur of hell, it doth mee good.
And gaping mouthed Kingdome darke of greedy Diris raygne.
The Barge of filthy Phlegethon this day shall entertayne,
Mee conquering, and conquered, and Prynces soules with all.
You flittering ghostes I you beseeche, and eeke on thee I call,
O Stygian poole (whereon the Gods their solemne othes doe take
Vnbolt a whyle the Brasen bars of darksome Lymbo lake.
Whereby the Phrygian folke in hell may Micean state beholde.
Looke vp yee silly wretched soules, the fates are backward roulde.
The scally sisters doe approch, and deale their bloudy strokes,
Their smoulring faggots in their handes halfe burnte to ashes smokes.
Their vysages so pale for burne, with fyry flaming eyes:
A garment blacke their gnawed guts doth gryde in mourning guyse.

Dire dread of night begins to howle, the bones of body bast
With lying long doe rot corrupt in miry pudle cast.
Beholde, the wery aged man his burning thyrst forgot,
The waters dalying at his lippes to catch endeuors not:
But mourneth for the funerall, that shall ensue anon.
The Troyan Prynce his royall robes tryumphant putteth on.
CHO. The furious rage cleane ouerpast begins it selfe to slake,
And slyps away, euen as a Bull that deadly wounde doth take
On gashed neck afront the aares: come let vs ease at last
Her lymbes, that of the spyte of God hath felt the mighty blast.
Returning home agayne at length and crounde with Laurell bow
(A signe of worthy victory) is Agamemnon now.
The Wyfe to meete her Husband, doth her speedy passage plye,
Returning hand in hand, and foote by foote most louingly.

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

AGAMEMNON. CASSANDRA.

AT length I doe arryue agayne
vppon my natiue soyle:
God saue thee O deare loued Lande,
to thee so huge a spoyle
So many barbarous people yeelde:
the flowre of Asia, Troy:
To beare thy yoake submits her selfe,
that longe did liue in joy.
Why doth this Prophet (on the grounde her sprawling body layde)
Thus reele and stagger on her necke, all trembling and dismayde?
Sirs, take her vp, with Lycour warme let her bee cheartshed.
Now peepes she vp agayne, with drouping eyes sonke in her head:
Plucke vp thy spyrte, heere is the pyrte wight for in misery:
This day is festiuall. CAS. At Troy so was it wont to bee.
AG. Let vs to Th'alters worship gyue. C. At Th'alters died my sire:
A. Pray wee to Ioue. C. To Ioue whose grace diuine doth me inspire?

AG. Dost

AG. Doſt thou ſuppoſe that Troy thou ſeeſt? C. And Priam eke I ſee.
AG. Troy is not heere. C. where Helen is there take I Troy to bee,
AG. Feare not as maide to ſerue thy dame. C. May fredome draweth ny.
AG. Take thou no thought how thou ſhalt liue. C. All cares for to defy,
Death giues a courage vnto mee. AG Yet ſay I once agayne
There is no daunger left, wherby thou mighteſt hurt ſuſtayne.
CA. But yet much troublous daũger doth hang ouer thy head I wot.
AG What miſchiefe may a victor dread? CA. Euen ſ hee dreadeth not.
AG. Yee truſty meny of my men come carry her away,
Till of the ſpyte thee red her ſelfe, leaſt fury force her ſay
That may be preiudiciall, her tongue ſhe cannot frame.
To thee O Father flinging forth the lightnings flaſhing flame,
That doſt diſperſe the cloudes, and rule the courſe of every ſtarre,
And guyde the Globe of Earth, to whom the booties woon by warre
With triumphe victors dedicate: to thee O Iuno bight
The ſyſter deare of doughty Ioue, (thy huſband full of might)
Both Iand Greece with fleſh and bloude, and eke our bowed beaſt,
And gorgious gyftes of Arabie, giue worſhip to thy heſt.

Chorus.

GREECE by noble Gentlemen
in honour ſhyning cleare,
O GREECE to wrathfull IVNO thou
that art the darling deare,
Some ſtilly worthy luſty bloude
thou foſters euermore,
Thou haſt made euen the Gods, that were
a number odde before.
That puiſſaunt mighty Hercules a noble Impe of thyne
Deſerued by his trauels twelue, rapt vp in heauen to ſhyne.
For whom the heauens did alter courſe, and Iupiter with all
Did iterate the howres of nyght, when dampiſhe dewe doth fall.
And charged Phœbus chariot ſwyfte to trot with ſlower pace,
And leaſurely bright lady Moone thy homwarde Wayne to trace,
Bright Luciſer that yeare by yeare his name a newe doth chaunge,
Came backe agayne, to whom the name of Heſper ſeemed ſtraunge.

Aurora to

Aurora to her common course her reared head addrest,
And couching backward downe againe the same shee did arest,
Upon the shoulder of her spouse, whose peares with age are worne
The east did feele, so felt the west, that Hercules was borne.
Dame nature couldе not cleane dispatch, to biter in one night,
That boystous lad: the whyrling worlde did waight for such a wight.
O babe whose shoulders vnderprop, the ample spacious sky,
In clasped armes thy prowesse did the crushed Lyon try.
Who from his fyry pawning throate spewes out his broyling brande,
The nimble hynde in Menall mount hath knowne thy heauy hande:
The Boze hath felt thy fyst, which did Arcadia destroy.
The monstrous conquerde Bull hath rorde that Creta did anoy.
The Dragon dyre that breeding beast in Lerna poole he slewe,
And chopping of one head forbad thereof to ryse anewe.
With clubbed brusling battring batte he crankly did subdew.
(The brethren twins ẏ tewde on Teate) whereof three monsters grew.
Of tryple formed Gerion the spoyle into the east,
A droue of Cattell Hercules did fetch out of the weast.
Away from tyraunt Diomede the Thracian horse he led,
Which neyther with the grasse that grew by Styrmon floud he fed,
Nor yet on Heber bankes, but them the bullayne did refresh
His greedy mounching cramming iades with auaunts bloud and flesh.
Their rawfed Jawes in brewde were with the carmans bloud at last,
The spoyles and shaftes Hipolyte saw from her bosome wast
As sone as he with clattring shaft the dusky cloude did smite,
The Stymphall byrde that shadowed the sunne, did take her flight.
The fertill tree that apples beares of golde, did feare him sore,
Which neuer yet acquayntaunce had with Tasters tooth before.
But whipping vp with liuely twigges into the ayre she flys,
And whyle the chinking plate doth sound then Argos full of eyes,
The watchman chinking close for colde that sleepe yet neuer knew,
Doth heare the noyse whyle Hercules with mettall of yellow hew
Well loden pacas away, and left the greue beslicked cleane.
The hound of hell did holde his tongue drawne vp in tryple cheane,
Nor barkt with any boughtinge throate, nor couldе abyde the hewe,
Or colour of the heauenly syght, whose beames hee neuer knewe.
When thou wert captayne Generall, and didst conduct our Hoste,
(They that) of Dardans Lygne, to come theyr Stocke doe falsly boste,
Were vanquished by force of armes and since they felt againe
Thy Gray goose winge, whose bitternesse to feare might the constrayne.

THE

THE FIFTE ACTE.

CASSANDRA.

Within a reuell rexe is kept,
as sore as euer was,
Euen at the ten yeares siege of Troy:
What thing is this? (alas)
Get by my soule, and of the rage
auengement worthy craue:
Though Phrygians wee bee vanquished,
the victory we haue.
The matter well is brought aboute:
vp Troy thou ryses now,
Thou flat on floore hast pulde down Greece, to ly as low as thou.
Thy Conquerour doth turne his Face: my prophesying spyght
Did neuer yet disclose to mee so notable a sight:
I see the same, and am thereat, and hussed in the throple,
No vision fond fantasticall my senses doth beguile:
Such fare as Prygians feasted with on last vnhappy night
At Agamemnons royall courte full daintily they dight:
With purple hangings all adorned the brodred Beds doe shyne,
In olde Assaracks goblets gylt they swincke and swill the wyne.
The King in gorgyous royall robes on cheyre of State doth sit,
And prauckt with pryde of Pryams pomp of whom he conquerd it.
Put of this hostile weede, to him, (the Queene, his Wyfe gan say,)
And of thy louing Lady wrought weare rather thys aray.
This garment knit. It makes mee loth, that shiuering heere I stande.
O shall a King be murthered, by a banisht wretches hande?
Out, shall Th'adulterer destroy the husbande of the Wyfe?
The dreadful destinies approcht, the foode that last in lyfe
He tasted of before his death, theyr maysters bloud shall see,
The gubs of bloude downe dropping on the wynde shall powred bee.
By traytrous tricke of trapping weede his death is brought about,
Which being put vpon his yeade his handes coulde not get out,

The slop-

The ſtopped poake with mouth ſet ope his muffled head doth hyde,
The mankinde dame with trembling hand the ſwerd drew from her ſide,
Nor to the vtmoſt of her might it in his fleſh thee thraſt,
But in the gieuing of the ſtroke ſhee ſtayed all agaſt,
Hee as it were a briſtled Bore entangled in the net
Among the brears in buſhy woodes yet tryeth out to get.
With ſtrugling much the ſhrinking bands more ſtreightly he doth bind.
He ſtryues in vayne, and would ſlip of the ſnare that doth him blind.
Which catcheth holde on euery ſyde. But yet th'entangled wretch
Doth grope about, his ſubtle foes with griping hand to catch.
But furious Tyndaris preparde the Pollaxe in her hande,
And as the prieſt to ſacrifice at Th'alter ſide doth ſtande,
And vewes with eye the Bullockes necke, eare that with axe he ſmite,
So to and fro ſhee heaues her hand to ſtryke and leauell right.
He hath the ſtroke: diſpatcht it is: not quite chopt of the head
It hangeth by a litle crop: heere from the Carkaſſe dead
The ſpouting bloude came guſhing out: and there the head doth lye,
With wallowing, bobling, mumbling tongue: nor they do by and bye
Forſake him ſo: the breathleſſe coarſe Ægiſt doth all to corſe:
And mangled hath the gaſhed corpes; whyle thus hee doth him ſpoyle,
She putteth to her helping hand: by deteſtable deede.
They both accorde vnto the kynde, whereof they doe procede.
Dame Helens ſyſter right ſhee is, and hee Thyeſtes ſonne:
Loe doubtfull Titan ſtaydeth ſtill the day now being donne,
Not knowing whether beſt to keepe ſtill on his wonted way,
Or turne his wheeles vnto the path of dyre Thyeſtes day.

THE

THE FIFTE ACTE.

THE SECONDE SCEANE.

ELECTRA.

O Thou whom of our Fathers death
the onely helpe wee haue,
Fly, fly, from force of furious foes,
make haſt thy ſelfe to ſaue:
Our houſe is topſey turuey toſt,
our Stocke is caſt away,
Our ruthfull realmes to ruin ronne, our kingdomes doe decay.
Who cometh heere in Chariot ſwift thus galloping a mayne?
Brother, diſguiſed in thy weede let mee thy perſon fayne.
O Buſſard blynde, what doſt thou meane from foraygne folke to fly?
Whom doſt thou ſhun? it doth behoue to feare this family.
Oreſtes now bee bouide, and ſet all ſhiuering feare a ſide,
The certayne ſuccour of a truſty friende I haue eſpide.

THE

THE FIFTE ACTE.

THE THIRD SCENE.

Strophilus. Electra.

Ith solemne Pompe I Strophilus
forsaking Phocis lande,
Bearing a braunch of Paulme, that growes
at Elis, in my hand,
Returned backe I am, the cause
that wild mee heather wend,
Is with these gyftes to gratefie
and welcome home my frend,
Whose valiaunt army shalde, and shooke
the tattred Troyan walles,
Who wearied with the ten yeares warre, now flat on flooze thee falles?
What wofull wight is this that staynes her mourning face with teares,
And drowned deepe in drousy dumpes oppressed is with feares?
I know full well this damsell is of Princes lynage borne.
What cause Electra hath this topfull family to morne?
ELE. By treason that my mother wrought, my Father lieth slayne,
And drincking of their fathers cup the children doe complayne.
Ægist engroceth Castels got by fornication.
STR. Alack that of so longe a tyme, filicity is none.
ELE. I thee request euen for the loue my father thou doest owe,
And for the honour of the crowne, whose brute abrode doth growe
In euery coast: and by the Gods that diuerslp doe deale,
Take into thy tuition, conuey away, and steale,

This

This poore Orest: such kinde of theft is piety in deede.
STR. Although that Agamemnons death doth teach mee to take heede,
Yet will I vndertake the same, and with all diligence
Orestes shall I goe about with strength to haue thee hence.
Prosperity requireth faith, but trouble exacts the same,
Haue heere a pyece for those that doe contende and wage in game.
An Ornament with comely grace ordaynde to deck the brow,
And let thy heade be couerde with this greene and pleasaunt bow,
And care this victorious triumphant braunche in hand.
God graunt this Paulme that planted was in fertill Pisa land,
(Where solemne games were celebrate Ioues honour to expresse)
May both a sauegarde bee to thee, and bring thee good successe.
Thou that bestryds thy fathers steedes, as he before hath done,
Goe stryke a league of amity with Pylades my sonne.
Now nimble Nagges let Greece heereof recording testify,
With headlong scouring course amayne this traytrous country fly.
ELE. Hee is escapte and gone, and with vnmeasurable might
The Chariot horse with rayne at will doe scud out of my sight.
Now free from perill on my foes attendsunce will I make.
And offer willingly my head the deadly wounde to take.
The cruell conqueresse of her spouse is come, whose spotted weede
With sprinkels (signe of slaughter) doe beare recorde of her deede.
Her goary handes new bathde in bloude as yet they bee not dry,
Her rough and churlishe rigorous lookes the fact doe notify.
Vnto the Temple will I trudge. Cassandra suffer mee,
Oppressed with egall griefe, take parte of sacrifice with thee.

THE FIFTE ACTE.

THE FOVRTH SCENE.

Clytemneſtra. Electra. Ægiſthus. Caſſandra.

Thou thy Mothers Enemy,
vngracious ſaucy face,
After what ſorte doſt thou a mayde
appeare in publyque place?
ELEC. I haue wyth my virginity
the bowres of Baudes forſooke.
CLY. What man is hee, that euer thee to bee a vyrgin tooke?
E. What your own daughter? C. With thy mother more modeſt ſhould thou be.
EL. Doe you at length begin to preach, ſuch godlines to me.
CL. A manly ſtomacke ſtout thou haſt with ſwelling hawty hart.
Subdued with ſorrow learne thou ſhall to play a womans part.
EL. A ſwerd and buckler very well a woman doth beſeeme,
(Except I dote.) CL. Thy ſelfe doſt thou haplefellowe vñ to vs eſteeme?
EL. What Agamemnon new is this, whom thou haſt got of late?
CL. Hereafter ſhall I tame, and teach thy gryſlly tongue to prate.
And make thee know, how to a Queene thy taunting to forbeare.
EL. The whilſt (thou Widdow) aũſwere me directly to this geare.
Thy huſband is bereued quight of breath, his lyfe is donne.
CL. Enquier where thy brother is, ſo ſeebe about my ſonne.
EL. Hee is departed out of Greece. CL. Goe fetch him out of hande.
EL. Fetch thou my father vnto mee. CL. Giue me to vnderſtande,
Where doth he lurking hyde his head? where is he ſhrunke away?
EL. All plunge of perills paſt hee is, and at a quiet ſtay.
And in another Kyngdome where no harme hee doth miſtruſt,
This aunſwere were ſufficient, to pleaſe a Parent iuſt.

But one

But one whose breast doth boyle in wrath, it cannot satisfie.
CL. To day by death thou shalt receyue thy fatall destiny.
EL. On this condition am I pleasde, the Aulter to forsake,
If that this hand shall doe the deede, my death when I shall take.
Or els if in my throate to bath thy blade, thou doe delight,
Most willingly I yeelde my throate, and giue thee leaue to smite.
Or if thou will chop of my heade in brutishe beastly guise,
My necke a wayting for the woundes out stretched ready lies.
Thou hast committed sinfully a great and grieuous guilt.
Goe purge thy hardned hands, the which thy husbands bloud haue spilt.
CL. O thou that of my perills all dost suffer part with mee,
And in my realme dost also rule with egall dignity,
Ægisthus, art thou glad at this? (as doth her not behoue,)
With checks and taunts ỹ daughter doth her mothers malice moue.
Shee keepes her brothers counsell close conueyde out of the way.
ÆGI. Thou malipert and witlesse wenche, thyne eluishe prating stay,
Refrayne those wordes vnfit thy Mothers glowing eares to vex.
EL. What shall the breeder of this broyle controll me with his checks,
Whose fathers guilt hath caused him to haue a doubtfull name,
Who both is to his sister, sonne, and Nephew to the same?
CL. To snap her head of with thy sword Ægist dost thou refrayne?
Let her giue vp the ghost: or bring her brother straight agayne:
Let her be lockt in dungeon darck, and let her spend her dayes,
In Caues & Rocks, with painefull pangues, torment her euery wayes
I hope him whom she hidden hath shee will agayne discry,
Through being clapt in prison strong and suffring pouerty
With yrksome and vnsauory smells on euery syde annoyde,
Enforst to weare a wyddowes weede, er wedding day enioyde:
Put in exile and banishment when eche man doth her hate:
So shall she bee by misery compeld to yeelde to late,
Prohibyted of holsome aire fruition to haue.
EL. Graunt me my doome by meanes of death to passe vnto my graue.
CL. I would haue graunted it to thee, if thou should it deny.
Vnskilfull is the tyraunt, who by suffring wretches dy
Doth ende theyr paynes. EL. what after death doth any thing remayne?
CL. And if thou doe desyre to dye, the same see you refrayne.
Lay hands Sirs on this wondrous wretch, whom being carryed on,
Euen to the furthest corner of my iurisdiction
Farre out beyond Mycœnas land in bonds let her be bound,
With darkneſſe dim in hiddeous holde let her be closed round.

This captiue Spouſe and wicked Queane, the Trull of Prynces bed
Shall pay her paynes, and ſuffer death by loſing of her head.
Come, hale her on, that ſhe may followe, that way my ſpouſe is gon,
Whoſe loue from mee entiſed was. CAS. Doe not thus hale mee on.
I will before you take the way, theſe tydings firſt to tell
Vnto my countrey men of Troy beneath in loweſt hell.
How ouerquelmed ſhips ech where, are ſpread the ſeas vppon:
And Mycœne countrey conquerde, is brought in ſubiection.
He that of thouſand captaynes was graunde captayne generall,
Come to as great calamity as Troy it ſelfe did fall,
Entrapped was by traytrous trayne, and whoredome of his Wyfe,
And by a gyft receaued of her, depriued of his Lyfe.
Let vs not linger: on with mee, and thankes I doe you giue.
I hop, that it might be my hap, thus after Troy to liue.
CL. Go to, prepare thy ſelfe to dye thou frantique raging wight.
CAS. The franſy fits of fury fell on you ſhall alſo light.

EVRIBATES.

Added to the Tragedy, by the Tranſlator.

ALas yee hatefull hellish Hagges,
yee furies foule and fell,
Why cauſe yee ruſty rancours rage
in noble hearts to dwell?
And cancred hate in boyling breaſtes
to grow from age to age?
Coulde not the graundſires paynefull pangues
the childrens wrath aſſwage?
Nor kampyng kaynt of pyning paunche, with burning thyrſt of hell,
Amid the blackeſt ſtreame of Styx where poyſning breathes do dwel.
Where vapors vile parbraking out from dampiſh myry mud,
Encreaſe the paynes of Tantalus deſerude by guiltles bloud,
Could not thine owne offence ſuffice Thyeſtes in thy Lyfe,
To file thy brothers ſpouſall Bed, and to abuſe his Wyfe?
But after breath from body fled, and Lyfe thy Lymmes hath left,
Can not remembraunce of reuenge out of thy breaſt be reft?

What, yet

What, yet hast thou not layde thy lips, to taste of Lethes floude?
Now arte death why dost thou come to moue thy sonne to bloude?
Could cruell Ditis graunt to thee thy pasporte backe agayne?
To worke this woe vpon the world, and make such rigour raygne,
That Clytemnestra is become the fifty fifter dyre
Of Danaus daughters, that did once theyr husbands death conspyre.
Loe here how fickle fortune giues but byttie fading ioy.
Loe, hee who late a Conquerour tryumphed ouer Troy,
Enduring many sturdy stormes with mighty toyle and payne
To sowe the seede of fame, hath reapt small fruite thereof agayne.
When as his honour budding forth with flowre began to bloome,
(Alas) the stocke was hewed downe and sent to deadly doome.
And they that of his victory and comming home were glad,
To sodayne mourning chaunge their myrth with heauinesse bestad.
The lusty pompe of royall courte is deade: (O dolefull day)
The people mone theyr prynces death with woe and weake away:
With howling, crying, wringing hands, with sobs, & sighes, & teares,
And & their fists they beate their breasts, they pull & hale their heares.
And as the sheepe amased run, and rampe aboute the fielde,
When as theyr shepherd to the Wolfe his goary throate doth yeelde,
Euen so as mad they rage and raue throughout Micœnas land,
Depryued of theyr Prynce, they feare the bloudy Tyrauntes hand.
While thus were woefull waylings hard in euery place about,
The good Cassandra (come from Troy) to death is haled out.
Like as the Swan, who when the time of death approcheth nye,
By nature warned is thereof, and pleased well to dye,
Doth celebrate her funerall with dirge and solemne songe:
Euen so the noble byrgin who in woe hath lined longe,
Most ioyfull goes she to her death with milde and pleasaunt face,
Stout boulstring out her burly breast with pryncely porte and grace.
Nothing dismayde with courage bolde, and chearefull countenaunce,
On stage ordeyned for her death shee gan her selfe aduaunce:
As though she had not thyther come, to leaue her lothsome lyfe,
As though she had not come, to taste the stroke of fatall knyfe.
But euen as it in byrdale bed her tourney were to meete
Corebus deare, not hauing myndе of death, nor winding sheete,
When looking rounde on euery side she tocke her leaue of all,
From vapourde eyes of younge and olde the trickling teares doe fall.
The Greekes them selues to griefe are moude to see this heauy sight,
So pity pearst the headmans heart, that thrise aboute to smite

He ſtayde the ſmot: with ſhiuering hand yet once agayne he tryed.
And from her ſhoulders ſtroke her heade. And thus the bygin dyed.
But now the Greekes another cauſe of mourning haue in hand:
Oreſtes, Agamemnons ſonne, is forſt to fly the land.
Amonge olde rotten ragged Rockes there lies an vgly place,
A Dungeon deepe, as darke as hell, vnknowne to Phœbus face.
An holow huge wyde gaping hole, with way ſtill bending downe,
Whoſe mouth with venonous wythred weedes is hid and ouergrowne,
Where ſtinking ſmels come belching out from filthy durty dyke,
Where Verment vyle doe creepe and craule, in hell is not the lyke.
Ilfauourde, foule miſhapen bugges, doe lurke about this caue,
With dreadfull ſounds, and roaring noyſe within the pit they raue.
Euen heather is Electra ſent, in darckeneſſe deepe to lye,
In pouerty, and comfortleſſe without the lyght of ſkye,
Faſt clogde with Yron boults and Chaynes, thus by her mother layde
In torments, till by her to death Oreſtes be betrayde:
Who (as Caſſandra telleth) ſhall reuenge his fathers death,
Depryue with ſwerdth'adulterour, and Mother both of breath.
So after all theſe bloudy broyle, Greece neuer ſhall bee free:
But bloud for bloud, and death by turnes, the after age ſhall ſee.

FINIS.

THE NINTHE
Tragedy of Lucius Annæus Seneca, called Octauia.

Translated out of Latine into Englishe by
T. N.

The Argument.

OCtauia daughter to prince Claudius grace,
To Nero espould, whom Claudius did adopt
(Although Syllanus first in husbandes place
Shee had receiu'd, whom she for Nero chopt)
Her parentes both, her Make that should haue bene,
Her husbandes present Tiranny much more,
Her owne estate, her case that she was in,
Her brothers death (pore wretch) lamenteth sore.
Him Seneca doth persuade his latter loue,
Dame Poppie, Crispynes wife that sometime was,
And eake Octauias maide for to remoue.
For Senecks counsel he doth lightly passe
But Poppie ioynes to him in marriage rites,
The people wood into his pallace runne,
Hir golden fourmed shapes which them sore spytes,
They pul to ground: this vprore now begunne,
To quench, he some to griesly death doth send,
But her close cased vp in dreadful barge,
With her vnto Campania coast to wend,
A band of armed men, he gaue in charge.

THE FIRST SCENE.

The Speakers names.

Octauia,	Nuntius,
Nutrix,	Agrippina,
Chorus Ro-	Poppea,
manorum,	Nero.
Seneca,	Præfectus.

Octauia.

NOw that Aurore with glitteryng streames,
The glading starres from skye doth chase,
Syr Phœbus pert, with spouting beames,
From dewy neast doth mount apace:
And with his cheerefull lookes doth yeeld,
Unto the woyld a gladsome day.
Go to, O wretch, with ample Fielde
Of heauy cares oppressed aye,
Thy grieuous wonted playntes recount:
Do not alone with sighes and howles,
The Seayth Alcyones surmounte,
But also passe the Pandyon foules:
More yrksome is thy state then theirs.
O Mother deare whose death by fits,
I nyll lament but still shed teares.
My ground of griefe in thee it sits.
If that in shade of darksome denne,
Perceiuing sence at al remayne,
Heare out at large, O mother then,
My great complayntes, and grieuous payne
O that immortall Clothos wist,
Had tone in twayne my vitall thred:
Ere I vnto my griefe had wist

Thy

Thy woundes, and face of sanguine red.
O day which aye doth me annoy:
Since that tyme did I more desyre,
The fearefull darknes to enioy,
Than Phœbus fresh with fayre attyre.
I haue abode the bitter hest
Of stepdame dire, in mothers place,
I haue abode her cruell breast,
Hir stomake stout, and fighting face.
She, Shee, for spyte vnto my case,
A doleful, and a graue Eryn,
To Bridegromes chamber spousall space,
The Stygian flashing flames brought in.
And thee, (alas) most piteous Syre,
With traytrous traynes hath shee bereft
Of breathing soule with poysoned myre:
To whom ere whyle, the world all left
Unvanquisht from the Ocean Seas
By martiall feats did freely yeeld:
And didst subdue with wondrous ease,
The Brittayne brutes that fiedde the fielde:
Whom liuing at their propre swaye:
No Romayne power did earst inuade.
Now lo (ful wel lament I may)
Thy Spouse deceypte thy prowes hath lade:
And now thy court and child of yore,
With homage serue a Tyrantes lore.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Nutrix.

WHom so the glistering pompe of royal place,
With soden sight pnumd doth quite disgrace,
Who so at courtly fleeting ebbing blase,
Astonied sore, himselfe doth much amase:
Lo see of late the great and mighty stocke,
By lurking Fortunes sodayne forced knocke,
Of Claudius quite subuert and cleane extinct:
Tofore, who held the world in his precinct:
The Brittayne Ocean coast that long was free,
He ruld at wil, and made it to agree,
Their Romaine Gallies great for to embrace.
Lo, he that Janus people first did chase,
And Seas vnknowen to any Romayne wight
With lusty sheering shippes did ouerdight,
And safe amid the sauage freakes did fight,
And ruckling surging seas hath nothing dread,
By cruel spouses gilt doth lye all dead.
Her sonne likewyse more fiend then Tigre fierce,
Of naturall mother makes a funerall herse,
Whose brother drenched deepe with poysoned cup.
Pore Britannick, his senseles soule gaue vp
Octauia sister and vnhappy make,
Doth sore lament her case for Britans sake,
Ne can her ruthful piteous sorrow slake,
Though Neros wrath do sore constrayne her grace
She nil esteemes the secrete closet place:
But boyling stil with equal peysd disdayne.
With mutuall hate gaynst him doth burne agayne.
My true and trusty loue that I do beare,

In

In vayne I see doth striue to comfort her.
Reuenging greedy griefe doth streight reprime,
T'appeale her smarte the counsel that I giue.
Nor flame of worthy breast doth once relent
But heaps of greefe, her courage do augment.
Alas, what griefely deedes for to ensue
My feare foreseeth: God graunt it be not true.

THE THIRD SCENE.

Octauia, Nutrix.

O Staggering state, O peereles se yll:
With ease Electra I repeate,
And call to mynd thy mourning will.
With watred eies like smartig sweat
Thou mightst lament thy father slain,
Stil hoping that thy brother myght,
That deadly deede reuenge agayne.
Whom thou O tender louing wight
Didst safely shield from bloudy foe,
And naturall loue did closely kepe:
But Neroes dreaded visage loe,
Doth feare me that I dare not weepe,
Nor wayle my parentes ruthful case,
By cruell lot this slaughter cought:
Ne suffers mee this geniall face,
To dash with teares to dearely bought
With brothers bloud: who onely was
Myne onely hope in all my griefe,
And of so many mischieues, as

My comfort greate, and sole relieue.
Now loe reserud for greater care,
And to abyde more lingring payne,
Of noble famous lineage bare,
A drouping shade I do remayne.
Nutrix. My Ladyes heauye boyce mee thought
Within my listning eares can sounde,
And snaylish age in going soft,
Unto her thews is not ybounde.
Octauia. O Nurse our dolours witnes sure
By curroll cheekes distilling rayne,
And heauy heartes complaynt endure.
Nutrix. Alas, what day shall ridde of payne,
With care your welnye wasted heart?
Octauia. That sends this guiltles ghost to graue
Nutrix. This talke (good madame) set apart.
Octauia. In rule my state theire destenies haue,
And not thy prayers, (O matrone) iust.
Nutrix. The doune soft easy God shall geue,
Your troubled mynd a tyme I trust,
More sweete then euer you did liue.
With feuell fayre as one content,
And glosed face, but onely please
Your man, and make, he will relent.
Octauia. The Lyon fierce I shall appeale,
And sooner tame the Tygre stoute,
Then mankynd Tyrantes brutish breast.
He spytes the noble raced rout,
Contemnes hygh powers, disdaynes the least:
He can wel vse that princely weede,
Which venemous parent wrapt him in
By huge vnspeakeable griesly deede.
Although that wight vnthankful, grynne,
In Kingly throne that hee doth raygne,
Throughe cruel curled mothers ayde:

Although

Although hee pay with Death agayne
So greate a gift, it shal be sayde
And after fates in long spent age,
That woman wight shal haue alwaye,
This eloge yet and saying sage,
That he by her doth beare the sway,
Nutrix. Let not your ragious mynde so walke,
But doe compresse your moody talke.

THE FOVRTH SCENE.

Octauia, Nutrix.

THough much I beare that boyling brest do beate
And tollerably take diuorcements threate,
Deathes only deadly darte, I see an end,
Of al my broyle and pinching payne can send,
What pleasant light to me (O wretch) is left,
My natural Mother slayne, and Syre bereft,
Of breathing life, by treason, and by gilt:
Of Brother eake deprriude: with miseryes spilt:
And wayling ouercome: kept downe with care,
Enuyed of Nake, which I dare not declare.
To mayden subiect now, and now defied:
What pleasant light can me (O wretch) abyde,
With feareful hart suspecting always ought:
Because I would no wicked deede were wroughte:
Not that I feare Deathes griesly gryning face,
God graunt I do not so reuenge my case,

A better

A better deede to dye: for to behold
The Tyrantes visage grimme, with browes vnfolde
And with soft tender lippes my foe to kisse,
And stand in awe of beckes and noddes of his,
W hose will to please my griefe with cares ykirde
Since brothers death by wicked wyle conspirde,
Could neuer once vouchsafe for to sustayne,
Lesse griefe to die, then thus to liue in payne.
His Empyre Nero rules and ioyes in blood:
The cause and ground of death that Tirant wood.
How oft (alas) doth Fansie fondly fayne,
W hē slumber swete in pensiue parts doth raigne,
And sleepe in eyes, all tyrd with teares doth rest,
I apprehend deare Brittans liuely brest:
Ere whyle me thinkes his feble shiuering hands
He fenseth sure with deadly blasing brandes,
And fiercely on his brother Neros face,
W ith sturdy stinging stroakes he flies apace.
Ere whyle thilke wretch recoyleth backe agayne,
And to my thewes for aide retyres amayne:
Him foming foe pursues with haste to haue:
And whyle my brother I desire to saue,
And in my clasped armes to shield him free,
His goary bloudied falchion keene I see.
The boysterous raumping fiend to tugge, & hale
Through out my shiuering limmes, as ashes pale.
Forthwith a mighty trembling chattering quake
From weary lims all couple sleepe doth shake,
And makes me woeful wretch for to recount,
My wayling sobbing sorrowes that surmount.
Hereto, put to that gorgeous stately Bouse,
All glistring bright, with spoyles of Claudius house
His parent deare in bubling boate did douse,
That wicked sonne, this fisking dame to please.
W hom yet escaping daungers great of Seas.

He

The fiercer freake than waues that scantly rest,
With bloudy blade hir bowels did vnbrest.
What hope of health, can me, O wretch, abyde,
That after them thilke way I should not ryde?
My speciall foe, triumphant wise doth weight,
With naked nates to presse by louers sleight,
Our spousall, pure, and cleane vnspotted bed:
Gainst whom, she burns, with deadly foode bloud red.
And, for a meede of filthy strumpets spoyt,
She causeth Nake from spouse for to diuoyt.
O auncient Syre, step forth from Limbo lake,
Thy daughters heauy troublous cares to slake:
Or your twygated hellysh porche vnfolde,
That downe through gaping ground I may bee rolde.
Nu. O piteous wretch, in vaine, (alas) in vaine
Thou call'st vpon thy fathers senseless spite:
In whome, God wot, there doth no care remaine
Of mortall broode, that here doth take delight.
Shall he, thinke you, all wage your sory cheere,
Or shape you forth some sleight, t'appall your paine,
That could preferre, before his Brittan deere,
Th'imperiall throne, a straunge begotten swaine?
And with incestiall loue benummed quite
His brother Germanicks daughter that could plight,
And ioyne to him in solemne mariage rites,
With woefull, and vnlucky louers lightes?
Here sprang the roale of hurly burly great,
Here beastly venomous slaughter gan to sweate,
Here wylie treasons traines appeared first,
Here rules desire, and brutish bloudy thirst.
Syllanus first Prince Claudius sonne in lawe,
A bloudy mangled offring fell we sawe,
That in our graces Hymæneal bed,
Ymatcht with you, he might not couche his hed.

O mon-

O monstrous slaughter, worthy endlesse blame:
In steade of gift vnto that wanton dame,
A Carkasse colde poore soule, and cureless corse,
Sillane was giuen against his will perforce.
And falsly then attacht of traitors crime,
As one conspyring death in Claudius time,
With lothsome streakes spewde out vpon the wall,
He all bedasht your fathers princely hall.
Eft stepped into seruile Pallace stroke,
To filthy vices lore, one easly broke.
Of Diuelish wicked wit this Princocks proude:
By stepdames wyle prince Claudius Sonne auoude.
Whome deadly damme did bloudy match plight:
And thee, against thy will, for feare did plight.
Through which successe this Dame of corage fine,
Durst venture, mighty Ioue to vndermine.
Who can so many cursed kindes report
Of wicked hopes, and actes in any sort,
Or such a womans glosed guyles can name,
That raumpes at rule, by all degrees of shame:
Then holy sacred zeale put out of grace,
Her stagring steppes, directed forth apace,
And sterne Erinnis in with deadly steps,
To Claudius Court, all desert left vyeps.
And with hir direfull drakes of Stygian sort,
Hath quite distainde the sacred princely port.
And raging riuen in twaine both natures lore,
And right to wrongs mishapen fourme hath tore.
That haughty minded dame first gaue her make,
A deadly poysoned cup, his thyrst to slake.
Straight wayes againe through vile vnkindly touch,
Her Nero causde with him in hell to couch.
And thee, vnhappy Britt, in all that broyle,
Till that of breth, and life he did dispoyle,

Thilk

Thilk greedie bloudy tyrannt neuer ſtent:
U Uhoſe doleſull death for aye we may lament.
Ere whyle, vnto the world the ſtarre that ſhone,
And was the ſtay of princely court alone,
Now loe, light aſhes eaſly puft aſoyne,
And grieſly goaſt to graue with torche yborne.
U Uhom bleſſed Babe, thy ũeydame did lament:
Nor from hir guſhing teares, did ſcarce relent,
U Uhen as ſhee gaue eche trimme appointed parte,
And goodly portraide limmes with natures arte,
Of flaming ſtacke to be deuoured quite,
And ſawe the ſcorching feruent fire in ſight
Thy naked ioynts to ranin by a pace
And like the flittring God thy comely face.
Oct. Diſpatch be me leaſt with this hand be fall.
Nut. That power you, nature graunted not at all.
Oct. But wondrous dolor, great and wrathfull yre,
And miſeries will it graunt without deſyre.
Nu. May rather cauſe your angry moody make,
U Uith ſouple cheere his fury for to ſlake.
Oct. U Uhat, that he will by guilt once ſlaine before,
Aliue againe my brother mee reſtore:
Nut. May, ſake that you may liue and iſſue beare:
Your fathers auncient court for to repayre.
Oct. That court doth wayte another broode they ſay.
And poore Britts death tugges me another way.
Nut. Yet let the cities loue vnto your grace,
Your troubled minde confirme but for a ſpace.
Oct. Their mindes ſo preſt to pleaſure me, I know
Great comfort brings: but do not ſlake my wo.
Nut. Of mighty power the people haue bene aye.
Oct. But princes force doth beare the greater ſway.
Nut. He will reſpect his lawfull wedded wife,
Oct. His mynion braue can not ſo leade her life.

Nut.

NV. Of no man shee esteemde. Oct. But dear to make:
NV. She can not truely yet of wifehood crake.
Oct. Ere longe she shall a mother eke be made.
So farre therein I dare most boldly wade.
Nut. His youthfull heate at first in filthy loue,
With lusty, crusty pangs doth boyle aboue:
Thylke corage quickly colde in lust apace
As vapour sone extinct in flame giues place.
But holy, louing, chaste vnspotted spouse,
Her loue endureth aye with sacred vowes.
That wanton first that there durst couch hir hed,
And tumbling stayned quite your spousall bed,
And being but your mayde hath ruled longe,
Hir soueraine Lord, with beauties grace beklong,
That pranked Paramour pert shal croutch with pain,
When she your grace shall see preferd againe.
For Poppie subiect is, and meeke of spright,
And now begins her goastly tombs to dight:
Whereby she closely graunting doth bewray,
Hir secret hidden feare eche other day.
That swift, vnconstant, double winged lad
With cloute, before his blinded eyes, yclad,
That fickle brayned God, thunhappy boy,
Shall leaue hir in the midst of all hir ioy:
Although for beauty bright the bell she beare,
And goodly glistring garments new she weare,
And now do vaunt her selfe in gorgeous geere,
Shee shall not long enioy this gladsome cheere.
Be not dismayde, Madame, for such like paine,
The queene of gods was forced to sustaine,
When to ech pleasaunt shape the heauenly guide,
And syre of Gods yturnde, from skyes did glyde.
The swannes white wings, to se how they could fadge:
He did on him, and cuckoldes bullysh badge,

That

That God shone bright in Golden raynie showre
To Danaes brest through top of fostred towre.
The twinckling starres the twinnes of Læda bright,
Whom Pollux, some, and Castor, call arright,
In large and ample space of starry scope,
With cristal glimering faces shyne wyde ope.
And Semeles sonne, whom Bacchus we do call,
In heauenly byrthright doth himselfe ystall.
And Hercules that puissant Champion stoute,
His sturdy brawnes, his Hebe wyndes aboute.
Nor once regardes how Goddesse Iuno fare:
Whose lowring stepdame now she is yframde,
That whyle on earth his prowes he did declare,
Agaynst that maryage, aye, was sore inflamd.
Yet loe her wise, and closly couched greefe,
Debonaire face, obeisaunce to her leefe,
Caulde him at length his mynd for to remoue,
Through mortall feeres estraunge from Iunos loue.
And now that mighty heauenly Goddesse great,
No more adred of mortall strumpets feat,
Aloft alone in cloudy bowre contentes
The thundring Lord, which now to her relentes.
Nor now with earthly Ladyes beauty bright
Fyred, leaues his starry specked right.
Now madam sith on earth your powre is pight
And haue on earth Queene Iunos princely place,
And sister are, and wyfe to Neroes grace,
Your wondrous restles dolours great appease.
Oct. May, sooner shall the roaring froathy seas,
And mounting flashing flawes ymatch the skye,
And smoaking, stifling parching fyer drye
With dankish pooles agree and watrye fenne:
And griesly Piuroes filthy felered denne,
With starbright heauen shal sooner coupled be,
And shyning light with gleiny shades agree,

And with the cleere dye day the dewy night,
Than vnto seruile loye of husbande wight,
That brutish wyse in blood takes his delight,
My heauy woeful mynd can I addresse,
Whyle brothers death my heart doth stil possesse.
O that of heauenly powers the prince and syre,
That shogges and shakes the earth with thūdring fyre,
And with his wondrous, feareful, cursed crackes,
And straunge mishapen monsters which he makes,
Our feareful musing myndes doth sore amase,
Would coyne some cureles burning wildfyre blase,
To pelt and pash with thumping fyer bright,
That diuelish pate, that cruell cursed wight.
We saw from heauen, with beames forthshoting farre
Doubtles a dreadful heavy, blasing starre:
That spouted out a mortall fiery flake,
Whose force a princes blood can only slake:
Euen where that hayting carman sloe Boote
With chilling cold al starcke of frosen pole,
Doth guyde aright Charles whirling running rote,
In steade of night that neuer away doth role.
Loe now the open ayre in euery streate,
With doggish tyrantes breath, is poysoned, quite,
And dreadful starres some sodayne death do threate.
To people rulde, by wicked Neroes spright.
So sterne a freake, or mankynd tyrant stoute,
Not Tellus with the Gods displeasd brought out,
When mighty Ioue neglected the vphorlde
Huge, vgly, monstrous Typhon to the worlde.
A sorer plague, a cleaner scouryng scourge,
With bloudy pawes that cityes boundes doth purge,
Is Nero dyre, this cruell cursed wyght.
That doth himselfe gaynst God and man pyght:
And thrustes from sacred shrynes their quiet porte,
And goodly temples gay the sancted sort:

That

That cittyes dwellers puts from countries fayr:
That hath bereft his brother of his lyfe,
And launcht his mothers sides with geary knyfe:
Yet doth this present lightsome day enioye
And leades his lyfe, that doth vs sore annoy.
O Father of heauen, in vayne why dost thou throwe
Thy great vnuanquisht ratling thundring blowe
Vppon the whistling woods and ample seas,
With force of princely power thy wrath t'appease:
On such an hurtful and pernicious freake,
Thy due and iust conceyued yre to wreake.
Why stay thy mighty puissaunt braunds so long,
Ere thou fling downe thy ratling cracking thyong:
O Lord, that Nero once might pay the price,
Of all his deuilish deedes, and euery vice,
Th whole wyde worlds tyrant sterne wher he a stroke
Doth beare: which he ouerlades with burdnous yoke
Of princely syre yborne, but doth defame,
With beastly manners vyle his princely name:
Nun. Unworth he is your spousall chamber place:
But yet your destnies force, you must imbrace,
And wel, abyde your fortunes crooked race:
Nor moue vnkyndly Neroes gauly yre.
One day perchaunce, there wil as I desyre,
Some God reuenge your lamentable case:
And once I trust a gladsome day shal be,
When you shal ioy a fresh in wonted place.
Oct. Ah no, now, long this court (alas) we see
With heauy wrath of Gods displeased yre
Hath ouercharged bene: which Venus dyre
With Messalinas monstrous ramping lust,
Shee first hath brought adowne into the dust.
Who madly maryed to prince Claudios grace,
But little myndful then of that same case,

And

And not regarding much thappoynted payne,
With curſed creſſets maried once againe,
To which vnlucky inceſtuall brydall bed,
That dyſell dyre that furious ſlut Erin,
With hanging hayre aboute her helliſh hed,
And gyrt with ſnakes with deadly ſtep went in.
And flaming brandes from ſpouſall chamber cought,
In both their blouds ybathd, hath quenched cleane:
And hath incenſt prince Claudius burning thought
In bloudy thratling ſtroake to paſſe all meane.
My mother firſt of wretches all the moſt,
With ſtripe of deadly ſword gaue vp her ghoſt.
And now extinguiſht quite, left me forlorne,
With dolours pyning panges and mourning worne.
And after her in helliſh teame doth hayle,
Unto the ſenſeles ſoules of Plutoes iaile
Her make, and Britannick her ſonne that way:
And firſt this ruinous court did ſhe betray.
Nut. Let be, Madame, with teares your face to dight:
Ne ſo renew your bitter wayling iuſt:
Ceaſſe troubling now your parents piteous ſpright,
That payed hath the price of raging luſt.

The

THE FIFT SCENE.

Chorus.

God graunt the talke wee hearde of late,
To rashly truſted euery where,
And blowne abroad through each eſtate,
No badge of truth that it may beare.
And that no freſh eſpouſed dame,
Our Princes thewes do enter in,
But that OCTAVIA keepe the ſame,
And that the ſeede of CLADIVS kin,
May once bring forth ſome pledge of peace:
That to the world reſt may redowne,
And wrangling ſtryfe may eaſly ceaſe,
And Rome retayne her great renowne.
The peerleſſe Princeſſe Iuno hight,
Her brothers wedlocke yoke retaynes:
VVhy is AVGVSTVS ſiſter bright,
VVhere like betroathed league remaynes,
From ſtatelypompe of court reiect,
VVhat doth deuoutnes her auayle?
To ſaynted ſyre who hath reſpect?
VVhat doth her Virgins life preuayle?
And CLAVDIVS now in grounde layed,
Euen wee to much vnmyndefull be:

VVhose worthy steme we haue betrayed
Through feare that made vs to agree.
In breast our elders did embrace,
The perfect Romayne puissaunce,
The true vnstayned worthy race,
And bloud of Mars they did aduaunce.
The proude and lofty stomackt trayne
Of lusty hauty mynded Kinges,
They could not suffer to remayne
VVithin this noble Cities winges.
And iustly they reuengd thy death,
O Virgin chast, VIRGINIA pure,
Depriude by syre of vitall breath,
That bondage thou mightst not endure:
And that his shameles brutish lust,
So good a meede might not enioy:
Although by filthy force vniust
Thy chastity he would annoy.
Thee likewyse whom thyne owne right hande,
VVith sword did pearce, LVCRETIA true,
VVho tyrantes rape could not withstand,
Did bloudy broyles and warres ensue.
And with her proude disdaynfull Make
Lord TARQVIN ympe of cursed seede,
Correction due doth TVLLIA take
For her vnkindly shameles deede,
VVho on her Fathers mangled corse,
To mischiefe bent, and wicked bane,
The Carman shee to driue did force,
His cruell brusing wombling wane.

And quite agaynſt all natures law,
Euen from her owne diſmembred ſyre,
The ſacred rytes she did withdraw,
Denaying wonted burial fire
This griefe our woeful age doth feele,
Through monſtruous act agaynſt all kinde,
VVhen as in deadely crafty keele,
To TYRRHEN ſeas, and wraſtling wynd,
The proude preſuming Prince did put,
His mother trapt in ſubtil ſort.
The Mariners appoynted cut,
The ſwelling Seas from pleaſaunt port.
The clash reſoundes with ſtroake of Ores,
The Ship out launcht apace doth ſpinne,
In ſurging froath aloofe from ſhores,
And ample courſe of ſeas doth winne.
VVhich glydyng forth with leuſned plankes,
In preſſed ſtreames with peyſed weight,
The riftes do open cloſed crankes,
That hidden were with ſecrete ſleight:
And gulpeth vp the leaking waue
The woeful roaring noyſe and crye,
VVith womans shrikes themſelues to ſaue,
Do reach and beate the ſtarry ſkye.
Then grieſly preſent death doth daunce
Before their eyes with pyning Cheekes:
VVhoſe deadly ſtroake and heauy chaunce
For to auoyde, then euchman ſeekes:
On ryuened ribs ſome naked lie,
And cutte the beating waues in twayne:

And ſome theyr ſkilful ſwimming trye,
To get vnto the shore agayne.
The greateſt part that ſayled there,
By deſtnies dire to men prefixt,
In whirling ſwallowes drowned were,
The brinkes of Seas and ground betwixt.
Queene AGRIPPYNE her garments rendes,
Shee teares her ruffled lockes of hayre
Abundant blubbring teares she ſpendes,
Through deepe diſtreſſe of faynting feare.
VVho when no hope of health shee ſpies,
Enflamde with wrath, which woes appeaſde,
O ſonne, for ſo greate giftes, ſhee cryes,
Haſt thou with ſuch reward me pleaſd?
This keele I haue deſerued ſure,
That bare and brought thee firſt to light:
VVho empyre witles did procure,
And CAESARS title for thy ryght.
Shew forth thy feareful ſpritish face,
O CLADIVS now from Limbo lake,
And of thy wyfe in wretched caſe,
Reuenge and due correction take.
Thy deth I cauſeles did conſpyre,
VVhich now I rue with woeful harte:
I dreſſed eake a funerall fyre
Vnto thy ſonne by deadly ſmart.
Lo now as I deſerued haue,
Vntombde go to thy guiltles Ghoſt,
Encloaſd in ſeas in ſtead of graue.
And wreſtling waues of Romayne coaſt.

The flaſhing flawes do flappe her face,
And on her ſpeaking mouth do beate,
Anone shee ſinkes a certayne ſpace,
Depreſſed downe with ſurges great:
Anone shee fleetes on weltring brim,
And pattes them of with tender handes
Through faynting feare then taught to ſwim
Approaching death, and fates withſtandes
At length on troubled Seas diſplayde
Shee geuing ouer working vayne
And tyrd with ſtreames is weary layd,
Not able toyling ſtrength to ſtrayne
In cloſe and ſecrete ſilent breaſtes,
Of mates with her to ſea that yode,
In whom no feare of death there reſtes
True fayth vnto theyr Queene abode.
Theyr Ladyes weather beaten limmes
To helpe, ſome freely venter dare,
Some in the combrous waters ſwymmes
And deſperate daunger do not ſpare.
VVith cheereful voyce they comfort her,
Though drawling dragling limmes ſhee drew,
To lift her vp with helpe they ſtirre,
And nummed corpes to ſtrength renew.
VVhat bootes it thee the death to shonne
Of roaring raging rauening waues.
From deadly ſword of wicked ſonne,
Alas pore wretch thee nothing ſaues?
VVhoſe huge and heinous curſed rage,
Agaynſt all courſe of natures lore,

Our

Our after ſlow beleeuing age,
VVil ſcarce beleene it done before,
The deuilliſh man repynde with griefe
VVhen he is mother ſaued ſawe,
From ſwallowiug ſeas haue ſafe releeſe,
And that she vitall breath did draw,
He grudgde with griefe and in his heate,
He huger miſchiefe heapes to this:
He doth not once delay his feate,
But headlong raſhly caryed is
Vpon her death. A ſouldiour ſent,
Diſpatcheth that he had in charge,
His Ladies breaſt his blade doth rent:
Shee yeelding vp her ſoule at large,
From wretched corpes for to entombe
Her ſlaughter man ſhe then beſought,
That bloudy blade within her wombe,
That fyrſt this woe to her had brought,
This, this accurſed breaſt (quoth ſhee)
VVhich this vnkindly monſter bare,
From pinching payne may not be free:
Digge, ſlaſh the ſame, no miſchiefe ſpare.
VVhen this with foltring tounge was ſayde,
At laſt her ſad and trembling ghoſt,
VVith latter ſobbing ſighes vnſtayd,
Through goryd woundes leaues vitall coaſt.

THE SECOND ACTE

THE FIRST SCENE.

Seneca.

N me with like consent why didst thou smile,
With glosed lookes deluding mee a whyle,
O fortune much of might and pyncely powre:
To lift aloft to noble royall bowre:
To the nde that I to honours court extold,
From stately seate might haue the greater fall,
And round aboute in euery place beholde,
Such dreadful, threating daungers to vs all,
I safer lay aloofe from enuyes knockes,
Remou'd among the craggy corsicke rockes:
Where as my mynd there free at pyoper sway,
With leysure did repeate my studies aye.
A gladsome ioy alone it was to viewe,
And earnestly to marke the heauens so blew:
And sacred Phœbus double wheeled wayne:
And eake the worldes swift whirling motion mayne.
The Sunne so euen his second course to keepe:
And Phœbes glyding globe so swiftly sweepe:
Whom wondrous starting starres encompasse round.
And to behold that shynes in euery stound,
The glistring beauty bright of welkin wyde:
Than which in al the world nothing beside.
Of all this huge and endles worke the guyde,
Pore wondrous nature fram'de that I espyde,

For

For all the bumping bignes it doth beare,
Yet waxing old is like agayne to weare,
And to be chaungde to an vnwyldy lumpe.
Now prest at hand this worldes last day doth iumpe,
With boystrous fall, and tumbling rush of skye.
To squease and make this cursed kynd abye.
That springing once agayne, it may yeeld out
An other straunge renued bertuous route,
As once before it did, new sprong agayne,
What tyme Saturnus held his golden raygne.
That blameleſſe, chaſt, vnspotted Vigin cleere
A goddeſſe much of might clept Justice heere,
With sacred sooth sent downe from heauenly space,
At ease on earth did rule the mortal race.
That people playne knew not of warlicke feates.
Nor trembling trompets tunes that rendes and beates
The souldiers eares: nor chashing armour bright,
That warring wightes defend in field and fight.
Nor wonted was with walles to rampyre round,
Their open cityes set in any stound.
To each man passage free lay open than:
Nothing there priuate was to any man.
And then the ground it selfe and fertil soyle,
Hir fruitful bosome baard all boyd of toyle,
Into such bounden barnes a Matrone good,
And peaceable vnto so iuſt a broode.
But then an other second race arose,
Perceyued not to be so meeke as those.
A third more wyse and witty sort vp startes,
Of nature forged fit, t'inuent new artes:
As yet vnspotted quite with filthy vyce.
Soone after thoe, they raungd with new deuyce,
That boldly venture dare in scudding race,
Unwelcy beaſtes for to pursue apace.

And

And mighty weying strugling fishes great,
With watry coats yclad with fishers feat,
With net in window wyse drawe forth, and streeke
With craft of quill, the nibling fysshes cheeke.
And silly brydes begylde with pyning trayne:
And light foote deare for lyfe that flyng amayne
Intangling gins entrapt, that safely hold.
And sturdy scouling bisage buls controld,
On fleshye fillet neckes, make weare the yoake:
And earth ere that vngrubbed vp that broake:
Which then turnd vp with Plowmans shyning share,
In sacred bosome deepe, her fruits kept thare.
But now this age much worse then all the rest,
Hath lept into her mothers broken breast:
And ruiky lumpish yron and massye Gold,
Hath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.
And fighting fistes haue armd without delay:
And drawing forth their bondes for rule to stay,
Haue certayne seuerall ioly kingdomes made,
And cities new haue raysde now rulde with blade,
And fenseth eyther with their proper force
Straũge stoundes or them assaults the which is worse.
The Starry specked virgin flowre of skies,
Which Iustice hight, that guilty folke discries,
Now lightly esteemd of mortall people here,
Each earthly stound is fled, and comes not neere
The sauage mannerd route, and beastly rude,
With dabbed wristes in goary bloud embrude.
The great desyre of griesly warre is spryng:
And raping thurst of gold, it is not young.
Throughout the worlde a mighty monstruous vice,
Fowle, filthy, monstruous lust hath got the price,
A pleasaunt tickling plagüe, whom longer space,
And errour deepe haue fostred vp apace.
The heaps of vyce rakte vp in yeares long past,

Aboun-

Abounding flowe in these our dayes at last.
And this same troublous tyme, and combrous age,
Oppresseth all men sore, both yong and sage.
Wherein those wicked wayes that be do raygne,
And cruell, raumping woodnes boyles agayne.
Lust strong in filthy touch, doth beare a sway.
And Princes, ryot, now doth catch away
With greedy pawes, to bring it to decay.
Th whole worldes vncredible wealth, without delay.
But loe, which staggring steppes where Nero flinges,
And visage grymme, I feare what newes hee bringes.

THE SECOND SCENE.

THE SECOND ACTE

Nero, Prefectus, Seneca.

DIspatch withspeede that we commaunded haue:
Go, send forthwith some one or other slaue,
That Plautius cropped scalpe and Sillas eke,
May bring before our face: goe some man seeke.
Pre. I will protract your noble graces hest:
But to their campes to goe am ready prest.
Se. Gaynst lynage naught should rashly pointed bee.
Ne. A light thing tis for to be iust, I see
For him, whose heart is voyd of shrinking feare.
Se. A soueraigne salue for feare is for to beare
Your selfe debonair to your subiectes all.
Ne. Our foes to slea, a chieftaynes vertue call.

Se. A

Se. A worthier vertue tis in countries syze,
His people to defend with sword and syze.
Ne. It wel beseemes such aged wightes, to teach,
Unbridled syngolles yong, and not to preache,
Both to a man and prince of ryper yeares.
Se. Nay, rather frolicke youthful bloud appeares,
To haue more neede of counsell wyse and graue
Ne. This age sufficient reason ought to haue.
Se. That heauenly powers your doinges may allow.
Ne. A madnes t'were to Gods for me to bow,
When I my selfe can make such Gods to be:
As Claudius now prouinted is we see.
Se. So much the more because so much you may.
Ne. Our power permittes vs all without denay.
Se. Geue slender trust to Fortunes flattring face:
She topsie turuy turnes her wheele apace.
Ne. A patch he is that knoweth not what he may.
Se. A Princes prayse I compted haue alway,
To do that same which with his honor stoode,
Not that which franticke fancy counteth good.
Ne. If that I were a meacocke or a slouch,
Each stubborne, clubbish daw would make mee couch.
Se. And whom they hate, with force they ouerquell.
Ne. Then dynt of sword the prince defendeth well.
Se. But fayth more sure defence doth seeme to mee.
Ne. Ful meete it is that Cæsar dreaded be.
Se. More meete of subiectes for to be belou'd
Ne. From subiects myndes, feare must not be remou'd
Se. What so by force of armes you do wringe out,
A grieuous worke it is to bring aboute.
Ne. Well hardly then our will let them obay.
Se. Will nothing then, but that which wel you may.
Ne. We wil decree what we shall best suppose.
Se. What peoples voyce doth royntly bynd or lose.
Let that confirmed stand. Ne. Swordes bloudy dynt,

Shall

Shal cause them elſe at me to take their hint.
Se. God sheeld, and far that facte from you remoue.
Ne. What then, why Seneca do you that approue,
That we contemnde, deſpyſde and ſet at nought,
With finger put in hole (ful wyſely wrought)
Our bodies bloud to ſeeke ſhould them abyde,
That they might vs ſometyme deſtroy vnſpyde:
Their natiue countrey boundes to baniſht bee,
Nor Plautius breſt nor Scillas eake we ſee
Hath broke or tamd: whoſe cankred churliſh yre,
Shapes bloudy freakes to quench our bodyes fyre.
And chiefly when theſe trayterous abſent clounes,
Such wondrous fauour fynd in cityes bownes,
Wherby thoſe ſame exiles lingring hope doth feede:
Suſpected foes with ſword we wil out weede.
And ſo Octauia ſhall that ioly dame,
Continue after them their bloudy game.
And wend that way her nowne whyte brother went,
Such hye miſtruſted thinges muſt needes be bent.
Se. It is (O Prince) a worthy famous thing,
Amids redoubted Lordes alone to ring:
And wyſely worke your countries prayſe to ſaue:
And wel your ſelfe to captiue folke behaue:
From cruell brutiſh ſlaughter to abſtayne,
And voyde of moode to weake your angry payne:
And to the world a quiet calme to geue,
That al your age in peace their liues may liue.
This is a Princes prayſe without al cryme:
This is the path to heauen wherby we clyme.
So is Auguſtus prince and father cald
Of countrie firſt in ſtarbright throne yſtald.
Whom as a God in minſters we adorne,
Yet troublous fortune toſſed him beforne,
A great while long on lands and ruffling ſeas,
Until his fathers foes he could appeaſe,

And

And through wars diuerse course could quel them quite.
To you did fortune yeelde her power, and might,
And raynes of rule without all bloud, and fight.
And to your beck both land, and seas hath bent.
Grim deadly enuye daunted doth relent.
The Senate Lordes gaue place with free consent:
The battaylous route of knights with willing hartes
(That same decree from sager sires departes)
Unto the lay mens choyse do well agree.
Your grace the spring of peace they count to bee.
And chosen Iudge, and guyde of mortal flocke.
Your grace, your countreys sacred eye, doth rocke
And rule with princely gorgeous tytle bright,
The cyrcled world in rundel wyse ydight.
Which mighty mounting name to keepe so great,
This noble citty Rome doth you entreat:
And doth commend vnto your royall grace
Her liuely limmes in charge for your liues space.
Ne. The gyft of Gods it is, as we discus,
That Rome with Senate sorte doth honor vs,
And that the feare of our displeasure great,
From cankred enuyous stomackes maketh sweat
Both humble talke and supplications meeke.
And were not feare all these would be to seeke.
Unwelcy, combrous cityes, members ill,
That Prince and countrey both do seeke to spill,
To leaue alyue (which swell, and puffed bee,
Bycause of lynage great, and high degre)
What madnes meere is it when as we may,
Euen with a word, such freakes dispatch away?
Sir Brutus sterne, his brawnes and armes did dight,
His soueraygne liege to slayne by force and might,
That erst had holpen him, and geuen him health,
And had endued him with princely wealth.
In brunt of raging warre vndaunted out,

That vanquisht many people strong and stoute,
Prince Cæsar matcht by great degrees of power
To loue, in stately chayre of starry bower,
By diu'lish citizens wicked wyle was slayne.
What store of bloudy stifling streames on molde.
Did tatred Rome, of her owne lims, beholde:
He by his noble vertues worthy prayse,
Whō peoples, common bruite to heauē doth raise.
August among the Gods ysayncted well,
How many noble breastes did he compel,
How many springoldes young, and hoary heads,
Each where dispersst to lig in molded beds:
How many men did he bereaue of breath
Tofore proscript that were condemnd to death:
When for the grielly feare of deadly dart
From proper home they were constraind to part
And flye Octauius force, and Lepidus might,
And not abyde sterne Marke Antonius sight,
Which then the ample world at once did guyde,
That into kingdomes three they did deuyde,
To dumpish sadded syes, with heauy cheere,
Their childrens grielly cropped pates appeere,
Hong out before the Senates iudgement seate,
For each man to behold in open streate:
Ne durst they once lament their piteous cale,
Nor inward seeme to mourne to Claudius face.
The market stead with bloud from bodies spued,
And lothsome mattrie streames, is all imbrued:
And quite throughout their faces foule arayed,
The piteous gubbes of bloud drop downe vnstayd.
Nor here did this same slaughterous bloudshed stay.
Phillyps Pharsalia gastly fieldes each day,
The cromming rauening foules, and cruell beastes
Long fed, with gobbets bigge of manlye breastes,
Besyde all this, the cost he scoured quite

Of

Of Sicill sea and ships to ware poyght
With force of armes did win, and hauocke made
Of proper subiectes slayne with his owne blade.
The rundle round of landes with mighty mayne
Of noble Chieftaynes stroake reboylesagayne.
Antonius ouercome in Nauale fight,
To Egipt poasles in shippes prepard to flight:
Not looking long to liue nor hoping life.
Incestuous Egipt (through Antonius wyfe)
That worthy Romayne princes bloud did sucke:
And couerd lye their ghostes with durty mucke.
Long wicked, waged ciuil warre there stayed,
In Marcke Antonius graue with him played.
Augustus at the lak of conquest greate
His dulled swords that wounded soules did beate,
In peaceable sheathes repos'd hath layd at rest:
And feare doth rule, and guyde his kingdome best
By ready force of armes at all assayes,
And Captaynes fayth he shieldes him selfe alwaies
Whō now his sōnes most worthy vertuous praise,
To heauen a consecrated God doth rayse,
And causeth all, in Churches for to place
The sacred Picture of Prince Claudius grace.
And vs the starry raigne of Gods shall bide
If first with dreadful sword about vs wyde
We wype away what so our person stayne:
And found our court with worthy stem agayne.
Se. Your noble spouse, sprong forth of saincted peer
Of Claudius stocke, the starbright diamond cleere,
That Goddesse Iuno wise her brothers bed
Partaking, prested downe with buttockes red,
Your graces princely court shal garnish gay,
With wondrous heauenly fayre descended stay.
Ne. Incestuous maryed dames, from stocke & stem,
Detract all hope, that we should haue of them.

Nor vs, could she once loue that we could see,
Nor with our person once at all agree
Se. In tender budding yeares, when loue suppresst
With blushing hydes the flames of burning breast,
Scant playne appeares the loue they bare indeed.
Ne. Thus wee our selues with hope in vaine did feede:
Although vndoubted signes, as bodye wryed,
And frowning lookes, which we haue oft espyed,
Her spyteful hating stomacke did bewray
Which shee doth beare, whom duty byndes t'obaye.
Which yet at last, big, boyling, grieuous payne,
With death determind hath t'auenge agayne,
Wee haue found out, for byrth and beauties grace.
A worthy make for such an Empresse place:
To whom that louely Goddesse Venus bright,
And mighty Ioue his spouse that Iuno hight,
And goddesse fierce in boysterous warlike artes,
Geues place for bodyes seemly portrayd partes.
Se. Fayth, meeknes, manners mild, & bashfull shame
Of spouse, those ought an husband to reclayme.
The perles of iudging mynd, alone remayne,
Not subiect once to any rulers raygne.
The passing pryde of beautyes nunming grace
Each day appals, and bleamisheth apace.
Ne. What prayses woman wights haue in them clos'd:
All those in her alone hath God repos'd,
And such a peerlesse peere, the gydes of lyfe,
The destnies would haue borne to be our wyfe,
Se. O noble prince such blynd vnlawful loue,
(Do rashly credite naught) from you remoue.
Ne. Whom loue can not repell that rules the cloudes,
And pearcing raging floods, therein him shroudes,
And raungeth through the raigne of Plutoes pit,
And pulleth downe in welkin hie that sit
The mighty powers of heauen, the God of loue:

And

And can I then his force from me remoue?
Se. Swift winged loue, mens fancy fond, in vayne
A mercy wanting God to bee, doth fayne:
And armes his handes with woundinge weapons keen
And bowes with burning brondes, for louers greene:
Of Venus to be sprong they al accorde,
And blyndly forgde of thunders limping Lorde.
Bland loue the myndes great torment sore appeares,
And buddeth first in frolicke youthful yeares.
Who while we drinke of Fortunes pleasaunt cuppe,
With layslie pampring ryot, is nestled vp:
Whom if to tosser vp you leaue at length
It fleeting, falles away with broken strength.
This is in all our life (as I suppose)
The greatest cause how pleasure first arose.
Which sith mankind by broodyng bydeth aye,
Through gladsom loue þ fierce wild beastes doth sway
It neuer can from manly breast depart.
Ne. This selfe same God I wish withall my hart
The wedlocke lightes to beare before our grace,
And fasten Poppie sure in our bed place.
Se. The peoples griefe might neuer yeeld to it:
Nor vertue can the same at all permit.
Ne. Shall I alone to do, forbidden be
That euery patch may do: that grieueth mee
Se. No trysling toyes the people lookes to haue
Of hym, that ought to rule with wisdome graue.
Ne. It pleaseth vs with daunted power to trye,
If peoples rash conceiued rage will flie.
Se. Seeke rather for to please and calme their moode.
Ne. Ill ruled is that raygne where people wood,
Their subiect Prince doth weld, as they thinke good
Se. When nought that they require they can obtayne,
They iustly then agrieued are agayne.

Ne. That

Ne. That gentle prayers cannot win with eale,
By force to wring it out, it doth vs pleale.
Se. An hard thing tis the people not to haue
That of theyr Prince, which they do iuſtly craue.
Ne. And horrible 'tis a Prince to be conſtrayned.
Se. Let not your ſubiectes then ſo ſore be rayned.
Ne. Why then the common brute abroade wil be.
How that the people haue ſubdued mee.
Se. That no man truſtes that is of credite light.
Ne. Be it ſo, yet many it markes with deadly ſpyghte.
Se. With countrie peeres to medle it is afrayd,
Ne. To quip and frump, 'tis nothing leſſe diſmayd.
Se. Your grace may eaſly couch that budding bruite
Let Sayncted ſires deſertes with pliant ſute,
Your graces mynd remoue: let ſpouſes age,
And curteous baſhfull ſhame diſrumpe your rage.
Ne. Leaue off (I ſay) that we entend to grutch.
For now your talke our pacience moueth much:
I pray you let it lawful be to do,
That Senec geueth not aduyſe vnto.
And we our peoples wiſhes do defer,
While Poppie feele in wombling wombe to ſterre,
The pledge of faythful loue to me and her.
Why do we not appoynt the morrow next,
When as our mariage pompe may be contexte:

The

THE THIRD ACTE

THE FIRST SCENE.

Agrippyna.

THrough paunch of riuened earth, from Plutoes raigne
With ghostly steps, I am returnd agayne.
In writhled wrikes, that blood do most desyre,
Forguyding wedlocke vyle with Stygian fire.
Let Poppie, which these cressets coupled sure,
Unto my sonne be ioynd in mariage pure:
Whom mothers griefe, and hand reuenging wrackes,
Shal send with heaue and hoe to funeral stackes
I always do remember wel beneath
Where piteous, ghostly, crauling soules do breath,
Th'unkindly slaughterous deede, which to our spyght
Yet vnreuengd is grieuous and of right:
And for the good I did a cruell pryse,
That deadly framed ship in crafty wyse:
And due reward that he gaue me agayne,
For helping him to rule of Empyres raygne:
And eake that night, when as I did bewayle,
Both losse of shippe wherin we then did sayle,
And mates vnhappye death, and whyle I thoughte,
For this accursed deede to haue besought

The Gods to trickling teares he gaue scant tyme
But twice encreased hath his deuillish cryme.
Quite slayne with sword, thrust through my bodyes boundes
And filthy layed through goary mattring woundes,
Deliuered safe from seas, deuouring sup,
In antique court my ghost I yeelded vp.
Nor yet his cancred, and vnsatiate hate.
For all this bloud doth Nero once abate.
That Tyrant dyre doth rage at mothers name.
And seeketh wayes my deedes for to defame.
Who threating death to them that doe withstand,
My shapes he dingeth downe in euery land:
My princely tytles large hee scrapeth out
In euery place, the whole wydeworld aboute,
Which my vnlucky parentes loue did geue,
To much vnto my paine whyle I did liue,
Unto a boy to guyde, which now I rue.
My poysoned make, my Ghost doth oft pursue:
And in my face with burning byrondes doth flye.
He stayes a space with earnest talke hard by,
And threatneth sore, and doth impute his death
And toinbe he should haue had to mee beneath.
And now desyres to haue some factious wight,
That dare despoyle my sonne of breathing spright.
Let be you shall haue one to worke this cryme,
I do require no long delayed tyme.
Reuenging spright Erin, a death doth coine,
Of life, that wicked tyrant to purloyne.
Sore smarting leaden strypes and shameful slight,
And pyning panges with thurst and hunger dight:
That Tantalus spungelike thursty mouth beturde,
And Sisyphus toyle shal passe, and Tityus burde,
And Ixions paynful wombling wheele aboute,
That teareth all his bodyes partes throughout.
Although that Tyrant proude and scornful wight,
His court with marble sore do strongly dyght,

And princelike garnish it with glistring golde:
Though troupes of souldiours shielded sure, vpholde
Their chiefetaynes princely porch: and though yet still
The world drawne dye with taskes euen to his will,
Great heapes of riches yeeld themselues to saue,
Although his bloudy helpe the Parthians craue,
And Kingdomes lying, and goods al that they haue,
The tyme and day shall come, when as he shall
Forlorne, and quite vndone, and wanting all.
Unto his cursed deedes his life and more,
Unto his foes his bared throate restore.
Alas, vnto what ende is all my payne?
Or in what case do now my bowes remayne?
Whereto doth now thy rage and destnies spyte?
Draw thee O Sonne, with brayne benummed quite?
That to such monstruous heapes of yles thy dame
(Whom thou with cursed mischiefe ouercame)
Hir wrath should yeeld? O that ere to the light
A sucking babe I brought thee forth in sight,
And fedd thee tyne with pappe as princely borne,
The fierce, wild, sauage beastes had rent and torne
My wombe and bloudy entrails all before.
Without all cryme, and wanting reasons pryde,
Mine own deere dādling child thou shouldst haue dide.
And fastned sure to me shouldst aye beholde,
The quiet place, where Ghostly soules be rolde:
And see thy graundsyres great of worthy fame,
And syre Domitius eake of princely name,
Whom now both shame and wayling doth abyde,
That whyle they dure, from them shal neuer slyde.
For which both thee, O cursed Barne, they may,
And mee, that thee haue borne geene thankes for aye.
But why ceasse I, with hel to hyde my face,
Wyfe, stepdame, mother dire, in my life space?

THE

THE SECOND SCENE.

Octauia Chorus.

O not, alas, thus sore lament,
But rather yet your mourning stay,
Sith that the city whole is bent
To celebrate this ioyful day:
Least your great loue and fauour both,
Which I do count to be most sure,
The more cause Nero me to loth,
And eake his bitter wrath procure:
And I fal out to be the ground
To you of many mischieues vyle,
This same is not the first deepe wounde,
That I haue felt now this good whyle:
Farre worse then this haue I abode:
But of these troublous cares this day
Shall make an end I trust in God,
Although with Death he do me pay,
No man to see shal me constrayne
His bended browes knit furrowyse,
Nor step within the Chamber ragyne
Of mayde drest vp in brydall guise
Augustus sister I wil bee,
And not his wyfe as wont I was:
But onely paynes remoue from mee,
And feare of death I wil not passe.
Yet canst thou piteous wyeth once trust,
Thy cruell husbandes father law,
Or these few thinges to haue so iust

Whyle mischiefes yet in mynd are rawe:
Now long reserud, vntil this day,
And these same maryage rytes be past,
Thou shalt poore wretch without delay,
A bloudy offring dye at last.
Why thus with teares disfigured sore
Thy wonted home dost thou behold:
Make hast to shunne this deadly shore
And leaue this straughtrous Princes fold.
Cho. Lo see that day suspectd long
And whispered Fame in all mens eares,
With glisteryng pompe of bydall throng,
To vs poore wretches now appeares.
And Claudius hoode Octauias grace,
From Neroes wedlocke place expelde,
Departed is, whose spousall space,
Hath Poppie conquerour long tyme helde.
The whyle, our pyety couched lyes
Kept downe with heauy, combrous feare.
And slow reuenging griefe likewyse:
Where doth the peoples power appeare,
That brake the force of Princes great,
That conquerous city lawes hath framde,
That worthy men to honours seat
Preferd, that warre and peace proclaymd,
That sauage people straunge did tame
That Kinges and Princes caught in fight
Shut surely vp in prison frame
To keepe them close from all mens sight
Loe, which wee cannot once abyde,
To see wher Poppies ymage trym,
Conioyned vnto Neroes syde
All glistring bright shynes very brim.
Let force of Armes pul downe that frame
And match with grounde that Ladyes face

Too

Too likely carued to his name,
And snatch her downe from beddig place,
And let it forthwith flye with brandes
With Dartes and Iauelins fiercely flonge,
From pythy braunes and sturdy handes
Unto the princes courtly throng.

THE FOVRTH ACTE.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Nutrix. Poppea,

FRom out of spousal bower dismayd with feare,
Whither go you? what secrets daughter deare
Unknowen, makes you to looke so drousely?
Why spungelike lokes your face w̄ tears frō eye
That fell? of truth the tyme desyred long,
And wished for by prayers, and vowes among
Hath shyned bright. Cæsars wedlock are you:
Your golden grace, wherof he tooke the view.
Him prisoner caught, and did him surely bynde,
So much the more, how much Senec his mynd
Did seeke to chaunge, and wild from loue to weeld.
And Venus chiefe in loue hath made him yeeld.
O in beauty passing all, what beds then downe
More soft, haue borne thy weight when thou with crowne
Didst sit in middes of court the Senate all.
At thy great beauty agast, thou didst appall.
Whylst thou the Goddes with perfume sendest fyne,

And

And sacred alters dreacht with thankful wyne,
Thy head attyrd with veyle of yellow hiew
By Cæsars side thou wentst as pyncesse new:
When he aloft extold aboue the rest,
With hauty courage merily went to feast.
Like as kyng Peleus went sometymes to take
Queene Tethis, whom salt seas some bred, his make.
Whose bridinge chambers, banquet wise dyrest,
The Gods vouchsaft to hallow with their best,
Both they that rule in skyes and eake in Seas.
But tel, O Lady, tell, if it you please,
What sodayne chaūce doth shade your beautyes light.
What meanes your colour chaūge from red to white:
What moues those trickling tears, how standes your plight?
Po. With dreames, and griesly sightes, this last night, Nurse,
My mynd was troubled sore, but frayd much worse.
For when sir Phœbe his weary course had ryd,
Whyle quiet resting night each thing shadid,
My sences weary fel in slumber deepe,
Whyle Nero me within his armes did cleepe.
Resoluing lims, at length gan sleepe discharge,
And long I rest not vnder quiets targe,
For loe, I saw a route that brought me feare,
Come to my chaumber with disheueled hayre:
The Matrons sage of Latin land did mourne,
And sounded shryking sighes as though forlorne
They were, the dolefulst wightes that liue on ground.
And oft among the warlike trumpets sound,
I sawe my husbands mother teribly stand,
With threatning looke berayed with bloud in hand
A light fyre brand she bare which oft she shooke,
And made mee goe with her through feareful loke.
When downe we came through op'ned earth shee led
The way, I after went with bowing hed,
And musing much therat, marke what I say,

My

My bed, me thought I saw, wherin I laye,
When first espousde I was to Rufe Chrispyne:
And hee me thought, with first sonne of his lyne,
With many following them agaynst me fast
Did come, and me to cleepe did swift his hast,
And as he wonted was he kist me oft,
Then rusht into my house with pace not soft
Amased Nero sore, in Chryspines breast
That hidde his faulchion kene: feare shakte of rest
From mee: I trembling stode with quiuering feare,
And breft dismayd to speake made me forbeare.
Til now (O Nurse) I met with thee, whose trust,
And fayth into these wordes haue made me brust.
Alas, what threatneth mee eche griesly spright?
What meanes o husbands bloud that doleful sight?
Nu. The hidden sacred bayne that moueth swift,
Which fantasie we call by secret drift,
When we do take our rest doth shew agayne,
The thinges both good and bad that byde in brayne:
You maruel that you saw your make, and bower,
His ghostly funerall stackes, at that same bower
Round clasped close in armes of husband new:
Hereto, the beaten breastes with handes mou d you,
And maydens hayre, on mariage day displayd:
Octauias friendes with heauy hartes bewrayed,
Amids hir brothers both and fathers hall
Their heauy cheere forher vnluckye fall.
That dreadful blasing flame of fyre forborne
In Agryppynas hand your grace before.
Which you did follow streigth declares renowne
To you, though enuye stryue to keepe it downe:
The seat you saw beneath doth promise you
Your state to stand ful sure not chaunging new:
That Nero prince in Crispins throat did hyde
His sword, it telles that he in peace shall byde,

Unknowen

Unknowen to bloudy ruthful warre for aye.
Therfore (Madam) plucke vp your hart I pray:
Receiue both mirth and glee cast feare asyde,
With ioy, and ease you may in bowre abide.
Pop. To temples hie where mighty Gods do dwell,
I wil repayre, and offringes to them fell
In humble wyse their heauy wrath t'ppease,
And me of mighty sight, and dreams to ease.
My second wish shal be, that this feare all
Vppon my foes as sodayne chaunce may fall.
O Nurse pray thou for mee some vowes do make
Toth' Gods, that ghostly feare his flight may take.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Chorus.

IF stealth disclosde by blabbing fame,
And lusty, pleasaunt, thankfull loue,
Of IOVE be true: who fourme did frame
Of swan to come from skies aboue,
And did enioy the sweete consent
Of Ladye LEDAS loues delight:
VVho like a Bull his labour spent,
Through flowing floods to cary quite,
EVROPA sylie stolne awaye:
Hee will no doubt leaue raygne of Skye
And POPPIES loue disguisd assaye.

If

If hee her ſoueraygne beauty ſpye:
VVhich hee might wel preferre before
Fayre LAEDAS ſugred ſweete delight:
And DANAE whom hee wonne of yore,
Amaſde with golden shoure ſo bright:
Let SPARTE now for HELENS ſake
Of beauty bragging fame vprayſe:
Admit the TROIAN heardman make
Of gayned ſpoyle tryumphant prayſe:
Fayre HELEN here is ſtayned quight:
VVhoſe beauty bredde ſuch boyling yre,
That earth was matched euen in ſight
VVith TROIAN towres conſumde with fyre.
But who is this that runnes with feare oppreſt?
Or els what newes bringes he in panting breaſt?

THE THIRD SCENE.

Nuntius, Chorus,

VVhat ſturdy champion ſcoute doth ioy with glee
Our chieftaynes royal bower ſafe to ſee,
Then to his court I counſel him to wend,
Gainſt which the populus rout their force doth bend.
The rulers runne amaſde to fetch the gard,
And armed troupes of men, theyr towne to ward.
Nor woodnes raſhly cought through feare doth ceaſſe,
But more and more, their power doth encreaſe.

Cho.

Ch. What sodain rage doth heat their hotling braine?
Nun. The garisons great with fury astonde againe,
And sturred vp for Queene Octauias sake
With monstrous mischiefe vile, their rage to slake,
They rumbling rush into the Pallace farre.
Cho. What dare they do, their counsailers who are?
Nun. Auaunce their Empresse old, subuert the new:
And graunt hir, brothers beds as is hir due.
Cho. Which Poppie now, with hole consent doth hold?
Nun. Yea that vnbrideled rage in brest vp rold,
Sets them agog, and makes them wondrous wood.
What euer ymage grauen in marble stood,
If Poppies badge it bare, or if in sight,
It tended for to shew hir beauty bright,
Though it on heauenly altares haue did stand,
They break, or pull it down, with sword or hand.
Some parts with ropes sure tide, they trayle thē forth
Which spurnd w durty feete, as though naught worth
With filthy stinking myre, they it all beray.
And with their deedes their talke doth iumpe agree,
Which mine amased minde, thinks true to bee
For fierie flames they threat for to prepare,
Wherewith to waste, the princes Pallace faire,
Unlesse, vnto their furious moode he giue
His second wife, and with Octauia liue,
But he by me shall know in what hard stay
The City stands: the rulers Ile obay.
Cho. Alack, what made you cruell warres, in baine
To moue, sith prisoner loue you can not gaine(
You can not him ouercome, your fiery flame
He recketh not: his eye ouercomes the same.
He darkened hath those thundring thumps that shake
Heauen, Earth, Hel, sea, al things ỳ makes to quake.
Yea mighty Ioue, in heauen that weares chief crowne
His flames from welkin he hath brought adowne.
And you, not victors now, but vanquished,

Shall raunsome pay, the price of hearts bloud red.
Loue, pacient can not be, but hote in rage,
No easie thing it is, his wrath t'allwage.
Achilles worthy wight, that was so stout,
To twang the Harpe he made in Ladies rout,
Prince Agamemnon sterne that boy benumd,
And rable rude of Greekes with loue hyonds bumd.
King Priams raigne he topsie turuie tost,
And goodly Cities great he chiefly lost.
And now my minde sore frighted stands agast,
What Cupides furious force brings vs at last.

THE FOVRTH SCEANE.

Nero.

AH, ah, our captaines sloe dispatching coyle,
And our long suffring yre in such a hyoyle,
That streames of bloud yet do not quēch their rage
Which thei against our pryce person wage
And that all Rome, with coyses strewd about,
Those cruell villaines bloud, doth not sweat out.
But deedes already done, with death to pay
A small thing t'is, a greater slaughtrous day
The peoples curssed crime, and eke that dame,
Whom I did aye suspect, deserues the same.
To whome, to yelde those peasaunts would me make:
At last she shall, with like our sorow slake,
And with hir bodies bloud shall quench our yre.
Then, shall their houses fall by force of fyre:
What burning both, and buildings fayre decay,
What beggerly want, and wayling hunger may
Those villaines shal be sure, to haue ech day.
Ah, Neuender pricks that vile rebellious race
Ne can they once our fauour well embrace,
Ne be content, with peace in quiet state,

But

But hoyling raumpe about with troubled gate.
Hereon with boldneſſe ſtraight, hereon they flie,
With hare braind raſhneſſe hedlong by and by.
Well, they muſt tamed be with heauy ſtroke,
And downe be kept with peiſe of weighty yoke:
That they, with like attempt, do not ariſe,
Nor once call vp their deadly peaſaunts eyes,
Againſt our louing ſpouſes golden lookes:
Firſt puniſh them ſure, then feare ſhal be their bookes,
To teache them, at their Princes beck t'obay
But ſee at hand, whom fayth, and vertue rare,
Lieuetenant chiefe of camps, appointed thare.

THE FIFTE SCEANE.

Præfectus. Nero.

The vulgare peoples raſh vnruly rage
The ſlaughter of a fewe did ſone aſſwage,
Which long withſtode our valiant force in vain.
To tel your grace this newes, I come againe.
Ner. And is this then ynough, doſt thou ſo well,
O ſouldiour marke what doth thy captaine tell:
Haſt thou with held thy hand frou bloudy yre:
Is this the due reuenge that we requyre:
Præ. The captaine guides of treaſon payd their hyre,
By deſperate death of bloudy ſword in fight.
The route which ſought with flaming fyre to light,
Ner. Our royall Pallace great, who would aſſigne
Their Prince what he ſhould doe: and pull in fine
Our mate from vs diſſoluing wedlocke bandes:
Whoſe hardy ſlaunderous tongs, & wicked handes,
Hir princely grace reprochfully withſtandes,
From due reuenge, are they diſmiſſed free:
Præ. Shall ſubiectes payne, by griefe aſſigned bee:
Ner. It ſhall aſſigne which time ſhall never weare.
Præ. Which neither wrath may end, nor yet your feare;

Nero. Shee shall appeale our hie displeased minde,
Who spyte, our wrath deserued due to finde. (quire
Præf. Declare whose death your moode doth most re-
Let not my hande be stayde from your desire.
Ner. It seekes our sisters death, and trayterous hed.
Præ. Those woords through all my limbs, hath stiknesse
Oppyest with grielly feare: Ner. Us to obay. (spyed,
Stands thou in doubt? Præf. On sayth why do you lay
So great a fault? Ner. Bycause thou sparedst our foe.
Præf. Deserues a woman to be termed so?
Nero. If treason she begin. Præ. Is any man
So sure, that him accuse of treason can; (wights
Ner. The peoples rage: Præf. Those madde vnweldye
Who order could? Ne. Who could stir vp their spyts?
Præ. No creature as I thincke. Ner. A woman could,
In whome a mind Dame nature hath vpfould,
To mischiefe prone; shee armed hath hir heart,
To hurt by wyles: yet strength shee set apart,
Least shee vndaunted force with hir should beare:
But now hir slender power with doubting feare,
Is quickly quayde, or else with punishment,
Which hir condemned state to mischiefe bent
To late doth ende: away with graue aduise,
Us with entreating seeke not to entyse.
Dispatch that we commaund on shipboorde borne,
Farre off to shore aloofe with dashing worne,
Commaund shee be: that tunlike swelling brest
At length in storming stomack may take rest.

THE SIXTE SCENE.

Chorus. Octauia.

ALack the peoples bitter loue,
And dyre good will to many one,
Which, when they hoysted sayles aboue,
With pleasaunt blastes it made to grone,

And

And carled them from quiet shore,
That fayntíng, leaues them in the deepe,
And tumbling, raging waters rore.
Cornelia piteous wretch did weepe,
And sore bewayle hir sonnes estate:
The peoples loue did vndoe them,
And wondrous fauour, bred them hate:
Great worthy peeres of noble stem:
Of high renowne for vertues prayse:
In fayth and eloquence did pas
Their stomacks stout their fame did rayse:
Ith lawes eche one most excellent was.
And Scipio, thee did Fortune yeelde
Unto lyke death, and curssed wracke,
Whom neyther honours pompe coulde sheelde,
Nor fenced house thy foes keepe backe.
Woe to repeate, although I coulde,
Pure present griefe forbiddeth sore:
Ere whyle to whom the people woulde,
Her Fathers antique Courte restore,
And Brothers wedlocke once againe,
Now weeping, wringing hands poore wretch,
Unto hir cruell, deadly payne,
The armed souldiours doe hir fetch.
How safe doth pouerty lye content,
In thetched house safe shrouded there:
High rayled towers with blasts are bent,
Which often tymes them ouer beare.
Oct. Where pull you mee poore wretch: alas,
Into what banisht exiles place,
Woulde Nero haue mee for to passe,
Or Fortune bids, with frowning face:
If now with fayntíng strength quite coolde,
And with my broyles all wearied ceasse,
And longer lyfe shee graunt mee woolde,
If that shee worke for to increase,

My sorrowes great with deadly dart,
Why is she then so much my foe,
In country that I may not part,
And leaue my life before I goe?
But now no helpe of health I feele,
Alas I see my Brothers boate:
This is the same, whose vaulted keele,
His Mother once did set a flote.
And now his piteous Sister I,
Excluded cleane from spousall place,
Shall be so caried by and by:
No force hath vertue in this case.
No Gods there be my woes to wrecke.
The grielly, dreadfull drad Eryn,
Doth weld the worlde at nod and becke,
Who can lament my state, wherein
I am, alas, sufficientlie?
How can Aedon duely playne,
My smarting streames of teares that I
Do shedde? whose wings I would be faine,
If destnies would them graunt, to weare.
Then would I leaue my mourning mates,
As swiftly fled, as wings could beare,
And so auoyde these bloudy pates.
Then sitting sole in shirwood shirle,
And hanging sure, by dandling twigge
With plaintiue pipe I might out twirle
My heauy tuned note so bigge.
Chor. The mortall broode the destnies guide:
Themselues they nothing can assure,
That certainly doth stedfast bide:
Which our last day of life, procure,
(Whereof we alwayes should beware,)
Much daungerous chaunces for to try:
Unto your troubled minde with care,
Now many saumples do apply,
Which your accursed court hath brought,

To holden you in all your hoyle:
For what hath more your troubles wrought,
What doth against you sorer toyle,
Than fortune doth: the first of all,
Agrippas childe brought forth to life,
Whome we Tyberius daughter call,
By lawe, and eke Prince Cæsars wife,
Of many sonnes a carefull dame,
I cannot chose but now recount,
Whose worthy, glorious ample name,
Throughout the world doth much surmount.
So oft with belly bolne that bare
Desyred fruicts, and peaces pledge,
Ere long thou sufferedst exiles care,
Stryppes, chaines, and boltes of yron wedge,
And mourning much, which so did frame,
That death they caulde thee to abyde.
So Liuia, Drusus lucky dame
In male kinde babes, did bedling slyde,
Into a cruell monstrous deede,
And death sore pearcing deadly dart.
Hir mothers fates doth Iulia speede,
To folow streight with all hir heart,
Who after longer wasted time
With bloudy fauchion kene, was slaine,
Although for no iust cause or crime.
Your mother eke that once did raigne,
Who then esteemd of Claudius well,
Did wisely weld his court at will,
And fruitfull was, as you can tell,
What could not her desire fulfill:
Shee sometime subiect to hir slaue,
To death was put with souldiours blade.
What shee, that eafly hope might haue,
To thy skies, hir raigne to rise haue made,
Prynce Neroes lusty Parent great:
First tost with shipmans boysterous force,

Then toyne with sword in Princes heat,
Did shee not lye a senceles coyse,
Oct. Loe mee the tyrant stern will send
To yrcksome shades and hellish spyrits.
Why wretch doe I the tyme thus spend:
Draw mee to death you to whose myghts,
False Fortune hath bequeathed mee.
I witnesse now the heauenly powre.
What dost thou bedlame: leaue to flee,
With prayer to Gods, who on thee lowre.
I call to witnesse Tartar deepe,
And spyrytes of Hell reuenging freakes
Of haynous facts, in Dungeon steepe,
And Syre whom death deserued wreakes.
I doe not now reppyne to dye,
Deck vp your Ship, and hoyse your Sayle,
On frothing seas to windes on hye:
Let him that guides the Helm not fayle,
To seeke the shore of Pharian Land.
Cho. O pippling puffe of western wynde,
Which sacrifice didst once withstand,
Of Iphigen to death assignde:
And close in Cloude congealed clad,
Did cary hir from smoking aares,
Which angry, cruell Virgin had:
This Prynce also oppresst with cares,
Saue from this paynefull punishment,
To Dians temple safely borne:
The barbarous Moores to rudenesse bent,
Then Princes Courtes in Rome forlorne,
Haue farre more Cyuile curtesie:
For there doth straungers death appease
The angry Gods in heauens on hie,
But Romayne bloude, our Rome must please.

FINIS.

THE TENTH TRAGEDY OF L. ANNAE. SENECA, Entituled HERCVLES OETÆVS: Translated out of Latin into Englishe by I. S.

The Argument.

HERCVLES hauinge ſubdued the Sonnes of EVRITVS Kynge of OEchalia, (who contrary to theyr promiſe, denied to geue their Siſter IOLE vnto him) & hauing made conqueſt of the City and countrey thereabout, meant to ſacryfice vnto the Gods for his victory in that behalfe, and ſucceſſe in briging away, perforce, his beeloued IOLE. For the ſolemne celebration whereof, he ſent LYCAS his ſeruaunt, vnto DEIANEIRA his Wyfe, to fetche his Robe, which hee alwayes vſed when hee ſacrifized. DEIANEIRA dippinge and beſprinckling the ſame Robe in the bloude of NESSVS the Centaure, becauſe ſhe feared leaſt her huſband loued IOLE better then he did her, (for NESSVS being ſhot through, and ſlayne by HERCVLES, had perſwaded & aduiſed her that ſhee ſhoulde ſo doe, whenſoeuer ſhee doubted that her huſbands loue were alienated from her to any other,) ſent it vnto him. Which Garment when HERCVLES had put on, the poyſon wherein it was dipped, and waſhed, enuenomed all his Vitall partes, and droue him into moſt intollerable tor-

ble tormentes. For remedy vvhereof hee ſent to *APOLLO* his Oracle at *Delphos*: from vvhence hee receiued aunſwere, that hee ſhould bee caryed vnto Mounte *OEtus*, and there, that a greate fier ſhoulde bee made: and as for all other things, they ſhould bee referred to the pleaſure and direction of *IVPITER*. The fier being there made and kindled by *PHILOCTETES*, (vnto vvhom *HERCVLES* bequeathed his Arrowes,) *HERCVLES* vvent vp into it, & was there burned. Whoſe boanes being afterward ſought for and not founde, the ſtanders by vvere fully perſwaded that he vvas deified, & taken vp into Heauen. When knowledge thereof vvas broughte vnto *DEIANIRA*, ſhee thinking her ſelfe to bee the cauſe of her huſbandes tormenting death, ſtrangled herſelfe.

FINIS.

THE

The Speakers names.

HERCVLES.	*IOLE.*
ALCMENA.	*CHORVS.*
HYLLVS.	*PHILOCTETES.*
NVTRIX.	*DEIANIRA.*

THE FIRST ACTE.

HERCVLES alone.

O Lorde of Ghostes whose fyrye flasshe
(that forth thy hand doth shake)
Doth cause the trembling Lodges twayne
of Phœbus Carre to quake,
Raygne reachlesse nowe: in euery place
thy peace procurde I haue
Alooke where Nereus lockes vp lande
Empalde in winding Waue.
Thwack not about with thunder thumpes, the rebell kinges bee downe,
The rauening tyrauntes Scepterlesse, are pulled from their crowne:
By mee all daunted is wherson, thy boults thou shouldst bestowe.
And yet O Father, yet the Heauens are still withholde mee froe,
At all assayes I serue, as might an Impe of Ioue behoue,
And that thou ought to Father mee, my stepdame well doth proue.
Why dost thou linger in delay, is Heauen of vs afraide?
Seeme wee so awfull, fell, and fierce? and wherefore are wee staide?
And cannot Atlas boysteous backe on stouping shoulder tough,
Vpholde the payse of Hercules, and heauen well inough?

What is

What is it ſier? what is it Ioue that thee ſo much detarres?
What may thee force keepe backe thy ſonne from ſcaling of the Starres?
For death hath let me paſſe againe from dungeon darke to ther,
When miſchiefes fell and monſters all deſtroyde and ſpoyled bee
That eyther Lande, or Seas, or Ayre, Or hell engender coulde.
Arcadian Lion none to raunge in ſaluage Nemea woulde.
The Stymphall Foule hath chaſed hin with Bowe, and Braſell boulte,
No nimble heart of Menalus doth lye in hill nor boulte
The Dragon daunting with his bloud hath goarde the goulden grout.
And Hydra hath his courage coolde, and Diomedes drout
Whoſe puffed paunches pampred were with ſloare of ſtraungers bloud
That ſcoarde the Coaſte and barren bankes of cruell Hebei floud
I ſlaughterd them, and that the force of foe might well bee ſeene.
I prowide away the booties of the prowde Amazon Queene,
Of ſilent ſhades in glummy Goulphes the dreadfull doomes I ſaw
On Cerber black the Tartar Tike the ſonne did ſhine with awe,
And he with ſteaming Goggle eyes hath glyed vpon the ſoone:
Anteus pawnes, and gapes no more whoſe gaſping breath is doone:
I front his alters Buſir fell was knockt vnto the grounde,
By him whoſe hande gaue Gerion his deepe and deadly wounde
And ſlew the mighty Bull that was to hundred heartes a dreade,
All noyous plagues I ſpoyled haue that euer Tellus bread,
And daunted by my hand they lye: the Gods now neede not fret:
The worlde to aunſwere Iunoes yre, no monſters now can get.
Now ſhew thy valiaunt ſonne his ſire, or ſet him in the clowdes,
Thou ſhalt not neede to bee my guide, my ſelfe will climbe the ſhrowdes.
Doe thou my paſſage but allow, and I ſhall finde awaye:
But if thou dreade, that monſters moye the earth engender may,
Haſt on eache monſter hideous, to ſhew it ſelfe in time,
Whyle Hercules hath his aboade beneath the heauenly Clyme.
For who encounter ſhall the fiendes? who iſt that Grecia hath,
That may be meete, to bide the brunt of mighty Iunoes wrath?
My prayſe hurtes not my health: my fame doth fly from land to lande:
The yſy poale doth know mee, where the northerne beare doth ſtande:
The eaſterlinge encombred with the glede of ſcorching ſunne:
The ſouth, where Phœbe by crooked clawe of Tropick Crab doth rünne.
In euery coaſt w Titan where thou doſt thy ſelfe reueale,
How I haue met thee face to face, to thee I doe appeale.
Aloofe beyonde the compaſſe of thy light I ſet my foote,
And neuer coulde thy blaze ſo farre his glymſinge glorye ſhoote.

As I

As I haue forst the honour of my triumphes for to streatch,
The day it selfe hath had his stint, within my trauells reatch
Dame Nature sayde, the worlde was thogd beside his center dew,
And ougsome night in shimmering shade, from dungeon darck I drew,
And cankred Chaos lodged alooke encountred mee amayne:
Yet from the deepe I gat to ground, whence none returnes agayne.
Wee straue against the Ocean stormes, I balaste the keele
Fraught with my waight, that wrestling waues could not cõpell it reele.
What heapes of hazardes tempted I? through all the open ayre,
To qualify thy wedlocks wrath can mischiefe none repayre
The earth would loath such baggage bred as I would match by might,
Yea monsters none are to be founde, the fiendes doe shun my sight.
And Hercules for want of fiendes against him selfe did rage
What eluishe creatures erst did I with naked arme asswage.
Was euer any peuish thing so big vpon the ground
That coapt with mee, but that my hand alone did it confound.
Not hetherto from vermin vyle through fayntng feare I leapt
In babish peares, not when to me in Cradell layde they leapt:
Eache thing that was commaunded me, at ease I did obay:
Thus free from paynefull toyle to me there neuer past a day.
What vermin haue I vanquished, no king commaunding it?
My courage cloyes me more then all the wyles of Iunoes wit.
But what auayleth me to rid mankinde of fickle feare?
The Gods yet cannot raygne in rest: while vp the world doth peare,
New rid of furious fiendes, it sees a host in sterry skies
The cruell creatures all, that erst on earth did fore aggrise.
Dame Iuno hath transport the clues The scorching Crab doth creepe
Abouth the burning zone, and looke at Affrica doth keepe
The Tropick line: and Harueft fat he feedes with parching heate:
To Virgo, Leo turnes the time, and in a reeking sweate
He bushing vp his burning Mane, doth dry the dropping south.
And swallowes vp the flabby cloudes in fyry foming mouth.
The Urchins all are creapt to skies, and haue preuented mee:
I Conquerer from Earth to Heauen, my trauells all may see:
These gargle Faces grim on heauen, Dame Iuno first did set:
As though thereof the terrour might to skies my passage let:
Although she scatter them in Shapes, or make the Heauens forlorne
More then ỹ Earth, or hellike Goulphes, (wherby ỹ Gods are sworne)
Yet roome for Hercles shalbe made, if after monsters quelde,
Or battells fought, or hellike hound in Chaynes as captiue helde,

If all

If all exploytes cannot preuayle, in skies a place to gayne;
Then loubt vp bee the midland Sea twixt Barbaric, and Spayne;
That eyther shore may ioyne in one, with channell none betweene
There will I dam the running streame, that Sea shall none be seene:
Or as for Corinth out shot land that tweene two seas doth lye,
It shall giue way to eyther streame, that through the same shall fly.
And when the seas on passage haue, the Fleete of Athens towne
May floate in Channell new: thus shall the world turne topsidowne::
Let Ister turne his streame, and Tanaus flow another way:
Graunt Ioue a placket, graunt, wherby the Gods vpholde I may.
Discharge thy thunder dint, where I shall keepe due watch, & warde,
If eyther to the fly poale thou bid mee haue regarde,
Or burning zone, heere let the Gods full safe all force defy:
Prynce Paean purchast hath an house amid the cristall sky,
And well deserued he the temples of Parnassus hill,
For slaughter of a Dragon made? how oft recouering still
In Hydra poyson Python lay? with Bacchus Perseus strong
By lesse desert then Hercules, haue crept the Gods among.
But all the East (a mighty coast) to bond is brought by him.
Whom Iuno spightes, how stearne a bug was snaky Gorgon grim?
What Impe is he, begot betweene my stepdame dyre and thee,
Whose praysed paynes haue purchaste him a place in heauen to be?
The heauen that on my shoulders I haue bolstred vp I craue:
But Lycas, (partner of my paynes) dispatch our triumph braue.
Display in pomp the ruin of Euritus house, and Crowne:
And for the sacrifice with speede strike yee the Bullocks lowne,
Where as the Parc (that doth aduaunce the Church of Cenei Ioue.))
Lyes open to Euboea sea: that wrackfull waue doth moue.

Chorus.

THe Gods in blisse that man doth counteruaile;
That can at once both Graue, & glory gayne,
Death vpon death the whilst doth him assaile
Whose wretched life is lingred on in payne,
With frowning fate in spurning spighte who striues,
And sets the Keele of gaping goulphe at nought,

Will not

Will not ſubmit his captiue handes to giues,
As diſhe of diſhonour in triumph to bee brought:
Like carefull caytife hee ſhall neuer droupe,
Whelmed in ſtorming thoughts of ſower annoy
Whoſe ſtomacke ſcornes, for dawnting death to ſtoupe,
Though ſeas amid the deepe in hoyſted hoy
Driue him aloofe, when as a ſouthern gale
Beates Boreas back, or eaſtern puffe agayne
Recoiles the weſtern winde, and ſeemes to hale
From deepeſt ſandes the ſurges torne in twayne.
Tht broken planckes to catche hee ſcrambles not
Of wracked barke, as one that hopes to haue
Amid the Channell deepe a landing plot,
When diſmall death appeares in euery waue
Hee cannot ſuffer ſhipwracke all alone:
With pined karrayne coarſe, and ſtreames of teares,
And with our countrey duſt our heades vpon,
Powldring our lockes, wee languiſhe out our yeares.
Neyther flaſhing flame, nor thumping thunder cracke
Will once dawnt vs: O death thou doſt purſew,
Where fortune fawnes: but where ſhee worketh wracke,
Thou ſhunneſt thoſe, that woulde thee not eſchew,
Wee ſtand not in our razed countrey wall,
Whoſe ground ſhall now bee ouergrowne (alas)
With bramble, and bryer, and down the temples fall:
While mucky ſheepecotes are planted in their place.
And now the froſtifaced Greeke (alas)
This way, this way, with all his droue of Neate
By ſo much of Æchalia muſt paſſe,
As heapt on aſhes gloweth ſtill with heate.
The Teſſayle ſheepherd ſitting by the way
On iarringe Pype ſhall play his countrey ryme,
Singing wyth ſighes alacke, and weladay,
Thus to bewayle the ſorrowes of our time.
Ere ryme ſhall roll the race of many a yeare,
It will bee aſkt, where earſt the towne did ſtand?

O well

O well was I, when as I liued a leare,
Not in the barren balkes of fallow land,
Nor in Theſſalia on the foodeleſſe cliues,
But now among rough Trachin craggy Rocks,
And ougly ſhrubs neceſſity mee driues,
Whoſe flaming toppes detarres the feeding Oxe.
And in the way leſſe woods vntrode before
All comfortleſſe, afright and in a maze
Needes muſt I trot alone, that would abhorre
The ſaluage beaſtes, that on the mountaynes graze.
But better lot (if any Dames may haue)
They ouer Inach wambling ſtreame ſhall row,
Or ſhrowd in Dirce Walles, where Iſmen waue
With feeble force of ſhallow fourde doth flow.
The hawty Hercles mother heere was wed,
What Scythian crag, what ſtones engendred him?
What Rocky mountayne Rhodope thee bred,
Of Tyrant Titans race a curſed lim?
Stipe Athos hill, the brutiſh Caſpia land,
With teate vnkinde, fed thee twixt rocke & ſtoane:
Falſe is the tale, wherewith thou bearſt in hande,
Two nights for thee thy Mother deare did groane.
While lingring ſtarres long lodged in purple ſky:
The ſhepherd ſtarre his courſe did enterchaunge
With the loade ſtarre, and vp the Moone doth ſty,
That couched Phœbe durſt not the Welkin raunge,
No Launce can pearce his monſters ruggy ſkin,
The blunted Iron tryed it with thumping thwack,
And Steele is not ſo tough: on naked ſkin
A ſwerd was braſt, and ſtones rebounded back.
The force of fate he vtterly defies,
And toughly timberd as he is of lim
Hee doth contriue, how quarrells may ariſe,
That death might proue his febled force in him
The quaries coulde not enter to his fleſh,
Nor yet the bowe with Scythian ſteule drawn deepe,

No nor

No nor the glaues, vvith vvhich Sarmacians freſh,
Hot ſkirmiſhes in th'yſy Clyme doe keepe.
No nor the Parthian better Archer farre,
Then Creete, who parcht with Phaëtons ſoultring flame,
Vnder the Equinoctiall rayſeth warre,
Gaynſt th'eaſterling diſcomfetinge the ſame.
Hee with his body did batter downe the wall,
Of Oechalie: nothing may him withſtande:
By valiaunt proweſſe hee hath conquerd all:
Tis woon before, that hee doth take in hande:
The howgy Briar that fifty paunches had,
The hawty Giges with hundred armes likewiſe,
That clamb vp Thaſſayle hills as Gyant mad,
When rebells rage woulde take from loue the ſkyes,
Such ſteaming Eyes, ſuch gaſtly viſage foule,
Such Gargle face, ſuch countnaunce glaring grim,
Wherewith ſtearne Hercles glowningly doth ſcowle,
Thoſe Gyaunts had reſembling playnely him.
Thus greateſt bliſſe is prone to greateſt bale
There wants no woe whoſe cup wee haue not taſte
Wee wretched women haue with countnaunce pale.

IOLE.

But carefull captiſſe I
doe not bewayle forlorne
The ſweeping flames, nor Idolles, wyth
their tattred Temples torne:
Nor that the Fathers burne
together with they' Sonnes,
That Gods, & men, that tombes & Church,
at once to ruin runnes.
Vpon the common care
wee doe not powre our playnt,
For Fortune wills vs turne our teares with other woes attaynt:

And thus my frowning Fate allotteth vnto mee
Another kinde of wretchednes, that must lamented bee:
What shall I first bewepe? Or chiefly what complayne?
And to bewayle them all at once, woulde mittigate my payne.
Alas that but on breast Dame Nature did mee frame,
That blowes agreeing to my griefe might bounce vpon the same.
With weeping Sipill rocke, broose yee my balefull breast,
Or on Eridanus silent shore in sorrowes let mee rest,
Where as the mourning troupe of Nymphes doe bale theyr heares,
To wayle the death of Phaeton with showres of droppīg teares.
Or els in Sicill rocke cause mee encoucht to dwell,
Where Scilla Hag with howling noyse, and barking big doth yell.
Or else in Lynnets shape let me tell on my tale,
And weepe with Adon in the woods, or turnde to Nightingale
As Lady Philomele, recordes with weeping lay
In shade of hawty Ismar hill vpon a tender spray,
With soking sighes her griefe, O Gods: and mee addighe
In shape, that may be suetable vnto my playntiffe plight.
And of my piteous moane let craggy Trachin sounde,
Sith Myrra sawe the teares wherein Dame Venus eyes were drowndē,
That shee for Adonis with smoky sighes did shed,
And Halcion might wayle at will her louing Ceyx dead:
The Lady Tantalis gat life to weepe alone,
And Philomele did chaunge her shape, and earnefully did mone
Her tender Itis death: (alas) why are not yet
With flickering Fethers fit for wynges, my naked armes beset?
O happy shall I bee, and happily bee blest,
When in the woods as in an house I make my shrowding nest,
And sitting like a birde vpon my countrey grounde
In dolefull harmony shall tune the cares, that me confounde.
That thus the people fond may talke how they haue seene
In piteous likenesse of a Byrde, the Daughter of a Queene.
I carefull captiffe, I, beholde my Fathers fate,
When in the Courte a deadly club did Palt him on the pate,
And sprawling on the flooze with braynes pasht out hee laye,
Alas if fates would let thy Coarse beshrynde in pit of Claye,
What flowing teares (O Syer) would I on thee bestowe?
And coulde I brooke it Toxeus, to see thy death with woe?
That wert vnwayde in teares, and cabe in pits vnpayde,
Vpon whose naked Cheekes the pregnaunt sap no hayres had rayde.

Why should

Why should I parents deare your fates with teares detest,
Whom death with hand ind fferent hath taken hence to rest:
My Fortune seekes my teares, due to myne owne distresse,
Now as a captiue must I dawnce attendaunce more and lesse,
Upon my Ladyes rock: and twyst her threde pspoon,
Woe worth my beauty, for the which in dread of death I run.
And for thy sake alone my flock hath lost his lyfe,
Whyle that my sper Oenpeth me to Hercles as his wyfe
And did for feare refuse his stepfather to bee,
But to our Lardes balefull bower as Captiues hence goe wee:

THE SECONDE ACTE.

Nutrix. Deianira.

WHat furious fits of ramping rage
doth bople in Womens brayne,
When in one roofe both wedded wyfe
and Harlot doe remayne?
Both Scylla, and Charibdis gulfe
no daunger like it haue,
That raging roll on Sicill shore
by heapes the wrastling waue.
No saluage beaste so bad there is,
that betters not the same.

For brutte no sooner blew abroade the captiue Harlots name,
And that the beauty of Iolas countnaunce shyned brym,
As doth the day, when marble skies, no filthy fog doth dim:
Or like the glimse of twinckling Starre, that in the welkin bright
Displayes abroade his shooting beames amid the frosty night:
But Deianira Hercles Wyfe all bedlem like doth stande,
And scowleth as the Tiger wilde which couched on the sande
In shade of rocke doth shrowde his whelpes, and buskells vp in haste,
Espying him that of his younge doth come to make the waste:
Or like as Menas ouercharg with Bacchus licour sweete
With Ivy bunche on thurled Darte from place to place doth fleete:

Shee makes a pawse, in doubt where to shee might derect her pace,
Then frantickly as on bestraught, shee flyes from place to place
In Hercles house. thus was shee rapt in rage of flaming yre,
The house to narrow was, to coole the despyt dames desire.
Shee runneth in, shee trots about, shee makes a soddayne stay.
The mallady in frowning face it selfe doth playne display.
No galling griefe remaynes at heart. The teares gush from her Eyes,
Nor in on kinde of temper still in frensy fits shee fryes:
Her glowning lookes with fury fell doe chaunge her former hew,
Now glaring stande her steaming Eyes, and paleneſſe doth ensew
The ruddy colour in her Cheekes: the anguish of her heart
Dryues out her dolors deepe, to shew them selues in euery part:
Shee languisheth, shee moanes for helpe, shee waples her froward fate,
And all the house an Echo makes resounding her estate.
Lor headlong to and froe shee hies, and running still about
Goes mumbling, and the secrets of her minde shee mutters out:
Oh Iuno Spouse to Ioue, what part of heauen soeuer thou keepe,
Rayse vp some saluage beast, against lewde Hercules to creepe,
That I shall thinke sufficient: If any combrous snake
With breeding hee doe craule, more big in all the slimy lake,
That may not take a foyle: or if that ought doe yet remayne,
So ougsome, grisely, curst, and grim, so fraught with filthy bayne,
That hee may loathe to looke thereon, that may his sight appaule.
Vndae their Demes, from hydeous hoales procure such vermin craule.
Or if that fiendes can none befounde, then conjure thou my ghost
To what thou list: this soule of myne can well abyde the most:
Some vncouth shape, some gastly face, such one bestow on mee,
Whereby the horrour of my pangues may counteruayled bee:
Why boyling breast cannot conceaue the vengeaunce, I woulde frye:
Why serchest thou the corners farre, of landes aloofe that lye?
And turnst ỹ world thus vpside downe? why seekst thou harme of hell?
To trounce him, furious fiendes enough within this breast doe dwell:
Make me thyne instrument of hate: his stepdame I will bee,
And thou mayst worke the ouerthrow of Hercules by mee:
Appoynct my hand to any thing. Why dost thou make delay?
Vse thou my frensy, as the meanes to compasse his decay.
The mischiefe shall be brought to passe, what euer thou wilt craue:
Why stande yee musing still thereon? contrued all I haue:
Thou mayst forbeare thy malice now: my rancour shall suffice,
To bring this wretche vnto his ende, my selfe can well deuise.

NV. My

NV. My Foster gyrle, of rauing myndе, these dreary playnts asswage,
Forbeare this brute, and bridell yet the rigour of thy rage:
Bet aue thy selfe for such an one, as men may worthy iudge
The noble Spouse of Hercules. DEI. Shall Iole (slauish drudge)
Bring basterd brethren to my Babes? of her that is a slaue
Shall Iupiter the God of heauen forsooth a daughter haue?
The flashing flames, and fighting floodes shall ioyne togeather first.
The northern beare to Marble seas shall stoupe to quench his thyrst.
Yea vengeaunce, vengeance, still I haue, though on thy back thou wyeld
The boysteous heauens, and all the worlde doe peace vnto thee peide:
There is a thing shall stinge thee worse then Hydra hissing Snake,
The corsey curst of angry Wyfe. Doth any fyry Flake
Vpthrowne from Etnas boyling Foarge, so sowse the beaten skyes?
More then all things that thou hast daunt, my ghost shall thee aggryse.
Shall thou prefer a seruill Trull before thy wedded Wyfe?
For feare of many monsters more I tendred still thy lyfe,
And now for to encrease my care, I see no monsters lurke,
And now steps in an hateful whoore, (which more my minde doth vrke)
To cumber vs, as ill as fiendes. O Father thou of might,
The shielde of Gods: and Titan thou, that bearst the Lamp of lyght,
I onely vnto Hercules a loyall wyfe abod,
And to an Harlots vse are turnde my prayers made to God:
The fruite of my felicity a Strumpet doth obtayne,
And for an Harlots loue yee Gods haue harde my prayers vayne:
Is Hercules returnde for her? O griefe not yet content.
Deuise some tearing torments, seeke some pangues, and punishment.
Let Iuno learne of mee, what force a womans fury hath.
Shee knowes not how in deepe despight, to vse her harming wrath.
For mee you did these battayles wage: for my sake Acheloe
Did let his streaming bloud amid his wambling waues to floe.
When snarling Adders shape hee tooke, and to the boysteous Bull
Hee gieuing vp his sloughy shape did bende his malice full.
And thus thou foylde a thousand foes by conquest of this one:
Yet presently thou plunged art, and that by mee alone:
A prysoner now must be preferde before thy loyall wyfe.
Ile none of that: but euen the day that first begins the strife,
And to our wedlock brings the breath, shalbe thy dismall day,
And knap in twayne the fatall twist where on thy lyfe doth stay:
What meaneth this? my myndе relents. My malice breakes his rage:
O wretched griefe why dost thou fayntе? thy spight wilt thou asswage?

With fealty of a faythfull Wyfe doſt thou thy conſcience charge?
Why lets thou not my bopling yre for to encreaſe at large?
Why doſt thou ſlake thy frying fits? this malady ſtill furuiue.
Euen now I able was with him for maiſterſhip to ſtriue.
In deede I haue not craued ayde: yet Stepdame Iuno will,
To wrestle my handes to worke his wracke, bee heere aſſiſtant ſtill:
NV. What treachery entendeſt thou mad bedlem to commit?
Thy huſbād wilt thou murder wreatch? whoſe flickering fame doth flie
From eaſt to weſt: whoſe brygbt renowne the earth coulde not contayne
But rayſde aloft, from marble Skies it doth rebounde agayne:
The mother Earth ſhall ryſe in armes for to reuenge his graue.
His former Stepſters ſtocke heereby the ouerthrow ſhall haue:
And all Ætolia royall bloud will feele an vtterfall.
In quarrell of thy Hercules the worlde conſpier ſhall.
Then filly wight how many plagues ſhalt thou alone abyde?
But bee't that from the face of man thou myght thy body hyde.
Yet Ioue the lightning leſmes of heauen doth holde in armed hand,
Beholde the flying fyry flakes in ranckes all ready ſtand:
And threatning thunders thumping thicke doe bounce out all the day.
Deathes dungeon (that thou doſt defy) full duely feeare thee may.
For there his Vncle dmpyre ſits: Wythe where thou mayſt vnſpyde.
And euery where thou ſhalt perceaue the Gods to him allied.
DE. I graunt it deſpert deede, whereto diſpayre now doth me dryue.
NV. Die ſure thou ſhall. DE. And die I will, (as preſently I liue)
The loyall ſpouſe of Hercules. And ere this night doe paſſe,
Day ſhall not ſee that Deianire a liuing Wydow was.
Nor of my ſpouſall bed an whoore ſhall get the intereſt.
The dawning day ſhall ſooner make the morning peere in Weſt,
Vnto the eaſtwarde Indians the pyr poale ſhall melt,
And freezing Scithian firſt ſhall fry with flames that hee hath felt
Of Phœbus feruent wheele: ere mee Theſſalia Trulls ſhall ſee
Dtuorſt: my dryddall blaſe ſhall with my bloud iquenched bee:
And eyther let him murdred bee, or take away my Lyfe.
So foothily let him count among the foyled fiendes his Wyfe,
Among Alcides labours let mee reckned bee as on.
His loue in heart I holde, vntill the breter gaſpe bee gon.
Thus vndtuorſt (not vnreuengde) I will to Hercles tombe,
If Iole be with chylde by him, ile teare it from her wombe,
And rent it with theſe pawes of myne. Yea in the wedding place,
I flying at her feerce will ſet my tallantes in her face:

Let him

Let him not spare in raumping rage a sacrifice to make
Of me vppon his wedding day, when he his Trull doth take,
So that I falling downe may light on Ioles fenceles coarse
He dyes a happy man, that first hath quelde his foes by force.
Nu. O wretched wight why dost thou thus encrease thy fuming heate?
And feede thy fury wittingly least hap should thee defeate.
He loued Lady Iole, but whyle her fathers crowne
Stoode flourishyng in royall state and were not battred downe,
And as vnto the daughter of a King hee suter was,
But when from type of hawty pompe she did to thraldome passe
He shooke her of hot loue was coold, and now her bitter bale
Would not allow the wrack'd belt to beare to hir a sale:
Unlesful thinges that should be shund we gredely desyre.
But matters meeter for our state we seldome do require.
The pyrying of aduersity doth oft enkindle more
The feruent fures of loue, and this perhappe doth byge him sore,
To see her reakt of natyue sopie, it may his fancy touch,
Her hayre not tuct with tresses trimme, nor deet with golden ouche
Perhap the man with pitty prickt doth loue her for her care.
Unto his noble hart to pitty prisoners tis not rare.
The sister deare of Priamus (fayre Lady Hesyon) hir
Did cause to Thelamon the Greeke in wedlocke knit to bee:
Account how many wyues before, and maydens did he loue,
And raung'd abroade to coole the rage that Venus brand did moue.
Fayre Auge mayde of Arcadye ententiue set to leade
Dianas Dhunce, by force of him did leese her mayden hed.
And yet no token could she shew nor pledge of any loue,
What shall I speake of any more, or doth it mee behoue,
To prare what prankes he playd with fifty daughters in one night,
And yet how soone of such a pange he ouercame the might,
He set much store by Omphale of Lidia land the Queene,
When like a gurst on Timolus the mount he hath bene seene.
He was so prict with Cupids dart, and caught in Venus trap,
That tuckt in womans weede he sat with distaf in his lap
And spoon the flaxe with fombling fyst, and rudely thumbde the threeds
And flong from him the lyons case the prize of noble deede.
With tresses tricke on platted lockes he waried as a mayde
With myrre his frisled poale was smeard, and curled bush was brayde.
Thus euery where as fancy fits, the fondling doteth in loue,
But in such sort as easely he can the same remoue.

DEI. But they whom fickle fancies fits haue taynt, doe learne at laſt
In linke of loue by tract of time to fix affiaunce faſt.
NV. Trow yee that hee this captiue queane, and on whom hee doe ſee
The daughter of his deadly foe, will more eſteeme then thee?
DE. As gladſome groues at Prime of ſpring in beauties pride are ſeene
When freſheſt warmth the naked twigges doth clad in pleaſant greene,
But when coulde Boreas boyſteous blaſt the pipling puffes doth ſtop
Of ſouthwinde ſweete, rough wynter powles the naked buſhes top:
The barewoode with miſchapen ſtumpes doth ſhew a withered face,
Euen ſo my beauty marching forth a ſeaſon on his Race
Still fades away, and euermore abates his glimſing gloſſe,
And what ſo euer was in mee, by care is come to loſſe.
And that which earſt by fanſy fed the greedy gazing eyes,
Is fallen away by bearing childe: ſo oft it droupes, and dyes.
And ſince I came to mothers ſtate, I faded faſt away.
And wrinckled age with furrowed face ſteps in with quick decay.
But yet this bondmaydes feauter freſh her ſorrow better brookes.
Her comely countnaunce crazied is with leane and wanny lookes,
And yet for all her karke and care amid her deepe diſtreſſe,
Shee beares a glimſe of beauty bright, and fauour nothing leſſe.
Her heauy hap, and frowning fate can nothing from her plucke,
Saue Scepter from her royall hande by all this lowring lucke.
By meanes of this firſt fayning feare did lodge within my breaſt,
That makes mee wake the weary nightes, and leeſe my kindely reſt.
In all mens eyes at firſt I ſeemde to be a bleſſed Wyfe.
And Ladies all at our eſtate repining very ryfe
Did wyſhe my match in ſpite of fate what Stepſter ſhall I hope
As match in maieſty to Ioue within the heauenly coape?
Deare fofterdame whom ſhall I make my feere in ſpowſall bed?
Although Euryſt that Hercules to all theſe toyles hath led,
Doe linke with mee in bridall bandes, my ſtate ſhalbe impayrde.
Tis ſmall worth to deſerue to bee to kingly wedlock rayrde.
NV. But Iſſue is the thing that doth in marriage kindeſt loue.
DE. And Iſſue is the thing that doth in marriage malice moue.
NV. This while the bondmayde to thee for preſent ſhalbe braught
DE. Loe hee ietteth by and downe with princely port full haught,
And buckles faſt about his Loynes the liuely Lyons caſe,
Who doth inueſt the wretched with the right of kingly mace,
Depoſing thoſe from honoures type that late ſo lofty ſat,
And peſtereth his puiſſaunt pawes with huge vnweildy bat,

Of whoſe

Of whose exployctes, and maarciall acres the Seres sing aloofe,
And all encloſde in Ocean ſea thereof haue perfit proofe
Is now become an amorous knight: the honour of his name
Doth nothing touch his conſcience, to tender once his fame.
Hee roueth through the worlde, as on that doth no whit eſteeme,
Although that men as ſoone to loue ſhall him vnworthy deeme.
Nor like the man whoſe credit through the townes of Greece is greate,
Hee ſeekes to compaſſe his deſier, to worke a Louers feate.
With ſingle Dames is his delight: If any him deny,
Then to attayne his lawleſſe luſt by rigour doth hee try.
With men hee fareth frantickly, to others ſmart and blame
Hee wins his Wyues, his folly fraple is cloackt by vertues name.
The noble City Oechalie is made a razed towne.
The Sunne twixt morne and euen did ſet, in one day vp, and downe.
One day did ſee it ſtand in ſtate, the ſame did ſee it fall.
Theſe bloudy broyles, and waſting warres of Loue proceeded all,
As oft as parents vnto him deny theyr daughters deare,
So oft I warrant them they nede his wrathfull fury feare.
So oft a man with Hercules ſhalbe at deadly foode:
As hee denies his ſtepfather to bee by toyning bloude.
If hee may not be ſonne in law, then doth hee rage, and raue:
Why doe theſe guiltleſſe handes of myne ſtill keepe him from his graue,
Till hee diſſemble frantick fits, to bend his aymed bowe,
And deaths wounde on my chylde, and me with bloudy hends beſtowe?
Thus hawty Hercules was wont his wedlockes to deuorce.
Yet nought there is, that lawe of guilt on him might haue recorſe.
Hee makes the worlde blame Iuno, for the ills hee hath commit.
O rigour, of my rage why doſt thou qualliſy my fit?
Now muſt thou ſet thy hands on worke, too't while thy hands bee hot.
N. Thy huſband wilt thou ſlay? D. Him whō his Leman leō hath got.
N V. But yet, he is the ſonne of Ioue. D E. And ſo Alcmenas ſonne.
N. With ſtroke of ſteele? D. With ſtroke of ſteele if it cannonbee donne,
Then for to bring his death to paſſe, ile ſet for him a ſnare.
N V. What kinde of madneſſe may it be that makes thee thus to fare?
D. Such as my huſband hath mee taught. N. Wilt thou thy ſpouſe be-
On whom ỹ ſtepdames ſpite yet had no power to worke annoy? (ſtroy,
D. The wrathes of heauenly mindes do make thē bleſt on whō they light
So doth not ſpite of mortall men. N. Oh ſilly wretched wight
For beare thy rage, and feare the worſt, mans force may not aſſayle
Him, that againſt the power of hell, and death couldſt once preuayle.

D E. Ile

DE. Ile venter on the dint of sword. N. Thy wrath (deare foster child)
Is greater then the crime, that hath thy Hercules defilde.
With egall mallice measure faultes. Alas why dost thou bring
So great and sore, a penalty vpon so smale a thinge?
Let not thy griefe be greater, then the sorrow thou sustaynes.
DE. See you it light that with our wedlocke linkt an harlot raygnes?
May rather thinke it still to much, that doth thy sorrows breede.
NV. And is the loue of Hercules reuolt from thee in deede?
DE. T'is not reuolt, deare foster Dame, fast in my bones it sticks:
But yet he pyles hoate in burning breaste, when loue to anger prickes.
NV. Ie is almost a common guise, that wedded wyues doe haunte,
Theyr husbands hearts by magicke Arte, and witchcraft to enchaunte.
In winter coulde I charmed haue the woods, to make them sprout.
And forst the thunder dint recoyle, that hath bin boulting out.
With waltring surges I haue shooke the seas amid the calme.
I smoothed haue the wrastling waues, and layde downe euery walme.
The dry grond gaped hath like gulphs, & out new springs haue gusht.
The roring rocks haue quaking sturd a none thereat hath pusht.
Hell glommy gates I haue brast cope, where grisly ghosts all husht
Haue stood & aunswering at my charme the goblins grim haue scoulde.
The three folde headded hounde of hell w barking throates hath houlde.
Thus both the seas, the lande, the heauens, & hell howe at my beche.
Noone day to midnight, to and froe turnes at my charming checke.
At my enchauntment euery thing declynes from natures lawe.
Our charme shall make his stomache stoupe, & bring him more in awe.
D. What hearbes doe grow in Pontus sea? Or els on Pindus hill?
To trownce this wacheleste champion, where shall I finde the ill?
The magicke verse enchaunts the Moone from Starry skies to grond.
And fruitefull harueste is thereby in barren winter found.
The whisking flames of lightning leames oft sorcery doth slay.
And nooneyde topsy turuy lost doth dim the duskye day.
And leaue the welkin to the starres, and yet not cause him stoupe?
N. The Gods them selues by charme of loue haue forced bin to stoupe.
DE. Perhap hee shall be woon by one, and yeelde to her the spoyle.
So loue shall be to Hercules the last and latest toyle.
By all the hoste of heauenly powers, and as thou feest mee feare,
The secrets that I shall attempt, in councell see thou beare:
NV. What may it be, that thou woulde haue me keepe so secretly?
DE. No broyle of blades, no pytup cote, no fiery forie yerdre:

I pon

NV. I you assure I can conceale, if mischiefe none be ment.
For then the keeping close of it is sure a lewde entent.
DE. Then looke about, if none be heere, our councell to betray:
Looke rounde about, on all sides cast thy countenance euery way.
(NV. Beholde the place is safe inough from any listning eare.)
DE. Beside the place of our estate there is a secret nooke,
A couert corner for our talke, that sonnshyne neuer tooke.
Neyther at morne, nor euening tyde, when Titans blaze doth quench.
And hee in ruddy westerne waue his fyry wheeles doth drench.
There secret lyes the pryuy proofe of Hercules amorous thought,
Ile tell thee all deare foster dame: This witchcraft Nessus taught,
Whom Ixion engendred of a myrry groning clowde,
Where Pindus heury hill hys top among the starres doth shrowde,
And other slype doth heaue hys Crest aboue the ryding race
When Achelous ouerlayde, with many a thumping thwack
Of Hercles club, did shift him selfe to euery kinde of shape,
And triall made of all his sleights none serued to escape,
At length he turnde him selfe into the lykenesse of a Bull,
And so was fowly vanquished in forme of horny scall.
(While Hercules being Conquerour did me his Wyfe enioy.)
Returning home to Greece agayne, it hapned Euen lake
To ouerflow the drowned marshe and channell to forsake,
And strongly streamde to seas hee runns, and swells aboue his bankes.
And Nessus bide to passe the poole, and search the croking crankes
As Ferryman demaundes his fare, and bare mee on his backe,
And wading forward brake the Waues, and surges of the lake.
At length yet Nessus waded out vnto the farther shore,
Yet Hercules had swam but halfe the riuer and no more:
And pyde it hard to cut the streame: but when espied had hee,
That Hercules was farre behinde, Madam (quoth hee) to mee.
(Be thou my booty, and my wyfe, and clasping mee about)
Away he flings, and Hercules bestirres him mauger Waue:
Though Ganges gulph and Ister streame (quoth he) thou traytour flaue
Might roon in on, yet shift to scape them both, well coulde I make,
And in thy hast a shaft shall soone thy running ouer take:
And ere he spake the word, his arrow flew out of his bowe,
And wrought a wounde in Nessus ribbs, hee coulde no farther goe.
At sped him sure, to looke for death. Hee cried, well away.
The baggage running from the wounde reserued as hee lay,

And put-

And putting it into his hoofe the which vndoyng, hee
In cutting yt with his owne hand, did geue it vnto me.
And thus at latter gaspe he sayde, the witches haue me toulde,
That Ioue may charmed be by this, to haue and keepe his hould.
The conning witch dame Michale did teach Thessalia dames,
Who onely forst the Mone to stoupe to her from heauenly frames.
Therfore (quoth he) at any tyme when hateful whores abuse
Thy spousall bed, or wauering man do haunt to any stewes.
Then with this salue annoynt his syghtes, and let it see no sonne,
But kepe it close in corners darke, the bloud then shall not shonne
His strength: and thus ful sodenly he left his talke with rest:
And deadly sleepe with senceles death his feeble limbs oppresst.
Thou Dame to whom in hope of trust my secrets all bewray,
Do, that the poyson soakt into the vesture bright, it may
Preace through his limmes, vnto his hart, & sinke through euery bone,
N. I wil dispatch it all in hast, make thou thy earnest mone
Vnto the God, whose tender hand his stedfast dartes doth weild,
D. I thee beseech that art of earth and heauen in honour helde.
And thou that shakest burning boltes, thou curst and cruel boy,
Whose slaish weapons make thy mother feare thy sharpe annoy.
Now arme thy hand with speedy shaft not of the slender sort,
But biggest boultes, with which as yet thou hast assault no fort,
We neede no litle shaft that may syre Hercules to loue
Bring cruel handes and force thy bow his depest draught to proue
Now, now draw forth thy shaft wherwith thou caused cruelly
The burning breast of Ioue by kyttes of feruent loue to frye.
When as the God his thonderbolt and lightning layd aslyde,
Gan boalne with bumpes on fo. ehead big: and through the waue he hid,
And swam with Europ on his backe in shape of horny Bull.
Now powre downe loue, and therwithall let Hecles hart be full.
If loles beauty kyndle heate and Hercles hart doth moue,
Quench thou these coales, and force him glow with vs in lawfull loue.
Ful oft the thunder thumping Ioue hath stouped to thy yoke:
And him that wields the moary mace of blacke Auerne to smoake.
Thy flames enforce, and take the Lord of glummy Stigian lake:
But onely match thou Hercules, and of him triumphe take
O Ioue, whose wrath more wrackful is then pyeful Iunoes might.
The charmes is made in perfecte force is al our medcine right,
Wherein the shirt shal steeped bee that wearyed many wighte.

Whose handes on Pallas diſtaffe ſpoone the weary Web with payne.
And it for Hercules anaple ſhall drincke vp all the bane.
And with my charme Ile ſtrengthen it. But loe yee in the nick
Where Lycas commeth heere at hand who will diſpatche it quick:
But tell him not what force it hath leaſt hee the guilt betray.
DEI. Alas that fayth to kinges dwells not in howſes of eſtate:
Haue Lycas heere this ſhirt, the which my handes haue ſpun of late,
Whyle Hercules at random roues, and ouerſhot with wyne
Doth rudely dandle on his lap the Lidiane Lady fyne.
Now doates hee after Iole: but this his boyling rage
That burneth in his breaſt I will with curteſy aſſwage.
For curteſy conquers cankred churles. See thou my ſpouſe deſire,
Hee ſpare the Shirt, vntill hee ſet the Franckinſence on fire,
And offer vp his ſacrifice, and weare his Garlond gray
Of Popler boughes on wreathed lockes. And I will goe my way
To'th royall Gods, and will beſeeke the cruell Cupids dame.
Yee ladies and companions that with mee heather came,
Now force the fountaynes of your teares from watred eyes to roon,
To waple our Countrey Calydon on euery ſide vndoon.

Chorus.

DEIANIRE deare daughter of our King
OENEVS late, to ſee thy frowning fates
Woe after woe thus downe on thee to fling,
It irks our heartes, that were thy foſter mates.
O woefull wight it pitieth vs to ſee,
Thy wedlock in this tickle ſtate to bee.
Wee Lady, wee, that with thee wonted were
With flapping Oare on Acheloe to rowe,
When hauing paſt the ſpryng tyme of the yere,
With Channell ſmoth hee newely wexeth lowe,
And makes agayne his ſwelling ſurges calme,
And boobling runnes at Ebbe withouten walme.

Through

Through weale and woe wee ſtill with thee remayne,
And now what griefe ſo euer thou feare in mynde,
Account thou vs as partners of thy payne,
For commonly when Fortune turnes the wynde,
And makes thee beare thy beaten Sayle but low,
Then friendſhip ebbes, where it before did flow.
And who ſo guydes the ſway of golden mace,
Though people thicke doe haunte his ſtately courte,
And in at hundred gates doe preace a pace,
Yea though that thou mayntaine ſo great a porte,
To garde thee with this garriſon, yet ſhall
Thou ſcarcely finde one faithfull hearte of all.
In paynted porche, and gates of guilded bowers
The lurcking hagge Eryn her tuſkes doth whet:
And ſturring ſtrife with quarreling face ſhee lowers.
The portly doares no ſooner cope are ſet,
But treaſon black, pale enuy, deepe deceight,
With priuy knyfe of murther ſtep in ſtreight.
And when the Prynce appeares in open place,
To ſhew himſelfe before his ſubiects ſight,
Swelling deſpight attendeth on his grace:
As oft as dawning day remoues the nyght,
And euery time the ſunne at Weſt goes downe,
They looke another man ſhould clayme the Crowne.
Fewe heartes loue kinges, not few their kingly might:
The glorious ſhew of courtly countenaunce
Bewitcheth many: where one ſets his delight
How next the king hee may him ſelfe aduaunce,
That through high ſtreetes hee may as lorde of rule
With lofty lookes, ryde mounted on his Mule.
Ambitious heate enflames his hawty breaſt,
Another would his greedy hunger ſtaunch
With gubbes of goulde, (and though hee it poſſeſt)
Rich *Arabie* ſerues not his pyning paunch,
Nor weſtern *India* (a worlde for to beholde)
Where *Tagus* flowes with ſtreames of glittring goulde.

The couetous charle, the greedy gnoffe indeede,
In whom from cradell nature ſo it plantes,
No hourded heapes his endleſſe hunger feede,
In plenty pines the wreatch, in wealth hee wantes.
Some other fondlings fanſy thus doth guyde,
To fawne on kings, and ſtill in courte to byde.
As one diſdayning lyke a Country mome
And crooked clowne, the plowe to follow ſtill:
Although the dingthryfte dayly keepe at home
A thouſand drudges, that his lande doe Tyll:
Yet wantes his will and wiſheth wealth therefore,
Onely to waſte on other men the more.
Another claweth and flattreth fiſt the King,
By clymbing vp to treade downe euery wyght:
And ſome at leaſt to blockam Feaſte to bryng,
And thus hee ſtriues to arme him ſelfe with myght
In bloude: but of their ſhip doth Fortune fayle,
When ſafe they thinke to floate with higheſt ſayle.
Whom Moone at morne on top of Fortunes wheele
High ſwayed hath ſeene, at fulneſſe of renowne,
The glading ſunne hath ſeene his Scepter reele,
And him from high fall topſey turuey downe.
At morne full merry, blith, in happy plight,
But whelmde in woes and brought to bale ere nyght.
Theſe ſildome meete hoare hayres and happy dayes:
The Lord that lyes on ſtately crimſen bed
Sleepes more in feare, then ſnoring drudge, that layes
Vpon the countrey clod his drowſy head.
In goulden roofes, and hauty courtes they keepe,
Whoſe dreadfull dreames doe make them ſtarte in ſleepe.
The purple roabes lyeth waking many a night,
And ſlombers not, when homely ragges doe reſt.
O if as at a Grate eſpy wee might
The ſorrowes, ſhrined in a Prynces breaſt.
What pangues, what ſtormes, what terrour, O what hell
In ſighing heartes of prowde eſtates doth dwell?

The Iriſhe

The Iryſhe Seas doe nener roare ſo ruffe,
When wraſtling waues, and ſwelling ſurges ryſe,
That hoyſted are with ſturdy northern puffe,
As fearefull Fanſyes doe theyr myndes aggryſe.
But hee ſighes not, nor combred is with care,
Whom Fortune hath bequeath'de a ſlender ſhare.
In woodden diſhe and blacke beche Bole hee ſwills,
And heaues it not to mouth with quaking hand.
With homely fare his hungry Mawe hee fills,
And leares not backe for feare of thoſe that ſtand
With naked ſwerdes: but Kings in goulden cup
Wyne blent with bloude (moſt dreadfull draughts) do ſup.
In dainty diſhe the poyſon bayte is layde,
And treaſon lurkes amid the ſugred wyne
At euery bit they quake, and are a frayde,
The ſwerde will fall, that hanges but by a twyne,
And euer as hee liftes his head, and drynkes,
The rebelles Knyfe is at his throate hee thinkes.
Such flattring ioyes theſe happy worldlinges haue.
Their outwarde pomp pretendeth luſty liues.
When inwardely they drowpe, as doth the ſlaue
That pines in pangues faſt clogde in goulden giues.
Striue not in haſt, to climbe the whirling wheele,
For haſty climers oft in haſte doe reele.
Meane dames defy both peareles and glittring ſpanges,
And goulden chaynes with rubies ryche beſet,
Nor at theyr eares doe maſſy Iewel es hange
With turky ſtones: nor pranked prowde they iet
In murrey gownes: nor doth the wooll they weare
Of Crymſen dye the coſtly colour beare.
Neyther in Tiſſew, nor ſilken garments wrought
With needle, nor embroadred Roabes they goe:
And yet this ſtate is free from Iealous thought,
Theyr wedding is not vnto them theyr woe.
When thouſand ſtormes in Ladyes hearts doe dwell
By wedlocke breach, that breedes their noyſom hell.

Whoſe hee

VVho so he is that shunnes the middle waye,
Shall neuer fynd fast footing any where.
The wilful lad that needes would haue a day,
And swayghty charge of Fathers charyot beare:
VVhile he from wonted wayes his Iades doth iaunce,
Amonge straunge starres they pricking forward praunce,
Enforcing them with Phœbus flames to frye,
Whose roaming wheeles refuse the beaten rutt:
Thus both himselfe, and all the Cristall skye
In peril of the soulthring fyre he put.
So hawty myndes that clymbe aboue their skill,
Do worke their owne decay, and others yll.
While Dædalus in flying through the ayre
Did keepe the midst betweene the skie and grounde
He could in safe to Italy repayre,
And gaue no gulph his name by beyng dround.
But Icarus presumes to mount on hie,
And stryues aboue the fethered foules to flye.
And scornes the guyding of his fathers trayne.
And in his flight wil coape to lofty sonne:
Which molt his winges so downe he droppes agayne
Into the seas, whereby his name they woone
Thus proud attemptes of hauty clyming hier
Receiue shrewde falles to quit their fond desyre.
Let other mount aloft let other sore,
As happy men in great estate to sitte.
By flattring name of Lord I set no store:
For vnder shore my little keele shall flitt:
And from rough wyndes my sayles fayne would I kepe,
Leaste I be driuen into the daungerous deepe.
Prowde Fortunes rage doth neuer stoupe so low
As litle roades, but then shee ouerflyes
And seekes amid mayne seas her force to shew
On argosies, whose toppes do reach the skyes
But lo, here comes our Lady Deianire,
Straught of her wits, and ful of furious yre.

THE THIRD ACTE

Deianira, Chorus,

Las through all my quiuering ioynts a running feare doth rest,
My staring hayre standes stiffe vpright and in my quaking breast
Deepe terrour dwelles, and eake my hart, with dread amazde doth pant,
With swelling vaynes my liuer beates, as when the wynd doth want
Allwaye in calmy day, and yet the raging Seas do roze
Whose wrastling waues were raisd aloft by Southren blastes before.
So yet my wits be tockscate, although my feare be gone:
Thus God turmoyles vs when he meanes to cloy th'unhappy one.
Thus prowd attempts bedasht at length, Ch. Oh wretch, O carefull wight,
What mischiefe may it be wherwith thou art so sore affright.
Dei. The shirt with Nessus bane imbrewde no soner hence was sent,
And wretched woman that I am toth closet strayght I went.
(My mynd mistrusts I knowe not what, and treason doth surmyse)
And Nessus by the heare bewrayed, that taynted was the bloud:
The God foreshewed that here the force of all the treason stoode:
For by good hap the foamy glede no foggy clowde doth dim.
But with ful power of burning beames he shyned blasing brim.
Scant yet I can for feeble feare vnlocke my fastned lawes,
The scorching heate doth dryue away, and vp by force it drawes
The soaked bloud that being laped amid the fryng fleme
And boyling heate of shyning sonne did shrinke before the same:
Wherein the shyrt was steept, and all the royall robe imbrewde:
I cannot shew the villany wherwith it was indewde:

For

For as the Easterne wynd doth force the winter snow to melt,
Or lukewarme South when in the spring frō Mimas mount they swelt
As Lucas els that frontes on Ionian sea, a land
Doth breake the waue the beaten surge lies foaming on the strand
Or by the warmth of heauenly heat the frankinsence doth drop
So all the venim wastes away, and melteth euery croppe.
And while I wonder still hereon the wonder shrynkes away
But with a froath it spottes the ground, and there the poyson lay,
It rotts the cloth: my woman boalne and swelld doth follow me,
And shakes her head. my sonne as one astonished I see:
And hying hether all in hast declare what newes ye bring.

Hillus, Deianira, Nutrix.

GO mother goe, seeke out aloofe
of place of byding dwell
Beyond the ground both goulfe and starres
beyond both heauen and hell,
Flye mother far beyond the boundes
of Hercules his toyle
Dei. A mischiefe great I know not what
within my breast doth boyle:
Hil. Vnto the royall temples of dame Junoes tryumph hie
These will allow the sanctuary though other it denye
Dei. What heauy hap is it that may annoy my guiltlesse ghost
Hyl. Oh mother, O that diamond of the world that piller post
Whom fate as Ioues lieuetenaunt heare haue placed for the nones
Is dead: and Nessus burning bane deuoures Hercles boanes
The daunter of the brutish beastes he conquering knight before
Is conquerd now: he mournes, he wailes, what aske ye any more
Dei. We wretches loue the order of our wretchednes to heare,
Tell me the state now of our flocke what countenance doth it beare:
O flocke, O silly wretched flocke now shal I be esteemd,
A widdow now, a cast of now, and now a beggar deemd.
Hil. Thou dost not languish all alone for Hercules yes dead:
For whom the eyes of all the world haue cause their teares to shed.
Count not thy fate allotted thee alone: now all our kind.
Do howle and mourne for him whom thou bewaylest in thy minde,

Thou suffrest greece, the smart wherof belonges to euery land
Although the sower tast therof first happen to thy hande
Thou careful captiue dost not waple for Hercules alone.
D. Speake, speake, how nigh to Deathward was my deare Alcides gone?
Hi. Death whom in his owne empyre hee had conquered before,
Did shrinke from him and fate durst not allow a dreede so sore,
And Clotho she perhap put out her rocke with trembling arme
As one that hastning Hercles death, did feare to do such harme,
O day, O dismall day, and shall euen Hercules the greate
Passe thus to death, and silent shades and to a wonder seate
(De. Is he thinke you already dead or may I dye before)
Speake on, if yet he be not deade Hi. Eubœa that both rise,
With hauty crest ringes euery where, and Caphar rocke likewyse
Deuydeth Hellespontus sea and turnes that flot to south,
Wheras it bides the boysteous blastes of Boreas wyndy mouth:
Euripus bendes his wandring streame and windes in creakes about
His croked course seauentymes and doth as often breake it out:
While Phœbus drencht his werye teame amid the Westerne waue
(Here on a rocke aboue the reach of cloudes a temple braue)
Of Cœnæi Ioue shew bright: while all the beastes for sacrifice
At th'alter stoode, and through the woode the noyse began to rise,
Of al the herd: then of he put he martered Lyons case,
And likewyse did discharge him of his bouge and heauy mace
And easde his shoulder from the burthen of his quiuer light.
Then tuckt in pour attyre he shone among the people bright
With ougly lockes, and on the alter made the fier flame
Receyue (quoth hee) these fruits (O syre) though fyer send the same
And not the harueste Sithe: but let with frankinsence good store
The fyer burne that far the riche Arabyan therfore
Doth gather out of Saba trees for Phœbus sacrifyce
The earth (quoth he) is now at peace, so be both sea and skies
All beastes be conquered, and I am victor come agayne.
Lay downe thy lightning leames (O Ioue) in feare thou nede not raign
In middest of his prayers thus wherat I was agast,
Hee fell to sighes and grieuous groanes, and al the skyes at last
With dreadful cryinge lowde he filles Euen as the brayneck bull.
When with the axe in wounde he scapes doth fil the temples full
Of roaring noyse.
Or as the thunder throwne from heauen doth rumble in the skyes,
Euen so the seas and starres of heauen doth Hercles shake with cryes

Both

Both Calpe clyue, and Cyclas ple wel hard his pelfyng haue,
Here Caphar rockes there al the woods therof an Echo gaue.
Wee saw him weepe, the people thought his former frantick fyttes
Had now agayne as earst they did bereaue him of his wittes
His seruaunts scatter then for feare, while he with flaming eyes,
Al staryng standes with steeming lookes among them all he pryes
For Lycas: him alone he doth pursew, who in his arme
With trembling hand the alter held and scaped al the harme,
By dying first for fayntyng feare, and while Alcydes helde
The quaking Carbas in his hand, thou shalt (quoth he) be queld
And beaten with this fist of myne, O Gods eternall raygne.
Wretch Licas killeth Hercules, and hath his conqueroure slayne,
But to another slaughter yet: for Hercules agayne
Killes Lycas: thus the sacrifice of Gods with bloud they stayne,
With Lycas thus his labours end throwne vp to heauen they say,
That with his dropping bloud the cloudes he stayned all the way.
Euen as the pitched dart of Gete with pith doth scoze the skyes,
Or as the whirling sling of Creete doth make the pellet ryse:
So swift he mounted vp to heauen, but downe his body dropte,
And as his Carbas fel, among the rockes his necke it chopt.
The graue prepared for their corps (quoth Hercules) be still,
I am no braunsicke frantick man, but loe this delyer ill
Moze nor some is then rage or wrath, it taketh much my will
To wreche my rage vppon my selfe, his mallady he sent
Bewrypes: but fareth frantickly: and he himselfe doth rent
His limmes, and ryfyng them, with mighty hand a sunder teares,
And striues to strip him selfe of all th'apparell that he weares,
And onely this was it, of all the thinges that I do know,
That past the power of Hercules yet standes he pulling so
And plucketh of his limmes withall the besture doth not linne
To bring of lumpes of filthy flesh the shyn sticks to the skyne
But what should aple the people ranke none knoweth what, nor whye
And yet there is good cause therof: now grouelyng doth he lye
And beates his face against the ground to water now he tyes,
But water cannot coole his heate, and now to schoze he pryes.
And for his succoure seekes to seas, at length his men him catch
We holding him (alas the whil'st were able him to match
Now in a keele amid the seas we launched were aloofe,
And Hercles payse was hoysed with a litle southerne puffe
Wyz Ghost then left my carefull coarse and darknesse dimd my sight

Why ſtay I wreche? why doth this dreary deede make mee affright.
Her copeſfellow dame Iuno doth reclayme, and Ioue his ſonne,
The world muſt render him: then doe as much as may be donne,
And boare my body with a ſworde ſuch ſower ſauce is dew
To her, whoſe curſed captiue hand her loue ſo lightly flew.
O Ioue with fier and lightning flash deſtroy thy wretched Neece.
Let not thy mighty hand be armed with a ſlender peece.
Let braſt the boult from ſkies wherewith thou wouldeſt Hydra burne.
If Hercles had not bin thy ſonne thereof to ſerue the turne
Strike mee with vncouth peſtilence, and with ſuch weapon ſmite,
As may be farre more vgſome plague then all my ſtepdames ſpite.
Diue faith thoſe deadly dartes that earſt young Phaëthon ouerthrew
When he full cranke in firy carte, about the heauens flew:
For thus by ſlaying Hercules, eake Nations ſlaine I haue
What needs thou Delanire of Gods a toole of death to craue.
Now trouble not thy ſtepſier Ioue, thinke ſcorne may Hercles wyfe
To wiſhe for death, for to her heart her hand ſhall ſet the knyfe.
Diſpatch then quickly with the blade, yet let thy blade alone,
For who with weapon endes their lyfe tis long ere they be gon
I wilbe headlong hurled from a rocke as hie as ſkies.
The Oeta hill this ſhalbe it, where firſt the ſonne doth ryſe,
Thence will I throwe my body downe, the edge of braſten rocke
Shal cleaue my corps, and euery crag ſhall geue a groſſing knock.
My hand ſhall hang ſome by the way the rugged mountayne ſide
Shall with the guſhing bubbles of my dropping bloud be dyde
On death were vengeaunce ſmall, though ſmall yet may it be delayde.
What deſpyer death I ſhould attempt it makes my heart diſmayde:
Alas, alas, that Hercles ſwerd within my chamber ſtucke
Then well were I if for to dye on that it were my lucke.
It is inough if one right hand doe bring vs both to graue.
Come neare, come neare yee Nations, now let all people haue
In readineſſe, both ſtone and fier the ſame to throw at mee.
Now holde your hands, and take yee to your tooles for I am ſhee
That of your ſuccour ſpoyled you now cruell Kayſars may
All vncontrolled tyrantlike, in kingdomes weilde the ſway,
Now euery miſchiefe may ſtart vp, and not rebuked bee.
The alters now ſhall vp againe that wonted were to ſee
A bloudy offring like him ſelfe in kinde that offer ſhould.
Thus haue I made the guilty gap to let in bloudſhed bouldе
I render you to tyrants kings, bugges, beaſts, and gryſely diuells.

By taking

By taking him away that should reuenge you of these euilles.
O spouse thou of the thunderer and can you yet forbeare
Wilt thou not fling thy flames from heauen as did thy brother deare?
Dispatch me hence sent vp to Ioue, wilt thou not me destroye
The greatest prayse that thou might winne then shalt thou not enioy
Nor lusty trymphe: I am she that beare the name to be
The daughter of the man that would in prowes coape with thee.
N. Why wilt thou staine thy flocke which hath vntainted bene before,
This ill procedes of ygnorance although it be sul sore:
He is not guilty that committes the gilte not with his will.
D. Wel may hee erre of ignorance that fauoreth his ill
And spares himselfe: my selfe of death most worthy I do deeme.
N. He doth condemne himselfe to dye that needes wil guilty seeme.
D. Death can deceiue no one but such as innocentes may bee.
N. Wilt thou forsake the glorious sonne? D. The sonne forsaketh mee.
N. Wretch wil thou cast away thy life. D. Yea though it be to death,
I follow wil my Hercules. N. He hath both life and breath.
D. When he perceaued him ouermatcht he hastned his decay.
N. Wilt thou forgoe thy sonne, and take preuent thy dying day?
D. Her selfe hath liued long enough who buryed hath her childe.
N. And wilt thou follow on to death thy spouse. D. yea Ladies mild
Before their husbandes vse to dye. N. Thy selfe thou dost accuse
Of guylt if thou condemne thy selfe. D. No guilty one doth vse
To take reuengements of themselues. N. But those are pardoned still
That do offend of ygnorance and not of peuish wil
Who will condemne the deede hee doth? D. Ech man doth seeke to shun
His lot when spite of frowning fate against him seemes to runne.
N. And he for whom thou languishest, with arrow slew his wyfe
Hight *Megara*, and did destroy his tender childrens life.
When as a brainsicke beast in hand he toss his knarrye mace,
That squeasde the snake in Lerna lake before his fathers face.
He plaied the murtherer, himselfe yet he forgaue.
And for the haynous gilte hee did when frenzy made him raue
He purgde himselfe in Cynips spring toward the Southerne poale
And in the water bath'd his hand againe to make him hoale.
Now whether wilt thou captiue wretch, why dost thou dam thy handes
D. In condemnation of these the ghost of Hercles standes,
I meane to plague the treachery. N. Your Hercules wel I know,
Perhap he will be beare againe and master al his woe:
Then shall your flaked greefe vnto rebi Hercules geue place.

DE. They say the serpents poyson doth deuower him apace
The poyson of his wicked Wyfe his lusty limbs destropes.
NV. And think yee it to bee the serpents bane that him annoyes,
That hee cannot escape who bare the brunt of it alriue,
And how to pare of Hydraes heads he couldo full well contryue
When as the victour stoode with grinning teath amid the moode,
And all his body slauerde fowle with venomous spit and bloude,
And shall the Centaur Nessus goare against the man preuayle
That made the pithy strength it selfe of Nessus for to quayle.
DE. In vayne yee rescue her that is of purpose set to dye
Therefore I haue determinde with my selfe this lyfe to flye
And long inough hee lyued hath that may with Hercles dye.
NV. I doe beseech thee humbly for this gray and hoary head,
And for these pappes that as thy Mother haue thee nourished,
Remoue the feruent fits that rage within thy boyling breast,
And sucker not these despyet thoughtes of death in thee to rest.
DE. Who woulde perswade a wretch to liue. He hath a cruell hearte
And though that death be vnto me a great and grieuous smart:
Yet vnto other some it is an easing of their payne.
NV. O wreatch excuse thy handy worke, and say at last agayne,
T'is ignorannce that did the deede. and not the willfull Wyfe.
DE. It will be quit whereas th'infernall fiendes shall stint the stryfe
And quit my guilty ghost: my conscience doth my hands condem.
But Pluto Prince of glumny gouiph shall purge from slaughter them:
Before thy bankes I will appeare forgetfull Lethes Lake,
And being then a dolefull ghost my husband will I take.
But thou that wields the scepter blacke of darke infernall shies
Apply thy toyle: the haynous guilt that none durst enterprise,
This ignorannce hath ouercom, Dame Iuno neuer bare
To take away our Hercules. Thy plunging plagues prepare,
Let Sisiphs stone on my neck force my stouping shoulders shrynke,
And let the fleeting licour from my gaping gums to synke.
Yea let it mock my thrysty throate when as I meane to drynke,
And thou that rackes Ixion King of Thessayle O thou Wheele,
My haynous handes deserued haue thy swinging sway to feele,
And let the greedy gripe scratch out these guts on eyther sloe,
If Danaus pitchers cease: by mee the rome shalbe supplide.
Set open hell, take mee Medea as partner of thy guilt.
This hand of myne, then both of thyne more cruell bloud hath spilt
More then thou did as in respect of mother to thy chylde.

Or looke

Or loking to thy brothers ghost whose gore hath thee defylde,
Haue with the Lady thou of Thrace for such a cruel wyfe,
And the Althe that burnt the brand of Meleagers life.
Receyue thy daughter now, denye me not thy babe to bee:
Why such a one should quaple by you, some reason let vs see:
Ye honest matrons that enioy the groues of holy wood
Against me shut the heauens, or such whose handes w husbandes blood
Haue bene imbrewde, if any of the fifty sisters dyre
Defying honest duty all that wedlocke did require:
But despyat dames with goary blades stood armde: in me let them
See and allow theyr bloudy handes that other wil condem.
I wil go get my selfe among the troupe of cruel wyues
But they wil shunne such guilty handes as shed their husbandes liues.
O valiant spouse, a guiltlesse ghost, but guilty handes I haue
Ah silly woman, woe is me, that giuen light credite haue
O traytor Nessus while I ment by Centaures subtil charme
To draw from Iole Hercles loue my selfe sustayne the harme:
Hence Phœbus, hence, and thou O flickring life of her that lackes
Her Hercules and giuest day to wretches in their wrackes.
This is a dismal day: to thee Small penaunce peld I will
And life with all: my woeful fate shal I contraue still
Deferryng death, O spouse that of thy hand I may be slayne,
And doth there any sparke of life yet in thy breast remayne?
Or can thy hand yet draw the bow Sarmacian shaft to cast,
Do weapons cease, and haue thy feble handes giuen vp at last
Thy bow: but if thy hardy wyfe to thee a toole may reache
I long to perysh of thy hand, myne bower yet wil I stretche
Like guiltlesse Licas mangle me dispersse in other townes
My corpes, and hurle me to a worlde beyond the trauayles bownes.
Trounce mee like monster Arcadie or ought that did rebell,
And yet thou shalt do nought but that becommes an husband wel.
Hi. I pray you mother spare your selfe, forgeue your fatall lot,
If ye offend of ygnorance, then blame deserue yee not
De. If thou regard true honestly, thy wretched mother slay.
Why trembleth thus thy fearefnl hand, why lokest thow away?
Such sinne shalbe a sacrifyce why dastard dost thou feare?
I spoylde thy father Hercules, this hand, this hand alleare
Hath murdred him wherby I haue done thee a more despyte,
Then yet I did, in that my wombe did bring thee first to light.
If yet thou know not how to kill, then practise tryst on mee.

If

If as thou like within my throate thy blade shal sheathed bee
Or if to paunch thy mother soone thou meane to take in hand
To yeeld her dreadlesse ghost to thee thy mother still shall stande,
It shall not wholly be thy deede, by thee it shall be done,
And caused by my will to be. Art thou Alcides soon
And art affrayde? so shal thou neuer great exploits atchieue
Or passe the worlde such feats of armes and sleightes for to contriue.
If any monster should be bred thy fathers courage shew,
And to it with vnfeareful arme, lae ouercharged with woe
My breast lies bare vnto thy hand. Strike, I thy gylt forgeue
The fiendes infernall for their sinne thy soule shal neuer greeue.
What yelping nepse is this we heare what hagge here haue we fownde
That beares aboute her writhen lockes these vgly adders wound,
And one her wrathsome temples twayne her blacksh sinnes do wagge,
Why chase ye mee with burning brandes Megera filthy hagge
Alcides can but vengeance take, and that I wil him get
But haue the iudges dyze of hell for yt in counsell set
But of the dreadful dongeon doores I see thunfeulding leaues
What auncient sire is he that on his tatred shoulder heaues
Th'vnwelldyssione that borne forth top egayne doth downward reele
Or what is he that sprayles his limbs vppon the whirling wheele
Lo heare stood ougly Tisiphon with sterne and ghastly face,
And did demaunde with steaming ties the manner of the case.
O spare thy strypes Megera spare, and with thy brandes away,
Th'offence I did was ment in loue, but whether do I sway
The ground doth sinke, the roofe doth cracke, whether went this raging (route,
Now al the worlde with gasing eyes stand staring me about.
On euery side the people grudge and call for their defence.
Be good to mee O natures wit her. shall I get mee hence?
Death onely is my roade of rest there may my sorrowes bryde
I do protest the fiery wheeles that Phabus charyot guide.
That heate I dye and leaue the worlde, thers Hercles yet behynde.
Hi. Away she runnes again: aye me, shee hath fulfylde her mynd,
For purposed she was to dye and now to reuenge my wil
For to prevent her that by force her selfe she shall not kill.
O miserable pitty, if I my mother laue
I sin against my father then, but if vnto the graue
I let her goe, then towards her a trespas foule there lyes,
And thus (alas) on eyther syde great mischiefe doth aryes,

And

And needes her purpose must be staide Ile hie and take in hand
To stop her despiet enterprise and mischiefe to withstand.

Chorus.

FVll true the dytty is
That holy ORPHEVS sang,
On Thracian harpe with sounde whereof
the Rocks of Rodop rang,
That nothing is creat
For euer to endure.
Dame Natures byrdes each on must stoupe
when death throwes out the lure.
The head wyth Crispen lockes,
or goulden hayres full:
In time hath borne an hoary bush,
or bin a naked scull.
And that which tract of time
doth bring out of the grayne,
Olde SATVRNE sharps his Syth at length
to reape it downe agayne.
Though PHOEBVS ryse at morne,
with glistring rayes full proude,
Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe
at length in foggy Clowde.
To th Gætans ORPHEVS sang
such kinde of melody.
And how the gods themselues were bounde
to lawes of destiny.

The God

The God that doth the yeare,
By egall partes dispose,
Howe fatall webbe in euery clyme
are dayly spunne he showes.
For all thinges made of moulde
The grounde agayne will gape,
As Hercles preacheth playne by proofe
that nothing can escape.
For shortly shall ensue
Discarge of Natures Lawe
And out of hande the gloming daye
of doome shall onwarde drawe
Then all that lies within
The scorching Libicke clyme,
The poale antarticke of the South.
shall ouerwhelme in tyme.
Poale articke of the North
Shall iumble, all that lyes
Within the Axeltree, whereon,
drye BORES blasinge flyes
The shiuerynge Sunne in Heauen
Shall leese his fadyng lighte
The Pallace of the frames of Heauens
shall runne to ruin quight.
And all these blockish Gods
Some kynd of Death shall quell,
And in confused CHAOS blynde
they shall for euer dwell,
And after ruin made
Of Goblin, Hegge, and Elfe,
Death shall bringe finall destenye,
at last vppon it selfe.

Where

VVhere shall be then beſtowde
The world ſo huge a maſſe,
The beaten hye way vnto hell
is like away to paſſe,
To leade vnto the Heauens
That shall be layed flatt:
The ſpace betwene the Heauen and earth,
inough thinke ye is that?
Or is it not to much
For worldly miſeryes:
VVher may ſuch heaps of ſinnes be lodgd
what place aboue the ſkyes?
Remaynes, but that the ſea
VVith Heauen and loweſt Hell,
Three Kingdomes caſt in one are like
within one roofe to dwell.
But hark what roaring crye,
Thus beates my fearefull eare
But lo its Hercules that yelles
tis Hercules I heare.

THE

THE FOVRTH ACTE

Hercules, Chorus.

RETYRE, retyre thy breathing breastes,
O Titan blasing bright,
Unfold thy mysty mantle blacke
of dim and darkesome night:
And dash this dreary day wherin
I Hercules must die.
With blemishblack of filthy fogge defyle the grieslye skye:
Preuent my stepdames naughty mynd. Now should I haue resignde,
(O Father) my inheritaunce of Plutoes dungeon blynd
Heauen frames should here & there be brast, & eyther poale should crack.
Why spares thou the starres and lest thy Hercles go to wracke?
Now Ioue take round aboute the heauens, and if thou can espye
On grant heaue the Thessaill cliues against thassaited skye
Unburdned be Enceladus of hugye Osir hill,
And hurled be on Hercules the mighty mountayne still
Prowde Pluto shall vnbarre the gates of blacke and glummy caue.
Yet maugre all their might (o Father Ioue) I will thee saue
From fury of thy foes, and set thee vp againe in skyes,
Yet lo Ioue, loe, hee that on earth thy thunderdint supplies,
And for to be lieutenaunt of thy boultes on earth was borne,
Is sent to burning Limbo lake in tormentes to be torne
The sterne Enceladus agayne in ramping rage shal ryse
And hurle the weighte (that now doth croude him downe) against the
Thus by my death they shal presume to conquer heauen all skies,
But ere that day vppon my corse compel the heauens to fall
Breake downe, breake downe, the welkin that thou suffrest to decay,
Ch. O sonne of thunder thumping Ioue no shadowes do thee fray,
Now Ossa mount of Thessalie shal Pelion hill downe crush
And Athos pride on Pindus toppe his bushy hed shall push
Among the starry skies therby aboue the craggy rockes.

Typhoe

Typhoëus vpshal clyme, and thumpe with stoze of ba'tryng knockes
Iuarmen stone in Tyrren sea from thence eake shall he beat
The smoaky forge of Æna mount, that glowes with sewing heate
Enceladus not ouerthrowne yet with the thunder cracke
Shal hew the mountayne syde in twayne, and trulle it on his backe
The signes of heauen shal follow thee, and goe with thee to wracke
Her. I that returnde from dennes of death, and Stigian streame defyed
And ferryed ouer Leches lake, and dragd vp chaind, and tyde
The tryple headded mastiffe hound, when Tyrans teeme did start
So at the ougly sight that he fel almost from his cart.
Euen I whose pith the kingdomes three of Gods ful wel haue knowne
Lo yet myne end I daunted am by death and ouerthrowne
But yet no bloudy blade against my riued ribbes doth crash
It is no rock that vnto death my bruised bones doth push
Nor as it were with Osir hill that clouen were in twayne,
Nor with the sway of all the mountayne falling am I slayne.
The glaring eyed giant grym doth not now squeaze my coarse
With paise of Pindus roch and thus not feling enmyes force
I conquerd am and yet alas this coarse frets me more
O feeble force of man: he whom no might could match before
Without any conquest made doth end his latter day,
Without exployt or feat of armes my selfe I passe away.
O mighty dompter of the world and all ye Ghostes aboue
That witnes how in quarell good my right hand euer droue
O all ye landes, O earth alas, may it your mercy please
To spoyle the spiteful sting of death that dauntes your Hercules
Fy fye, what shame is it to vs what filthy fate we haue?
A woman prowde shall boast her bane brought Hercles to his graue
Then what are they whose mortall mayme Alcides weapon gaue
If thus with sway inuincible my fatal wheele do run
And needs must on this shameful rocke my fatall twist be spunne:
As by a womans cursed hand my bloud should thus be shed
Yet Iunoes malice might haue powrd this vengeance on my head,
So might a womens deadly hand haue brought me to my beere:
But yet a woman weilding sway amid the welkin cleare
But this seemde ouerprowde attempt for Gods to take in hand
The paples dame in Scithia borne where pight on hie doth stand
The Apeltree whereon the vnderpropped poales do sway.
It might as wel haue bene her hap to take my breath away,
What womans might may matcher me Queene Iunoes hatefull foe

Fye

Fye ſtepdame fye the fowler ſhame by this to thee doth grow?
Why doſt thou triumph in this day? why did dame Tellus breede
Such parlous bugges thy humour ranck of colour hoate to feede?
A moztall womans peauiſhe ſpight doth paſſe thy rancour rough,
Thou ſayſt thou cannot haue reuenge on Hercules inough
Then are wee twayne ẏ paſſe thy power the Gods may bluſhe foz ſhame?
To ſee their malice ouermacht by ſuch a moztall dame.
Would God the ramping Lyons pawe that noyed Neme woode,
Had fylde his greedy mounching Jawes with plenty of my bloude:
Oz whyle the twining ſnakes had hembde mee in by hundzeds thick,
Why might not Hydra ſwallow vp my wzinched body quick?
Why was it not the centaures hap my ſlily fleſh to gnawe?
Oz that I bounde on Tantalis rocke ſhoulde gape with greedy Jawe?
In vayne to catch the fleeting foode when deepe from Tartar ſoyle,
Where at the Gods aggrized were, I did purloyne the ſpoyle.
And from the darck infernall Styx I gat agayne to light,
Of Ditis dungeon all the ſtops and ſtayes I conquerde quight.
Death ſhranke from mee in euery place that I a noble knight
At length might ende my dayes in ſhame, and in diſhonour ſpoylde
Oh Ioue the creatures terrible thou knowſt that I haue foyle
The threefoldeſhapen maſtiffe curre whom vp I dzaggde in chayne,
Hee ſtarting from the ſonneward coulde not hale mee back agayne.
The ſheepherdes churliſhe rabble that alooſe in Iber bee
Vnder the Spaniſhe feruent clyme couldе neuer maiſter mee.
Noz ſerpents twayne that vnto mee in tender cradell creapt.
Aye woe is mee that valiant death ſo oft I ouercapt:
What honour ſhall I dye withall? CH. Beholde how death and hell
Cannot appaule the vertevous mynde that of deſeruing well.
By guiltleſſe conſcience warrant hath the death that doth him ſpoyle,
Irkes not as thus of ſuch an one to take this filthy foyle.
If with this tozment life were loſt, his mynde ſhould much be eaſe,
As with vnweldy Gyaunts ſwap het had his body ſqueaſde.
Oz Tirans burden with his monſters all he wouldе abyde,
Oz wiſhe of raging Gyants rent in pieces to haue dyde,
And if thy dolefull death becauſe that monſter none is left.
Who may be wozthy thought by whom Alcides life bee reft?
But thine owne hand to doe the deede. HE. Aye me and wellaway,
What Scozpion ſcrapes within my Pawe? what crabbing Crab I ſay
With crooking cleaze to comber mee, from ſcozching zone returnes,
And hoat within my boyling bones the feathing Narowe burnes.

My Liuer

My Riuer whilom ranke of blonde my rotting Lunges it rawes,
And teareth them in shattred gobs, and filthy withered flawes.
And now my Gall is dryed vp my burning Lyuer glowes.
The rewing heate hath stilde away the blonde, and loue hee knowes
My vpper skin is scorcht away and thus the Canker stronge
Doth eate an hole that get it may my wretched Limmes amonge,
And from my frying Ribs (alas) my Lyuer quite is rent.
It gnawes my flesh, deuowers all, my Carkas quite is spent,
It soakes into the empty bones, and out the iuyce it suckes
The bones by lumps drop of while it the toyntes a sunder pluckes.
My corpulent Carkas is consumde of Hercules euery lim
Yet launcheth not the festring rot that feedeth fast on him
O what a tingling ache it is that makes mee thus to smart,
O bitter plague, O pestilence that gripeth to the heart.
Loe Cities, loe what now remaynes of Hercules the great.
Are these the armes that did with stripes the roaring Lyon beate?
And in Nemea wood did teare him from his hary case
Might this hand bend ỹ bow from clouds the Stimphall foule to chase?
Are these the shankes that coapt the heart who shifting pace full oft?
Did beare his braunched head pyranckt with garlond gay aloft?
Was Calpe craggy clifue of these my feeble clowches broake?
To rayse a dam in seas that did their foamy channell choake.
Had these armes pith the breath of Kings, of Beastes, and bugs to stop?
Or might these shoulders tough the payse of heauen vnderprop?
Are these the lusty Lims and Neck that shrank not at the payne?
Are these the hands that I against the weltring heauens did rayse?
Alas whose handes shall now perforce from hence hell Taylour leade?
Alas the noble courage earst that now in mee is deade.
Why call I Ioue my Father great of whom my stock shoulde ryse?
Why by the Thunderer make I my challenge to the skyes?
Now, now Ampitrio is my fer all men may it auouch.
Come out thou murreyn fowle that dost within my bowells couch.
Why dost thou thus with pitup wound my carefull Carkas foyle?
What gulph vnder the frozen Clyme in saluage Scithian soyle
Engendred thee? what water Hag did spawne thee on the shore?
Or stony Calpe Rock in Spayne that borders on the Moare:
O pitsome ill, and art thou not the Serpent that doth sting
With crest on ougly head, or els some other lothly thing,
Or sponge of Hydraes bloude, or left here by the hellish hound.
Art thou no plague? and yet a plague in whom all plagues abound?

What grisly countnaunce carriest thou (alas) yet let me know?
What kinde of mischiefe may thou be that dost torment mee so?
What saluage sore, or murreyn straunge, or uncouth plague thou bee?
With open combat face to face thou should encounter mee.
And not thus rankle in my flesh, nor soake into the sap,
By sowlering heate within my bones thy boyling bane to wrap,
And in the mid thereof to fry the Marce that doth melt.
My iagged skin is ript, and out my smoaky Bowells swelt.
From bursten Paunch my selfe doe flea the skin with grasping pawse,
And from the naked boanes doe teare the mangled flesh by flawes,
I searched for thee through my Mawe, yet further dost thou creepe,
And festring farther in my flesh hast gnawne an hole more deepe.
O mischiefe match to Hercules, what griefe coulde make mee greete?
Whēce flow these streames of trilling teares & down my cheekes do fleete
The time hath bin no plunging pangues could cause our courage quaile,
That neuer vse with cristall teares our anguish to bewayle.
Ah, ky, I am ashamde that I should learne these teares to shed:
That Hercules in weeping wise his griefe hath languished:
Who euer saw at any day in any time or place?
All bitter brunts I bare with dry, and eake vnreby face
The manhoode that so many tilts hath maistred heretofore,
Hath yeelded onely vnto thee, to thee thou Cankar sore,
Thou first of all hast straynde the teares out of my weeping eyes
Thy gargle face thy visage wan that doth mee sore aggrise.
More towgh then mossy Rockes, more hard then Gads of sturdy steele,
Or roaming streame of Simplegade, whereby this smart I feele
Hath crusht my cracking Iawes, & wronge the streaming teares frō me.
O wielder of the Welkin swifte, loe, loe the Earth doth see
How Hercules doth weepe and waple, and to my greater payne
My Stepdame Iuno sees the same, beholde, beholde agayne
My Lunges doe fry, the scorching heate preuayleth more, and more.
Whence fell this thunder Boult on mee that burnes in mee so sore?
C. Who stoupeth not whē griefe doth gall? more tough thē Aem of Thrace
Whas whilom hawty Hercules, and did no more giue place
Then doth the marble excllitree, his Limbs hee now doth yeelde
To paynefull pangues: and on his Neck his aking heade doth wielde,
And tolling still from side to side, hee bendes with hugy sway,
And oft his noble heart doth force his trilling teares to stay.

Hercules. Alcmena.

O Father wyth thy heauenly Eyes,
Beholde my wretched plight,
For neuer HERCVLES till nowe
did craue thy hande of might,
Not when as Hydraës fruitfull heads
about my Lyms were wounde,
Nor when I lockt in Lakes alow
fought with th'inferdall hownde,
These hideous fiends I foyle, with kings, & tyrants prowde likewise.
Yet in these broyles I neuer lookt for succour to the skyes.
This hand did still auouch the bowe, no thunder for my sake
Did glitter in the holy heauens, this day hath bid mee make
Some suite to thee, and of my boones yet heeres the first and last,
One onely Thunder boult I craue at mee O Ioue to cast.
Count mee a Giaunt of my selfe, I can no lesse deuise,
While Ioue I thought of promise true, I spaarde the starry skies.
Bee thou eyther a cruell fier, or pity if thou haue,
Yet lend thy sonne thy help, and get the glory of my graue:
Preuenting this my dreary death, of this if thou doe skorne,
Or that thy hand abhorre the guilt, from Sicill clriue suborne
The foultring Giaunts that in hand high Pindus mount can weilde,
Or Ossa that it hurlde on mee I may therewith bequeilde,
Brast vp hell Gates, and let Bellone scourge mee with Iron rod,
And let in armes encounter mee the mighty Martiall God,
My brother I acknowledge him but by my stepdames side,
And Pallas thou my sister cake, let at thy brother slide
A thirling Darte. O stepdame myne with humble suite I craue
A wounde of thee that womans hand may bring mee to my graue:
Why dost thou feede thy fury nowe as one whose wrath were ende
And satisfied? what seeke yee more? I stoupe, I yeelde, I bende.
Thou seest Alcides humbly layde, where as vnto this day
That euer I entreated thee, no Land, no Beast can say,
Now doe I neede thy deadly wrath to rid mee of my payne,
And now thy rankour is appeasde, thy hate is quencht agayne,
And thus thou spareſt mee my life, when as I wishe to dye:
Of Earth will none make mee the fier wherein my bones may fry?
Nor reach a blade to Hercules, conuay yee all from mee?
So let no country Monsters breede when I shall buried be,

And let none waple the losse of mee if monsters more aryse,
God send another Hercules to succour Earth and skyes.
But as for mee on euery side ding out my hatefull brayne,
And crash with sturdy stroke of stones my cursed Scull in twayne
And rid my torments: wilt thou not? O woorde to mee vnkynde,
And are so soone our benefits forgotten in thy mynde.
Eu to this bower with bugs and beasts thou had bin ouer layde
Had not I bin: good people cause his torments to bestayde
That succored you: time giues you leaue to recompence my payne,
If yee with death will guerden mee, I aske none other gayne.
AL. Where shall I wretched mother of Alcides wishe to bee?
Where is my chylde? where is my sonne? If sight deceaue not mee
With gasping mouth, and panting heart loe where hee sprawling lyes.
Where as (alas) in raging heate of boyling fits hee fryes,
Hee grones, all is dispacht, deare childe let mee Alcides myne
Embrace thy pining limbs: with kisse enfoulde my armes in thyne
Where are the limbs? where is the neck that bare the skies alone?
What thus hath mangled thee that all thy corps is waste and gone?
HE. I am your Hercles mother deare, whom thus yee see here lost,
Acknowledge mee all though God knowes I seeeme but as a ghost.
Why doe you turne your face away and mourning visage myne.
Are yee ashamde that Hercules should counted bee your chylde?
AL. What woorld hath bred this vncouth bug? what land engendred it?
Or els what monstrous mischiefe may on thee triumphing sit?
Who ist that conquers Hercules? HE. By treason of his Wyfe
Thou seest how wretched Hercules do leese his lothed Lyfe.
AL. To ouerthrow my Hercules, what treason hath the might?
HE. That which a wrathfull Dame doth seeke to ease her of her spight.
AL. How hath this pestilence gotten to thy Limbs and bleeding bones?
HE. Into a Shyrt the woman had conuayde it for the nonce.
AL. Where is the Shyrt for nothing but thy naked corps I see?
HE. The vesture by the poyson ranke deuowred is with mee.
AL. And can such poyson be contrived? HE. I thinke within my guts,
That hideous Hydra hissing Snake his slowghy body puts,
A thousand plagues of Lerna Poole within my Bowelles rampes:
What raging heate is this that dryues vp all Sicilia dampes?
What Clime of Hell forbids the day to passe the boyling zone?
O Hyues amid the greedy gulphes and pooles let me be throwne.
What Ister can my Tirsas coole? no not the Ocean mayne
Or these my flowing vapours may the raging quench agayne?

All moy-

(Al moysture of my limmes in these my fits are fry de away)
The furie will sone be soaked vp, what president of hel
Let me returne from vnder grounde agayne with Ioue to dwell
He ought to haue retaynd me still, receiue me once agayne
Into thy dungeon darke that hel may in this pickle playne
Behold the man that conquerd yt, no booty bringe I will
Away with me: why dost thou quake for feare of Hercles still.
Set on me death corageously for now I may be killde
A fewe flint thy tender tears that down thy cheekes so long haue trild,
And maister this thy mallady compell thy sorrowes stoupe.
And sir what in these plunging panges Alcides did not dreame,
And as it hath bene cast thy gurse force death and hel to shrinke.
Her. If ougly grested Caucasus. In chayne of prone linke
Should bynd me as agroning pray the greedy grype to feede
Yet from myne eyes it should not straine a broke teare indeede.
If wandring Symplegads would me with either rocke assaile,
To bide the brunt of double wracke my courage would not quayle.
Let Pindus tumbled be on me, houge Aemus let me haue
Or Athos rocke in Thractan seas that breakes the welkring waue,
And bide the boultes of thondring Ioue although thunwieldy masse,
Of all the world should fal on mee and might be brought to passe
That Phœbus flaming apeltree should burne vppon my graue
No vncouth crye should force the mynd of Hercles thus to raue.
Let meete a thousand sauage beastes and rent me al atonce
Let Stymphal foules with houting hoarse lap strokes vppon my bones
Or scrowling bul on thother syde strike on with head and horne
Or els of other serpentes wilde let al my partes be torne
With roring earthquakes, houge lumpes be puffed vppon me
With griping greefe let all my limmes to nothing pyned bee
Although I be to pouder crusht I wil with patience peace
In spite of beastes or bruising blowes my sighes and teares shal seace
Alc. It is not sonne the womans bane that in thy bones doth bolte
But festring teares and broosing knockes of thy continual dole
The wrinches old with aking panges begin to smart anew.
HE. O where is death where is hee now? of all that I do rew:
Can any witnes what it is that death now bend his bow
A naked hand is strong enough to make mee stoupe ful low
Let any wight in al the worlde attempt to set on mee
I warrant him, approch let him, My wretched might I bee

This wayward agony hath take his perfit wits away.
Haue hence his tooles, and take his shaftes for daunger hence conuay.
His ruddy gills that glow like fier some mischiefe doe pretend.
To shrowde my selfe (alas) into what corner shall I wend?
This maliady a frensy is, this onely is the meane
To conquer Hercules, why then doe I as doting queane
Thus fall to teares and seeke to shrynke, may bee that hee will haue,
Alcmenas hand to giue the stroke, to bring him to the graue.
But dye he in a Wurreynes name, ere I for coward will
Such deadly penaunce bee enioynde, that on my doings still,
His haynous hand may daunt it selfe, loe how the pangues full deepe,
With straggling ceast, doe binde the purple vaynes with deadly sleepe,
And beating sore lift vp and downe his faynt and panting breast:
If I O Gods of this my noble Childe bee dispossest:
Be gracious yet, and for the worlde some lusty champion saue.
Rid his annoy and let his limmes agayne theyr courage haue.

Hyllus. Alcmena. Hercules.

O Dismall day, O anguishe, O
the heaper vp of ill.
Ioues Sonne is slayne, his Daughter dyes,
his Nephew lyeth still.
First by the Stepdames treason, is
the Sonne to ruin brought.
The Daughter likewyse trapt in traynes,
and thereby come to nought.
What hoary head in chaunge of tunes, or teanour of his age
Hath seene, that Fortunes frowning Face hath sturd such stormy rage.
One dolefull day bereaueth mee (alas) of parents twayne.
But least I speake to spite the Gods, I will somewhat refrayne.
I lost a Father, Hercules this onely I complayne.
AL. O noble Impe of Hercules, (alas) my Nephew deare,
That dost of wretched Alcmens Sonne the liuely feature beare.
Refrayne my childe thy wayling woordes, this quiet sleepe perhap
Will ouercome these plonging fits. But loe! loe in my lap,
Hee doth begin to strriue agayne, his fits begin a fresh.
Sleepe giuing vp the feeble ghost to rancke in the flesh.

HE. What

HE. What meaneth Thrachin craggy creſt to ſhew before myne eyes?
Or now forſaking man am I aduaunſt aboue the ſkies.
Why do the heauens prouyde for me? the father Ioue I ſee,
And eake my ſtepdame Juno dire appeaſed now with me.
What heauenly harmony is this that ſoundeth in myne eare.
Dame Juno calles me ſonne in law, I ſe the pallace cleare
(Of chriſtal ſtates and beaten rakes of Phœbus flaming wheele)
I ſee the dumpiſh moary denne of glowming lady night
Here he commaundeth darknes dim to ſhew it ſelf in ſight.
What meaneth this, who is it that the heauens againſt me ſparres?
And am I thus O father myne brought downe againe from ſtarres.
Euen now Appolloës ſo witring car did fume about my face
So nie I paſt the pinch of Death, lo Thrachin top in place
Who brought me backe to ground againe, beneath me earth it lay
And al the world was vnder me, thou ſmart wert worne away,
Thou forceſt me confeſſe the ſame. Ah mercy, mercy now.
In ſtead of farther vengeance do theſe humble wordes allow.
Lo Hillus, lo thy mothers giftes ſuch preſentes thee prepарde
Ah, might my trunchion punch her puddinges once as whilom farde
The haughty Ladye Amazon wel trounſed for her pride
On thedge of ſly Caucaſus afront the mountayne ſide.
O noble lady Megara were thou my wretched wyfe,
When rapt in rage of frantick fittes, I reft thee of thy life
Geue me my batt and bow in hand, my wrefles I wil imbrew.
And force ye all your brages on me with blemiſh blacke to rue.
Thus let of Hercules exploits a woman be the laſt,
Hi. Forbeare O Syre thy hateful threates, ſhe hath it, all is paſt.
The vengeance that ye ſeke on her already hath her ſpedd.
With wound receiued at your hand my mother lieth dead
(Her. O blynded anguiſh: dye ſhe ſhould of Hercles furious hand)
Thus Licas hath his marrow loſt the heate of burning breſt
Wil haue me on the breathleſſe coarſe for to reuenge the reſt
Why doth thee not yet fele her force both let her want a graue
And on her curſed fleſh to feede let beaſtes her carkaſſe haue.
Hil. The ſilly woman was more woe then ye that bide the ſmart.
Ye wil releaſe ſome part hereof for pitty in your hart.
For greefe of you with her owne hande, alas her ſelfe ſhe ſlew
Thus more then ye do aſke of her, ſhe doth her doyng rewe

Yet is it not your Wyues misdeede that brought you to this plight.
No nor my mothers traytrous hand hath wrought this deepe deceit.
This treason Nessus did contriue whom yee did pay his hire,
With arrow shot into his Ribs for rape of Deianire.
Thus father with the Centaures bloud your shyrt was sore embrewde.
At Nessus hand the vengeaunce of your deede thus haue yee rewde.
HE. Hee hath his will: all is dispacht, our Fates themselues display.
This is the day of death to mee. Thus earst to mee did say,
I charmed Oake, and all the wood that range with petting nose
Of Parnass hill the Temples shooke, and thundred out this voyce.
The dead mans hand whom thou before hast slayne,
O Hercules shall murther thee agayne.
Thou hauing mot the space of gulph and grounde,
And deapth of hell, heare shall thou bee confounde.
I therefore doe bewayle no more, such should our ending bee.
That Hercles conquerde after him no man alyue may see.
Now let mee dye a manly death, a stout and excellent,
And meete for mee: this noble day shall valiantly bee spent.
Fell all the Timber on the grounde hew downe all OEta wood.
Let coales deuower Hercules, let fyer fry his blould.
But ere I dye thou noble Impe of Peans royall race.
This dolefull duety doe for mee: See that an whole day space,
My funerall fier flaming burne. And now my tender Hill,
The last petition of my mouth make vnto thee I will.
Among the captiue Ladies, one there is, a noble Dame,
Of royall bloud, Euritus Thyroe, Iole is her name:
Accept her to thy spousall Bed, whom victour I vnkinde
Haue trayned from her native home and but my heart, and mynde
Poore silly mayde I gaue her nought, and now shee shall mee lose.
Loe thus the wretched woman wailes her still encreasing woes.
But let her foster that she hath conceaued as Ioues ally,
And childe to mee: bee't thyne by her that earst begot haue I:
And as for thee deare mother myne your dreary dole forgoe,
Your Hercules shall liue: doe not vayne teares on him bestowe:
My manhoode made a strumpet thought a Stepdame vnto thee,
But if that eyther Hercles byrth shewe her vnsure to bee,
Or be a man my fier or els be falsified my kin.
Now let Ioues tugling cease, and let my mothers slaunder lin,
I haue deserued a father well that haue aduaunst so hye
The glory of the rolling heauens, of nature framde was I.

To worke

To worke the wondrous prayse of Ioue, and Ioue him selfe doth Joy,
To haue the name of Hercules, begetting such a boy.
But pardon now my straynd teares, but you as Ioue his niece.
Shall as a stately matrone bee among the Dames of Greece.
Though Iuno with the thunderer in spousall chamber lyes
And in her heauenly hand doth weilde the scepter of the skies,
When euer bare shee such a Babe, and yet though heauen she hould
In heart against a mortall man she fosters malice ouldе,
For spighte that borne of womans womb becounted thus I should.
Goe Titan goe, run out thy Race; thee onely I forsake.
I that went with thee foote by foote nowe to th'infernall lake,
And Ghostes, I go yet with this prayse to'th pit down will I passe
That Hercules of open foe yet neuer foyled was.
But hee in open combats brought his conquests all to passe.

Chorus.

O Titan crownd with blasing bush whose morning mysteries make
The Moone her foamy bridell from her tyred teame to take.
Declare to'th Easterlinges whereas the ruddy morne doth rise.
Declare vnto the Irishmen alooke at western Skies.
Make knowne vnto the Moores annoyed by flaming axentree.
Those that with the sly Wayne of Archas pestred bee.
Display to these that Hercules to th'eternall ghostes is gone
And to the bauling mastiffes den from whence returneth none.
With dusky dampe of filthy fog O Titan choake thy blaze,
With lowring light of wanny Globe on wofull wordlinges gaze,
And let thy head bee muffled vp with cloudes and darknesse dim.
For Hercles sake, when shall thou finde, or where the like to him?
(O wretched worlde to whom wilt thou hencefoorth thy woes cõplaine,)
If any scattring pestilence on earth shall be renewde,
By venom ranck, from poyson mouth of scaly Dragon spewde:
If any Boze of Arcadie shall comber all a wood,
And teare the trauelers flesh with tuske embrewed in goory blood:
If any champion rough of Thrace with heart more hard in breast,
Then are the fly rockes, where as the frozen Beare doth rest,
Shall trample thicke his stables fourte with bloud of slaughterd men,
When people quake for feare of warre, who shall assist them then?

If wrath-

Is wrathfull Gods for vengeaunce will some monsters to be bread?
Loe nowe enfeebled all of force his Warhaffe lyeth dead,
Whom Natures mouldbe had made a match to thūdring Ioue in strēgth
Hale out (alas) and let your playnt be heard to townes at length.
Let women beat their naked armes, and wring their trembling handes,
Untresse their hayre, and from their locks pluck of their binding bands.
Boult vp, and lock the Temple gates of Gods, and oape bee none,
But despyte Iunoes Chapple doares. O Hercles thou art gone
To Lethes lake, and streame of Styx, from whence no Keele agayne
Shall bring thee backe: O silly soule thou goest to remayne
Among the grisely goblins grymme: from whence thou whilom came
With triumph sooner daunted death, and conquest of the same.
With gastly face, and harrayne armes, and neck that yeelles to waight,
Thy ghost returnes, but Carons boate then shall not haue her straight,
As balaste with thy onely payse, and yet shalt thou not byde
Among the rascall spyrites, but sit on bench by Eacus side,
And with the Judges twayne of Creete as Umpier there to bee,
Appoynting paynes to soules that maye to their desartes agree.
Frō slaughter hold your guiltlesse handes, bath not your blades in bloud.
Yee States, that beare high sayle on earth, and floate in worldly good:
It merits prayse a mayden swerd vndipt in goare to beare,
And while thou rayne, to keepe thy realme from cruell doings cleare.
But vertue hath a pryuiledge to passe vnto the skies.
To'th top of frosen Apell tree O Hercules wilt thou ryse?
Or where the sunne with scorching blaze his burning beames doth rest?
Or wilt thou bee a shyning starre amid the lukewarme west?
Where Calpe Rocke is heard with roaring noyse of wrastling waue?
What place amid the azur skye entendest thou to haue?
What place shall be in all the heauens from hurley burley free?
When Hercules amid the starres shall entertayned bee?
Let Ioue appoynt thy byding from the ougly Lion farre,
And burning Crab: least thou with gryselye countnaunce do thē skarre.
And make the trembling starres in heauen for feare to breake arap
And Titan quake: while spring doth prank with flowers ỹ tender spray,
Then hasty winter strip the trees of all their braunches greene.
Or sudden Summer deckt with leaues in bushy woods be seene.
And from the trees the Apples fall, the haruest being doone:
No age on earth shall wipe away the fame that thou hast woone.
As farre as Sun, or Stars can shyne, thy glorious name shall goe.
Amid the botome of the Sea first Cozne shall sprout, and grow,

And briar.

And brackish Seas his waters salt to water fresh shall chaunge:
And fixed starre of sly beare from Clime to Clyme shall raunge,
And sink into the frozen poole against his kindly sway,
Ere people cease the honour of thy triumphes to display:
O soueraygne Ioue wee wretched wightes this boone of thee doe craue,
No monstrous beastes, no noysome plagues, hereafter let vs haue:
With bloudy champions let the earth encombred bee no moze:
Cast downe the hauty sway of Courtes: if ought annoyaunce soze
Shall clog the earth, a champion to bee our shylde wee caue,
Whom as an honour of the Crowne his ruefull realme may haue.
(That stil will keepe his swerd from being taint with guiltlesse bloud.)
But loe what meanes this rumbling noyse? loe Hercles sier doth grone,
And sigheth foz his sonne: is it the Gods that wayle, and mone.
Oz is it Iunoes fearefull shzike, whom Hercles doth aggrise,
That seeing him foz feare shee roares, and runneth from the skyes.
Oz els did Atlas faltring feete with feeble slurring stumble?
And shrinking from his tottring waight thus foze the Gods to rumble?
Oz seared he the wayling ghostes, the which to feare he dzaue?
Oz Cerberus dzast his gingling Chaynes with buskling in his caue.
It is not so: but loe where Philoctetes doth appeare,
And Hercles famous shaftes to him bequeathed doth hee beare.

THE

THE FIFT ACTE.

Nutrix. Philoctetes.

O If Hercules moſt heauy haps
Good youngman make repoꝛte
How did hee beare it at his death?
PH. In ſuch a chearefull ſoꝛte
As no man liues. NV. And could he with
ſo ſweete and merry looke,
The ſcoꝛching panges and toꝛments of
his ending fier bꝛooke?
PH. That there was any heate at all his face did not bewꝛay,
Who pꝛou'de that power might foꝛce al things to ſtoupe and to obay,
That vnder ſonne vntamed be. NV. Where did the noble knight,
Among the wꝛaſtling waues of ſea diſplay his matchleſſe might:
PH. That miſchiefe with all only yet the woꝛlde knew not befoꝛe,
Euen fier hath bin conquered as beaſtes and monſters moꝛe
Among the topies of Hercules the fier is cꝛept in.
NV. Declare vs how the flaming foꝛce of fier couldꝛ hee win.
PH. As ſoone as hee with ſmarting hand the Oeta hill had gꝛypte,
And foꝛthwith from ꝯ bꝛaunched Beeche ꝯ ſhꝛinking ſhade was wipte:
And felled from the ſtump it lyes, a Pyne tree hard hee bendes,
That crabes the clowdes, & down from ſkyes his hawty head he ſendes.
The Rocke did totter ready foꝛ to recle, and with the ſwap
It tumbleth downe, a little groue withall it beaꝛes away.
A ſpꝛeading Oake of Chaon big, whoſe leaues did euer ruſh,
And dimde the ſunne, and did beyonde the woode his bꝛaunches puſh.
It being hewde doth cꝛack, and eake in twayne the wedges knappes:
The ſteele ſtartes back and thus the toole of Iron bides the rappes,
And flyes out of the Logge, at length at looze it ſhogde and ſhooke,
And falling downe full ipthily the ouerthꝛow it tooke.
Foꝛthwith the ꝓlace loſt all his light, the bꝛyds ſcaꝛd fro their neſt
Doe ſoare about the cꝛopped wood, and holes wherein to reſt,
And chirping with their weary wynges about the plot they flicker
In euery tree the ringing ſtrokes were multiplied thicker.

The holy

The holy Dakes in hugy hand the Iron Axe did feele.
No timber on the fallen Rocks might scape the hewing steele,
Thus all the wood vpon a pile is heapt, and one by one
The Logges are layde as hygh as heauen that Hercules thereon
Might haue a narrow roome: his burning bones for to bestow.
On Pynetree top, and towghest Oake the fier begins to glowe.
And on the stumped willowe flamth, and thus the forrest wyde
Doth make the Kill: the Popler wood all Hercles blocks doth hyde.
But as the puissaunt Lyon when his fiers doe bryse him forse,
Lies wallowing on his back, and through the forrest lowde doth rorse.
So fareth hee, who woulde haue thought hee had to burning gone?
As one that climbs to heauen, not fier, he was to looke vpon
When vp he stept on Oeta mount and gazed on his Kill.
Being layde aloft he brake the blocke, so heauy was hee still.
The shynes yet coulde not beare his wayght he calling for his bow
Did say to mee, haue Philocktet, on thee I it bestow,
This same is it that Hydra with his swarming heads did know.
This did fetch downe the Stimphall foules, and all that wee haue daunt.
Goe thou with this let victory, and happinesse thee haunt,
For neuer shall thou shute agaynst thy foes with these but speede.
If at a byrde amid the clowdes thou aame thee dies indeede.
These certayne shaftes shall bring thy marke down from the azur sky,
Thys bow shall not deceaue thy hand, full oft I did it try,
And made it meete to beare a shaft, and cast his scatheli dew.
Thyne arrowes shall not fayle thyne aame if that thou nock them trew,
I aske but only this of thee, put fier to the Stack,
Bestow on mee my funerall flame to bring me to my wrack.
This knarry Club (quoth hee) the which no hand shall euer tosse
Shall onely with his Hercules in fier goe to losse,
This also (quoth hee) shouldst thou haue if thou could weild the same,
Beside his maister let it lye to help towarde the flame,
And then beside him down hee layes the Lyons hayry skin
To burne with him: the shagay case hid all the pyle within.
The people sobbe, and none there was but sorrow straynde his teares.
The mother mad for eger grefe her breast all bare shee beares,
And naked downe toth Mauill steade displayes her tender teares,
And languishing with wringed hands her naked dugges shee beates
And cryeth out vpon the Gods on Ioue himselfe shee calles,
Her shryking rang through all the place so womanlike shee railes.

Vee still

Be ſtill (quoth hee) good mother: force your ſhowres of teares to ceaſe.
Your dreary dole diſgraceth much the death of Hercules.
Waile ſecretly vnto your ſelfe: why make ye Iuno glad,
To ſe that you a weeping day with ſore of teares haue had?
(It doth her good to ſee her bawdes, to ſtand with weeping eyes.)
Forbeare, forbeare your malady, tis deadly ſinne for yee,
To teare the teates, and rent the wombe, that firſt did foſter me.
And as he bluſtred gruing gruntes, when earſt he led in chayne
The hownd aboute the townes of Greece what tyme he came againe:
Tryumphing ouer conquerd hel defying Plutoës might,
And dreadful deſteny: ſo on the fyre he lay vpright.
What conquerour euer ſat in coatch with ſuch a chereful grace?
What tyrant did controll his folke by law with ſuch a face?
How huſht was al thing at his death? himſelfe he could not weepe.
And alſo we had cleane forgot the wound of ſorrowes deepe.
None doth lament him at his death now were it ſhame to waple:
Alcmen (whom nature ought to moue) her teares now do her faple.
And thus as ill as was the ſonne the mother ſtoode almoſt.
N. But at his burning did hee not call on the heauenly hoſt,
Remembring Ioue to heare his ſuite. Ph. As on in depe diſpayre
He lay, and ſtaring vp ſo rould his eyes into the ayre
To ſpye if Ioue lookt downe to him from any turret hye.
Then with his handes diſplayd to heauen (quoth he) where ſo thou lye,
And lokeſt downe to ſe thy ſonne, this ſame, this ſame is hee,
Whom one day reked with a night engendred hath to thee.
If Eaſt and Weſt if Scithia, and euery burning plot,
That parched is with glowing glede of Phœbus fier hot
Doth ſing my prayſe: and if the earth ful ſatisfyde with peace
If languiſhing and wayling woords in euery towne doe ceaſe.
If none their alters do imbrew with any guiltles gore,
Then Ioue let my vncaged ſpirite haue heauen for eu more.
As for thinfernall dennes of death they do not me deterre:
For ſcouling Plutoes dungeon darck, but Ioue I do abhorre.
Vnto thoſe gaſtly Goblins as a ſtilly ſhade to goe,
Sith I am he whoſe conquering hand geue them their ouerthrowe.
Withdraw the ſe foggy clowdes of night, diſplay the glimſyng light
That Hercles bryght with fiyng flames the Gods may haue in ſight.
And if thou do denye (O fye) the ſtarres and heauen to mee
To geue me them againſt thy will thou ſhalt conſtrayned bee,
If gluttring griefe do ſtop thy ſpeach, the Stygian goulphes ſet oape,
And let mee dye, but firſt declare within the heauenly coape,

That

That thou accept me as thy soone: this day it shal be wrought,
That to bee rapt aloft to starres, I may be worthy thought.
Thou hast doone litle for me yet: it may be doubted well
Whether Ioue did first beget his sonne, or damnd him first to hell.
And (quoth he) let my stepdame see, how wel I can abyde
The scorching heate of burning brandes: for fyer then he cride,
And sayth to me O Philoctet in hast vppon me throw
The burning logges, why quakest thou? dost dastard thow forslow,
For feare to this wicked deede? O coward, peasant slaue,
Thou art to weake to bende my bow, vnmeete my shaftes to haue
What aylest thou to loke so pale? and as thou seest mee dye
With cherefull looke courageously do thou the fier plye.
Behold me wretch that broyle and burne my father opes the Skyes
And vnto me sonne Hercules come, come away he cryes.
O father Ioue (quoth he) I come: with that I waxed pale
And toward him a burning beame with might and mayne I hale:
But backe from him the billets flye and tumbling out they leape,
And from the limmes of Hercules downe falleth all the heape.
But he encrocheth on the fyre as it from him doth shrinke,
That many mountaynes whole were set on fyer a man would thinke.
No noyse was hard, and all was husht, but that the fyer did hisse
In Hercles glowing paunch when as his liuer burning is.
If boysterous grant Typhus had amid this fire bene throwne,
These torments would haue straind his teares & forst him sigh & grone.
Or tough Euceladus that tost a mountayne on his backe.
But Hercles lifted vp himselfe amid his fyres all blacke,
With smoake besmeard his corps halfe burnt in shiuers, gibe & flawes,
And downe the throate his gasping breath & flames at once he drawes
Then to Alcmen he turnd himselfe: O mother myne (quoth hee)
Should ye so stand at Hercles death? should you thus waple for me?
And thus betwene the fire and smoke, vpright and stiffe he standes.
And neyther stoupes nor leanes awrye, but moues and stirs his handes,
With al his liuely gestures still, and thus he doth perswade.
His mother leaue the languishing, and mourning thee she made.
And did encourage all his men t'encrease the fyre than
As though he were not burning, but would burne some other man,
The people stoode astonished, and scant they would beleeue
That fire had any force on him, or that it did him greeue.
Because his chereful looke had such a maiesty and grace.
And neuer wilde bs meue the fyre that he might burne apace,

And

(And now when as he thought, he had endured pangues enough,)
And stoutly bode the brunt of death, the blocks hee doth remoue,
That smothering lay, to make the burne: then downward doth he shoue
And where the stewing heate did chiefely scorch, and burne most hot,
That way he thrusts his frying limbs, and thether hath hee got.
(With steaming countnaunce vnapaulde his mouth now doth he fill)
With burning coales, his comely Bearde the blazde about his cheekes:
And now when as the sparkling fier vnto his visage seekes,
The flame licht vp his singed hayre, and yet he did not winke:
But open kept his staring eyes. But what is this? my thinke
Alcmene cometh ponder as a woefull wight forlorne,
With sighes and sobs, and all her hayre befrounced rent, and torne.
And beares the remnaunt in her Lap, of Hercules the great.

Alcmena. Philoctetes.

Earne Lordings, learne to feare and dread
th'unwieldy fatall force.
This little dust is all thats left
of Hercles hugy coarse.
That boysteous Graunt is consumde:
vnto these ashes small
O Titan what a mighty masse
is come to nought at all.
Aye me an aged womans lappe all Hercules doth shrowde,
Her lap doth serue him for a graue, and yet the champion prowde,
With all his lumpe fills not the roome. Aye mee a burthen small
I feele of him to whom whole heauen no burthen was at all.
O Hercules, deare chylde, O sonne the season whilom was,
That thou to Tartar pits, and sluggish dens aloofe diddst passe
For to repaire: from deepe of hell when wilt thou come againe?
Or to purloyne the spoyles thereof, or bring from captive thayne
To life thy friendly Theseus. But when wilt thou returne
Alone: can flaming Phlegethon thy ghost in torments burne:
Or can the mastife Dogge of hell keepe downe thy woefull spyte?
Where then might I come see thy soule and learne it is forthet light?
When shall I rap at Tartar gate? what Iawes shall mee deuower?
What death shall dawnt mee: goest thou to hell, and hast no power

To com?

To come agayne: alas why do I waſt, the day in teares and playnte
O wretched lyfe why doſt thou laſt thou ſhouldeſt droupe and faynt,
And loath this dreary daye: how: can I beare to Ioue agayne
Another noble Hercules, what ſonne may I obtayne
So valiant to call mee thus (Alcmena mother myne)
O happy ſpouſe Amphitrio twyſe happy haſt thou bene
In entring at the dennes of death, and through thy noble ſonne
The Deuils at thy preſentes quake to ſee thee thether come.
Though thou but forged father wert to Hercules of late
Whether ſhall old beldam goe whom many kinges do hate:
If any prince remayne with blody breaſt and murdring myndе
Then woe to mee: if groning babes be any left behynd,
That ſorrow for theyr parentes deathes, now, now for Hercles ſake
Theyr malice let them wreke on mee, on mee dyre vengeance take
If any young Buſiris be, I feare the Perſians ſore
Welcome and take me captiue hence in chaynes for euermore.
If any tyrant feede his horſe with gubbes of ſtraungers fleſh
Now let his pampred iades vnto my Carkaſſe fall a freſh.
Perhap dame Iuno coueteth on me to wreke her yre.
And on vs of her burning breaſt will turne the flaming fire
Her wreckful hand doth ſoyter now ſith Hercules is slayne.
And now to feele her ſpurning ſpyte as harlot I remayne.
My valyant ſonne is cauſe of this my wombe ſhall barrayne be,
Leaſt I ſhoul beare another child as hardy as was hee.
Oh whether may Alcmena goe? for whether ſhal ſhe wende?
What countrey or what kingdomes may my careful hed defend
Where may I couch my wretched coarſe, that euery where am knowne?
If I vnto my nattue ſoyle repayre among myne owne,
Euriſteus is of Argos lord thus woefully forlorne.
I will to Thebes where I was wed, and Hercules was borne:
And where with Ioue I did enioy dame Venus deare delight.
O bleſſed woman had I bene and in moſt happy plight,
If Ioue with flaſh of lightning leams and blaſting flakes of fyre
Had ſmoothred me as Semele was ſowſt at her deſyre.
Would God that Hercles whyle he was a babe, had rypped bene
Out of my wombe, then wretchedly I ſhould not this haue ſeene
The pangues and tormentes of my ſonne, whoſe prayſe doth cõteruaile
Euen Ioue: then had I learnd that death at length might him aſſayle,
And take him from my ſight: O child, who will remember thee?
For now vnthankfulnes is great in men of each degree:

(That for thy sake I do not know where entertaynd to bee)
The curtesie of the Cleonies I will attempt and trye
Whom from the Lyon rescewde he and made the monster dye
Or shal I too th'Archadians go where thou didst slea the boare:
Where thy renowne remaine brest of great exployes before,
The parlous serpent Hydra heare was slayne there fel he dead,
That with the flesh of slaughtred men his greedy horses fedde
And ponder were the Stimphall burdes compelde to leaue the sayre:
And tamed by the handy toyle, now doth the Lyon frie,
And belketh stifling fumes in heauens whyle thou liest in thy graue.
O if mankynd but any sparke of thankful nature haue
Let all men preace to succour mee Alcmene thy mother deare.
What it among the Thracians I venter to appeare,
Or on the bankes of Hebet floud: thy prowesse every where
Hath succoured all these soyles: for earst in Thrace thou did put downe
The fleshy maungers of the King and put him from his crowne,
By slaughter of the savage prince the people live in peace,
Where didst thou denye thy helpe to make tormopling cease?
Unhappy mother that I am a shryne where may I haue
To shrowde thy coarse: for all the world may strtue aboute thy grave
What temple may be meete to shryne thy reliques safe for are,
And hallowed bones: what nations vnto thy ghost shal prayr?
O noble sonne what sepulchere what hearse may serue for thee?
The world it selfe through fiying flame thy fatal tombe shalbe:
Who taketh here this paple from me his ashes which I beare:
Why loath I them? imbrace his bones keepe still his ashes here,
And they shal be a shield to thee his dust shal thee defend,
To see his shadow, princes prowde for feare shal stoupe and bend
Ph. O mother of noble Hercules forbeare your dreary playnt:
His valiant death vous should not be with femal teares attaynt.
Ye should not languish thus for him, nor count him wretched man
In dying, who by noble mynd preuent his destny can.
His chevalry forbiddeth vs with teares him to bewayle:
The stately stomacke doth not stoupe: they sigh whose hartes be fayle.
Alc. (Ile mone no more: behold, behold, most wretched mother I)
Haue lost the shield of land and seas, where glittring Phœbe displayes
With whirling wheeles in foamy gulphes, and red and purple rayes
The losse of many sounes I may lament in him alone.
Through him I lifted Kings to crowns, when crown my selfe had none
And never any mother liude, that neded lesse to craue

Of Gods, then I. I asked naught while I my sonne might haue.
What could not Hercles tender loue like on me to bestow?
What God would once denye to graunt, or what he held me free,
Cwas in my powre to aske and haue. If Ioue would ought denye,
Wy Hercules did bring to passe I had it by and by.
What mortall mother euer bare and lost, so deare a sonne?
Earst downe the cheekes of Niobe the trilling teares did runne.
When of her deare and tender babes she wholly was bereuen,
And did bewaile with strayned sighes her children seuen and seuen
And yet might I compare this one (my Hercles) vnto those
And I in him as much as shee in all her impes did lose.
The mothers that are mourning dames do lacke on bed and chese,
And now Alcmene shalbe shee depriude of all releese.
Cease woeful mothers cease, if that among you any are
Constrayne to shed your streaming teares by force of pensiue care:
Ye Lady whom lamenting long of women toumed rockes,
Geue place vnto my gluttyng greefe, beat on with burning knockes
Ye handes vppon my rueled breast, alas am I alone
Enough for such a funerall to langnish and to mone,
Whom al the world shall shortly need? yet streach thy feble armes
Cto thumpe vppon thy sounding breast thy griefe with doleful larmes
And in despite of al the gods powre out thy woeful crye
And to receiue thy flowing teares thy watry cheekes applye.
Bewayle Alcmenas woful state: the sonne of Ioue bewayle,
Whose byrth did cause the dusky day in kindly course to fayle.
Che Eall compact two nightes in one: Lo, lo, a greater thing
Chen glorious day the world hath lost now let your sorrowes ring,
Ye people al whose lowring lookes be draw to dennes of death
Chey blades (that reeke with guiltles gore) be put into the sheath.
Bestow on him your Chrystall teares, which he deserued well:
Howle out ye heauens, ye marble seas, and goulphes with grontings pell.
O Crete Deare darling vnto Ioue For loue of Hercles sore,
Ye hundred cityes beate your armes: my sonne for euermore
Is gone among the griesly ghostes, and shimmering shades of hell
Lament for him ye woeful wightes, that here on earth do dwell,

Hercules. Alcmena.

Hy Mother wayle you mee as toſt
in torments hoat of hell?
Or plonged in panges of death, ſith I
among the Spheares doe dwell?
Forbeare, forbeare, to moane for mee
for vertue opened hath
To mee the paſſage to the Starres:
and ſet mee in the path,
That guides to euerlaſting Lyfe,
whence comes this dreadfull ſounde?

Alc. Whence roares this thundring voyce, ỹ doth againſt mine eares reboũd,
And biddeth mee to ſtint my teares? I know it now I know,
The darkſome dungeons daunted are, and Dennes of Lacus alow.
O Sonne art thou returnd to mee from Stygian gulph againe?
And can thou twiſe of ougly death the conqueſt thus obtaine?
And braſt the balefull priſons twiſe, of glum and gaſtly night.
Againſt th'infernall furyes foorce preuayling thus by might?
May any ſcape from Acheron? Or doſt thou ſcape alone?
Hath hell no power to holde thy ſpyte, when breath from breaſt is gone?
Or els hath Pluto baalde thee out, for feare leaſt thou alone
Should cloyne his Sceptre from his hand, & pluck him from his trone?
For I am ſure I ſawe thee layde vpon the burning trees:
And from thy Corps the flame and ſparkes againſt the welkin flyes:
That ſure thou waſt to pouder burnt, and feeble lyfe was loſt:
But ſure the deepes and pits of hell did not lock vp thy ghoſt.
Why were the deuills atrapte of thee? why quaked Ditis grim?
And did thy noble ghoſt ſeeme ſuch a gaſtly bug to him?

HE. The dampy dikes of Cocitus couldc not keepe me from light.
Nor Carons fuſty muſty Barge tranſported hath my ſpyte.
Now Mother mourne no more: once haue I ſeene the Hags of hell,
And all the Feame and ſteaming fiendes in dungeons deepe that dwell.
That mortall moulde I tooke of you to nought the flames haue fryed:
Heauen hath the ſubſtaunce that I tooke of Ioue: in fier yours died.
And therefore pawſe your playntiue teares, which parents vſe to ſhed,
When wretchedly they wayle their ſonnes, that daſtardly are dead.

Thus bul-

Thus vulgar varlets weepe: loe vertue hopes the Starres to get:
But fayntyng feare ſtil dreames on death, from heauen where I am ſet,
You heare my voyce: Euriſteus now ſhal byde the deadly puſh
With charyot ſway his cracked ſcull ye ſhal on ſunder cruſh
Now muſt I hence aduaunce my Ghoſt vp to the rolling ſkyes
Once moze I daunt the deuilles, and do the gobilins grim aggriſe
Alc. But ſtay awhile my ſonne: he fades and ſhrinketh from my ſight
Aduaunſt he is among the ſtarres: doth this my charmed Spirite
Dote in a traunce? oz do I dreame that I haue ſeene my ſonne
I troubled mynd can ſcante beleue the thinges he ſeeth done.
But now I ſee thou art a God poſſeſſing heauen foz aye.
I ſee it ſure. I will to Thebes thy triumphes to diſplay.

Chorus.

LO vertue ſcapes the gaſtly ſhades of hell,
Ye noble peeres that ſhyne in vertue bright
Dire deſteny cannot conſtrayne you dwell
Among the glowming glades of ougly might,
Nor ſinke your fame in loathſome lakes of ſpyte.
But when deaths day drawes on the gaſping howre,
You purchaſt glory ſhall direct your right
To fynd the paſſage to the heauenly bower.
When fleſh doth fall, and breathing body dies
Then (Fame the child of Vertue) doth ariſe.
But ſluggiſh ſottes that ſleepe their dayes in ſloth,
Or geue their golden age to loath ſome luſt.
Them and their names the wretches bury both,
When as their bones ſhall ſhryned be in duſt:
The clay ſhall couer their carkaſes forlorne,
As though ſuch kaytiffes neuer had bene borne.
But if that ought of memory they haue,

In thafter age it ſhalbe filthy ſhame.
The gnawing wormes torment not ſo in graue
Their rotten fleſh, as tounges do teare their name,
That dayly kild to further miſchiefe liues.
Lo both the fruites, that vice and virtue giues.

FINIS.

Ouid.

Omne genus ſcripti grauitate Tragœdia vincit.

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